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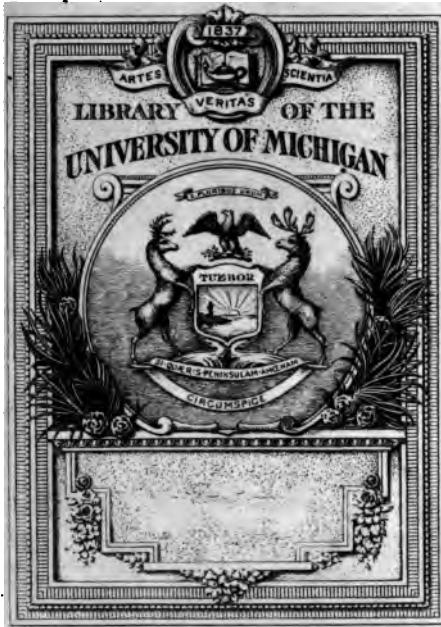
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COLLECTION

OF
NOVELS and TALES
OF THE
F A I R I E S.

WRITTEN BY THAT
Celebrated WIT of *France*,
THE
COUNTESS *D'ANOIS*.

In THREE VOLUMES.
VOL. I.

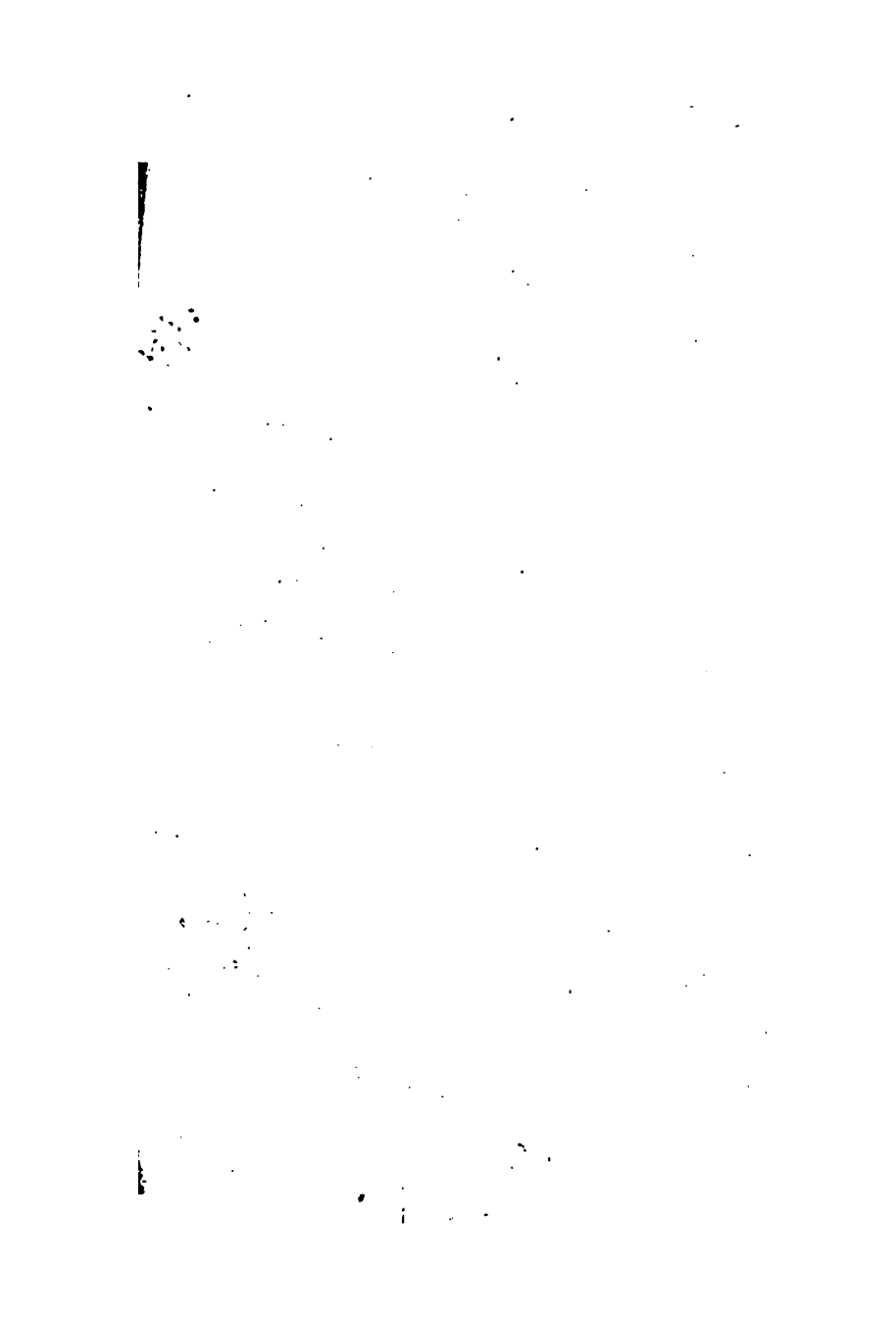
CONTAINING,

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| I. The History of Don GABRIEL. | VI. The History of Don FERDINAND of TOLEDO. |
| II. The ROYAL RAM. | VII. The Story of the YELLOW DWARF. |
| III. The Story of FINETTA, the Cinder Girl. | VIII. The Story of YOUNG-AND HANDSOME. |
| IV. The PALACE of REVENGE. | IX. The History of the NEW GENTLEMAN-CITIZEN. |
| V. The Story of ANGUILETTA. | X. The Story of the WHITE CAT. |

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3 vols.

T O

Mrs. *FERNEGAN*.

MADAM,

THE Antients tell us in some of
their Writings, the Sin of Ingrati-
tude ought to be punish'd with
Death: I therefore take this Opportunity
to acquit myself of that Crime. Benefits
concealed, are double Obligations to those
that receive them, and when known, re-
quire our utmost Acknowledgments. But
I am writing to one, who makes no Me-
rit of good Actions, because every Day of
yours produces inimitable ones: And I may
justly say, they spring from the Fountain
of Goodness. But I will not indulge my-
self in writing any thing that bears the
Face of a Panegyrick, to one that is a-
bove all Praise. My utmost Wish is, may

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your

DEDICATION.

your Connubial Bond last till I wish it never'd, (or good Men hate you) which would not be till Time should be no more and all Things returned to their Primitive Chaos. If those Shades, that have their Being in another World, know the Transactions of this, that of the Countess D'Annois would certainly be pleased with the Patroness I have chosen ; preferring Mrs JERNEGAN's Name prefixed to her Works before all the gaudy Titles of the Great But, be it as it will, I am sure there is no a thing can equal the Satisfaction I receive in having the Honour of subscribing my self,

Your most Obedient,

Humble Servant,

W. C

TO



TO THE
R E A D E R.

CUSTOM is the only Occasion of giving the Reader this trouble ; for the celebrated abilities of the countess D'ANNOIS speak for themselves. I only wonder the following Pieces have escaped a Translation so long, when they must be certainly allowed, by all judicious Readers, to be the most admired Part of her Works, Her Novels and Tales, that were published some Years ago, are well worthy Esteem ; but these seem far more correct, and the Tales so happily interwoven with the Novels, shew her Judgment more refined and stronger than in the former.

I shall not pretend to say any thing in Commendation of the Translators, only that they have kept up to the Sense and Spirit of the Author, whose thoughts are so elegant and refined, their beauties would have been lost in a paraphrase: and if the Gentleman that lately gave us a piece in ENGLISH of this incomparable Lady's Writing, had kept nearer the Original, he would have better succeeded; for no Writer before her had a more exuberant Fancy, and FRANCE may glory more in her and the inimitable Madam DACIER, than, in MAZARINE and RICHLIEU.

THE



THE
T A L E S
OF THE
F A I R I E S.

WHEN the Rigours of a long and severe Winter were over, and the fine Weather invited People abroad, Madam d'Anois took a Walk with some Gentlemen and Ladies of Wit and Distinction to *St. Clou*: where she being the first of that illustrious Company that were tired, sat herself down by a Fountain's side. 'Leave me here, *said she*, it may be some Savage or Dryade will come and entertain me.' Every one made their particular Reflection on her Laziness; but their Impatience to see the many beautiful Objects that there presented themselves, over-balancing the Desire they might otherwise have had to stay with her, *Mr. de St.* ——— told her, 'That as the Conversation she expected from the Inhabitants of that Wood, was somewhat uncertain, he would lend her some Fairy Stories that would divert her very agreeably.' 'They must be none of my own writing then, *replied Madam d'Anois*: but make no Scruple to leave me here, I shall not be idle.'

Madam d'Anois persisted so long in these Solicitations, that the Company left her; and after having walked

walked all about, returned to that shaded Alley where she waited for them. ‘What a sight have you lost!’ *cried the Countess d’——, accosting her.* ‘What we have seen is wonderful.’ ‘And what has happened to me,’ *answered the other,* is no less: Casting my Eyes about to distinguish the different Objects which I admired, I suddenly perceived a Nymph by me, whose bright Eyes, lively Air, and genteel Behaviour, gave me as much Satisfaction, as they caused Surprise in me: A loose Garment that she wore discovered the just Proportion of her Shape; the Plaitings of her Hair were tied down to her Waist by a Bunch of Ribbons, and the Exactness of her Features was altogether pleasing; and I was going to speak to her, when she interrupted me by Verses which she repeated in favour of this Abode. On the Noise of your Approach she seemed uneasy: and said to me, Farewel, I thought you had been alone; but since you have Company, I’ll see you again another Time. After these Words she disappeared; and I must confess I was glad to see you, for I began to be in some Fear.’ ‘You are too happy,’ *said the Marquis de ——,* to have so agreeable Correspondence, sometimes with the Muses, and sometimes with Fairies; you cannot be weary of it; if I was as knowing in these kind of Stories, I should have a very good Opinion of myself. They are Gifts, *replied Madam d’Anois,* wherewith we generally want a great many other necessary Things: Hitherto, my good Friends the Fairies have not been very prodigal of their Favours to me, therefore I can assure you, that I resolve to have as little Value for them as they have for me. Ah! Madam, *interrupted the Countess,* I ask your Pardon on that score, you owe us a Relation of some of their Adventures; here is a convenient Place for you to acquit yourself of that Obligation; you shall have no Reason to say you ever were listened to with more Attention.’ ‘You see,’ *said Madam d’Anois,* that I foresaw what you
‘ would

‘ would probably request, since I have a Story here ready for you to read: To render which the more agreeable, I have joined to it a *Spanish* Novel, which I know to be a very true one.’



The Story of Don GABRIEL.

DON *Felix Sarmiento* was a Gentleman both of Quality and Merit in the Province of *Gullicia*, where he married Donna *Henrica de Palacios*, of a Family no way inferior to his. By this Marriage he had a very handsome and accomplished Gentleman for his Son, called Don *Lewis*; and two Daughters, who, for Wit and Beauty were not to be equalled in all that Province.

Their Mother, who was a Lady distinguished for her Virtue and Worth, being surprised with a sudden and violent Disease at one of her Country Seats, had only Time to send for her Sister-in law, to leave her Daughters to her Care. ‘ Dear Sister, *said she, when she was come*, since there cannot be any Deposit more dear to me than this I entrust you with, promise me that my Daughters shall find in you what they are going to lose in me: Love *Isidora* and *Melantha*, both for my Sake and their own, and cultivate their Dispositions, which are excellent. I promised myself to neglect nothing in their Education; but, alas! we must be separated. Here she was interrupted by those two lovely Creatures, each on her Knees by the Bed side, holding her Mother’s Hand, kissing and bathing it with Tears, with so much Love and Respect, as shewed they were not to be parted. ‘ What, my dear Children, *said she to them*, do you endeavour to stay me? It seems as if you would make me regret a Life I am going to surrender to the Will of the Divine Providence: Instead of dispiriting me, rather encourage me. ‘ Sister, *continued she, addressing herself to Donna Juana*, I beg of you not to bring them too soon on the
A 5 ‘ Stage

‘ Stage of this World, which abounds in such dangerous Charms and Temptations, so much to be dreaded, that they stand in need of a great Share of Sense and Prudence, both to know and resist them.’

Donna Juana, who was an old Maid, and more severe than all the Dueña’s of *Spain* put together, was overjoyed at these last Words of her Sister-in-Law, and, without returning any Answer to the tender Expressions she had used, cried out, ‘ I assure you, your Daughters shall not have the Liberty to see the Sun ; I will keep them so close up, that the World shall not know there are any such Persons living : And since you have given me the Charge of them, I will be a thousand times more rigorous than you yourself would have been.’ The Weakness of the sick Lady hindered her from answering, and moderating these so hard Resolves ; and for the young Ladies ; they were too much grieved, to hear what their Aunt said. After having performed their last Devoirs, Donna Juana carried them to another Country-seat of their Father’s, near *Compostella*, who had, at that Time, a Command in *Flanders*, where he heard of his Wife’s Death, and her Disposal of his two Daughters. He appeared as much afflicted for the one, as dissatisfied with the other : For he knew his Sister’s Character, that she was of a violent, inflexible, and mistrustful Temper, and foresaw that his Daughters would find a great Difference between the Government of their Mother, and that of their Aunt. But considering that he was at a Distance, and his Daughters were very young and handsome, and that it was better than putting them into a Convent, he at last determined to let them be with their Aunt Donna Juana.

When their Brother, who was then at *Cadix*, heard of his Mother’s Death, he took Post to go to condole with his Sisters ; and being a pretty Gentleman, as I said before, his Presence conducted very much to the mitigating their Grief. When ever they could have any private Discourse, for he was in strict
Union

Union with them, they complained to him, that *Donna Juana* was ill-natured, and never to be pleased; that they never went abroad, nor were permitted to see any Company; that she was always grumbling at them, and that they had Cause to be sensible of their Loss. 'Indeed, *said Don Lewis*, *Donna Juana* is a Woman of Merit and Virtue; but that 'Virtue is very unfociable: For as she is neither 'handsome nor young, and never was capable of 'inspiring any Tenderness, she cannot allow any little innocent Liberty before her. I am afraid that 'at last she will be jealous of the Day that lights 'you, since she has already told me she'll let you stir out but very seldom; and that only when she cannot 'dispense with it, which will be with such Precautions, that it will be impossible to see you.' 'I can 'assure you, Brother, *said Isidora*, she may follow her own Caprice, as to that Point, without my opposing her: since nothing hitherto has induced me 'to desire any Commerce with the World, which 'she is so very much afraid of, provided she uses me 'very kindly.' 'I shall be well satisfied, for my 'Part, *added Melanthia*; I have not yet seen any 'Thing amiable enough to make me regret my being thus debarred the sight of Company.' *Don Lewis* comforted them the best he could, and brought them Books to divert them; and, after a Month's Abode with them, returned to *Cadiz*, whither his Business and Pleasures called him.

He had several Friends there, who were sensible of his Absence, and desirous of his Return; among whom, *Don Gabriel* and the Count *d'Aguiar* were the chief: They sent every Day to his Lodgings, and as soon as he arrived, went to see him. Their first Conversation was somewhat melancholy, because *Don Lewis* related his Mother's Death; but speaking afterwards of his Sisters, he told them how severely his Aunt kept them, that they began to be weary, and 'twas a pity two such pretty Creatures should be so ill used: In short, he enlarged on their Merit more like a Lover than a Brother. *Don Gabriel* seemed to
take

take little Notice of Don Lewis's Discourse; but speaking suddenly of something else, said, 'I am surprised you have asked no News of the beautiful *Lucilla*;' 'You cannot believe, *replied Don Lewis*, that it proceeds from any Indifference; my Sentiments are too lively, and too well grounded to change: but I thought I ought to begin our Conversation by informing you of the State of our Family.' '*Lucilla* lost her Brother by a very dismal Accident, and is gone to *Sevil* to administer to his Estate, *said the Count d'Aguilar*, from whence, I believe, she will not return very speedily.' 'Since she is not here, *continued Don Lewis*, I shall not stay long with you, I must go To-morrow.' 'What violent haste are you in?' *answered Don Gabriel*: 'Do you think there is nothing due from you to us? But though the Tye may not be so great, yet it is Injustice in you to bestow all on one.' 'Your Rights in my Heart are not to be disputed, *replied Don Lewis, smiling*; but you know a Mistress and a Friend are two different Things, since the Sentiments we have for each interfere not one with another.' 'Oh! *said Count d'Aguilar, laughing*, you love us very well, but you are going to leave us To-morrow for *Lucilla*; indeed the Rights we have in your Heart, are too much limited, and her's too much enlarged: But cannot you, without offending the fair Lady, stay here till she returns?' 'No, Sir, I cannot, *answered Don Lewis*, without giving her some Chagrin; and that I would not do for all the world: Friendship is more reasonable than Love, and gives greater Liberties. I can leave you without gaining your Displeasure, and I am sure I shall always find you the same when I return.' 'Oh! How happy am I, *cry'd Don Gabriel*, to enjoy my Liberty, to be, in respect of the Fair Sex, like a Butterfly in a Meadow of fine Flowers, able to fly over them, and never fix on one!' Don Lewis sighed at these Words, either because he was not so much at Ease as his Friend, or because he

was not at the Feet of the Disturber of his Repose.

They parted, with a thousand Proteftations of Friendſhip: Don *Lewis* went to *Sevil*, as he had determined, and Don *Gabriel* and the Count *d'Aguilar*, who lodged together, and were intimate Friends, ſtaid at *Cadiz*; where Don *Gabriel* became ſo thoughtful, ſpoke ſo little, and returned ſuch diſtracted Answers, that his Couſin, who never obſerved him in that Condition before, was ſeveral Times going to aſk him the Cauſe: But thinking that he might have ſome ſecret Engagement upon his Hand, and that preſſing him hard might make him uneaſy, he reſolved to take other Meaſures. Accordingly he ſet one of his Servants, a cunning Fellow, to watch where Don *Gabriel* went, and to give him an account of his Behaviour. After this, *d'Aguilar*, who depended on hearing ſome News of his Couſin, pretended to have ſome urgent Buſineſs, and went out to give him the more Liberty; but at Night his Valet had no other News to tell him, but that he took a Walk in a loneſome Garden by the Sea-ſide, and the reſt of the Day ſhut himſelf up in his Cloſet, and ſpoke to nobody. This Conduſt ſurprized the Count, who, after having waited three Weeks, in Hopes the Fit would go off, at laſt broke the Ice himſelf; telling him, that he had of late obſerved in his Carriage ſomething ſo different from his uſual Proceeding, that he could no longer forbear ſpeaking of it; and that if he had no Ground for his Melancholy, he ought to prevent that Diſeaſe's getting too great an Head; offering him at the ſame Time, if he had any Change in his Fortune, Part of his; and at laſt told him freely, that he ought not to hide any Thing from him; ſince he had made both Trial of his Friendſhip and Diſcretion.

Don *Gabriel* answered him only with a deep Sigh; and the Count, who obſerved him with a great deal of Attention, continuing his Diſcourſe, ſaid, 'What can be the matter with you? You are a very accompliſhed Gentleman, your Birth is ſo noble, that
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‘it is sufficient to use your Name to create Respect; your Father has a good Estate, and allows you very handsomely: In short, you must be in Love, and are unkindly received.’ ‘Alas! Cousin, replied Don Gabriel, you are too pressing: Cannot you love me without asking me Questions?’ But, continued he, after some small Silence, I abuse your Goodness; and am very sensible nothing is more engaging than what you have said to me: If I have kept my Secret from you, it was purely out of the Desire I had to preserve your Esteem. Alas! you can have none for me, after I shall confess my Extravagance to you. I am in Love, I own, and the Passion is the more dangerous, since I know not whether the Person, that is the Cause of all my Disquiet, merits what I endure for her, ’Tis *Isidora*, Don *Lewis’s* Sister, whom I have never seen, nor perhaps ever shall, since her Aunt is jealous of the very Sun that shines on her, and gives her not the least Liberty.’

The Count *d’Aguilar* listened to his Cousin with great Astonishment, and said to him, ‘Had you ever seen *Isidora*, and loved her, your speaking after this Manner would not have surpris’d me so much; but ’tis very odd, that after the long Time you have lived in *Madrid*, and your Travels into *Italy*, *France*, and *Flanders*, where you have seen very beautiful Ladies, without having any Inclination for any of them, you should at last run aground all on a sudden, and surrender without being acquainted either with the Beauty, Wit, or Humour of her you have thought of loving.’ ‘For this Reason I was ashamed and vexed, replied Don Gabriel, and durst not make my Secret known to you; and in the Height of my Misfortune, know no other Remedy but that of resisting my Passion.’ ‘O dear Friend! said the Count, trust not to that; I see your Time is come: You are a Rebel, that thought yourself insensible; and Love has a mind to punish you, by creating a Tenderness in you for what you have never seen.’ ‘I beg of you not to batter

‘me,

‘ me, *answer'd Don Gabriel*, for I never had less Inclination to laugh in all my Life ; if you will not talk of this Affair more seriously, I had rather we left off the Discourse.’

The Count *d' Aguilar* told him, That *Isidora* was neither an Infanta of Spain, nor a Sovereign Princess ; and that, in all Appearance, if he demanded her, she would not be refused ; which pleased him mightily. ‘ I believe so, as well as you, *answer'd Don Gabriel* ; but I have another Chimera come in my Head, as difficult to strive with as my Passion, that is, if my Services should not be agreeable to her ; if she should not love at first ; if I owe the Possession of her to either her Obedience to her Relations, or my Quality and Estate, and not to her Tenderness, I shall never be satisfied. All this seems to be very singular, *said d' Aguilar* : I pity you, and am sorry to see you in such Torments, without being in a Condition to ease them : But if what I have told you all my life, that I am entirely yours, and if you can imagine any way how I may be serviceable, you may depend on me.’ At these Words, *Don Gabriel* embraced his Cousin, and said to him, ‘ Remember you keep your Word, for in a little Time I may have Occasion to try you.’

It was late when they parted ; and *Don Gabriel* thought himself less unhappy, since he had found a Confidant ; and the Count was overjoy'd to know what was the Matter with his Friend, that he might either oppose or flatter his Passion, as he judged most proper. After his first Confession, *Don Gabriel* made no Difficulty to declare his Thoughts to *d' Aguilar*, but sought him out as an Ease to his Pains, and was overjoy'd, not to find him of a contradictory Temper, it being displeasing always to meet with continual Remonstrances.

Don Gabriel was willing to wait some Time, to see if his Reason would not remedy the Disorders of his Heart ; but perceiving that the more Resistance he made, the weaker he grew, and that the Idea he had formed of *Isidora* still persecuted him, he resolv'd
to

to endeavour to see her; and going into the Count *d'Aguilar's* Chamber at Day-break, said to him, 'Dear Cousin, I must go to *Gallicia*.' 'I understand you,' replied the Count, in search after *Isidora*; but how do you think to come at what you desire?' 'I think,' answer'd Don Gabriel, when we come there, to set the House on fire, and by the means of that Disorder to get into her Chamber, and carry her away in my Arms.' 'Indeed Don Gabriel,' said the Count, you are not prudent to begin by a Fire, that will be so prejudicial to one of your best Friends: Consider first, that you will do Don Lewis a great Injury, by burning his House, which is one of the finest in that Province; and then, that your dear *Isidora* may be stifled by the Smoke or Flames, and perhaps you may both perish. Therefore I think this is the most dangerous Expedient you could have thought of.' 'I design'd,' replied Don Gabriel, to have taken the Estate as a Part of her Fortune, and so have done Don Lewis no Wrong; but since you seem so averse to this Proposal, I will decline it, provided you find out a better, that nothing may retard our Journey.' My Opinion, is, said the Count, to take Post to the nearest Town to the House, and to carry with us some Pilgrims Habits to disguise ourselves, that we may not be known, lest we should be surprized on the Road to *Compostella*, where People stay sometimes some Hours. Some Hours! said Don Gabriel, how do you think I can manage my Affairs in that Time?' Oh I have thought of an admirable Way, said the Count, laughing; and that is, you shall feign yourself dead, and then nobody will press you to be gone.' I know very well, replied Don Gabriel, (who could not bear a Jest as he was used,) that you turn every Thing into Ridicule, and for that Reason I'll hold my Tongue.'

The Count perceived, but a little too late, that joking was not always seasonable; and reflecting that it was better to sacrifice a good Jest to his Friend, than his Friend for a Jest, he desired his Cousin to
pardon

pardon that Sally : ‘ But to return to our Business in Hand, *continued he*, I fancy it would not be amiss for one of us to pretend to be wounded ; perhaps the old Aunt may have more Charity for Pilgrims than other Folks, and will take care of us.’ Don Gabriel approved of his Thought, and lost not a moment’s Time to give the necessary Orders for the Habits, and set out with his Cousin two Days afterwards. For the Count *d’Aguilar*, he was no way inferior to Don Gabriel, either in his Shape or Mien ; they had both a noble Air, and were Men of as much Wit and Politeness as any in *Spain*. Don Gabriel had a most elegant Voice ; and the Count play’d on the Harp and Guittar as well as the best Master. They had learnt to ride the great Horse, and to dance in *France*, and understood several Languages as well as their own ; in short, they were two well-accomplish’d Gentlemen. And such as I have here represented them, they went to Donna *Juana’s*, with their Hair put under their great Hats, cover’d all over with Shells ; for they had left their Pilgrim’s Staff, their Calebasses, and all their other Equipage, that they used in this their Disguise, with a Servant at *Ciudad Rodrigo*, a Village hard by : And that they might arrive there in the Evening, to be more easily receiv’d, they went into a Wood, the Avenues of which served for Walks to the Cattle, and were parted by little Brooks, which freshen’d the Grass, and made it always green ; where the Trees, which had stood there Time out of Mind, and were Sanctuaries for the Birds, by their Boughs mixing one within another, form’d most pleasant Shades.

‘ What sweet Abode is here ! *cry’d Don Gabriel to the Count*. How happy should I be, if I could live here with the Person whom I adore ? But this flattering Thought carries me too far, when I consider I have not yet any Pretence for my Passion, and may have less in the End.’ ‘ You must not despair of your good Success, *reply’d the Count* : If it was not for that Caprice of yours, of being beloved before you are known, ’tis certain your Name
‘ would.

‘ would overcome the greatest Difficulties, and i
 ‘ would not be longer before you might be happy.
 ‘ What would you have me to do? *reply’d Don*
 ‘ *Gabriel*: I cannot help it; I must make some Im-
 ‘ pressions on *Isidora’s* Heart, before she knows who
 ‘ I am.’ The Count *d’Aguilar* was ready to die with
 laughing, but concealed it; and continuing their
 Walk, they came to a little Box, some little Distance
 from the Castle, on that side of the Park that join’d
 to the Wood. All was silent, and our Pilgrims ap-
 proached without any Noise; and placing themselves
 under the Windows, which were open, they heard
 some Persons talking, but could not understand what
 they said. When they had made an End of their
 Discourse, one of the Ladies raising her voice: said,
 ‘ I have a great deal more to say on this Subject, if
 ‘ my Aunt was not alone; but she is too great a Lo-
 ‘ ver of Romances to deprive me of the Pleasure of
 ‘ hearing them.’ Hereupon they got up and went
 away, when Don *Gabriel*, who had a great desire
 to have detained those Ladies, and entered into a
 Discourse with them, said to the Count *d’Aguilar*,
 ‘ I’ll sing some amorous Complaint; it may be my
 ‘ Voice may bring us acquainted’

‘ You have forgot, *reply’d the Count*, that one of
 ‘ us was to feign being wounded; and this Manner
 ‘ of complaining, and asking Assistance, will be ve-
 ‘ ry novel.’ ‘ That’s true, *said Don Gabriel*: but
 ‘ I can always exercise Curiosity sooner by a Song,
 ‘ than by Groans. But, *continued he*, I ought to
 ‘ follow our first Project; for if my Designs have
 ‘ not their desired Success, I shall blame myself.
 ‘ That we may do every thing to the best Advantage,
 ‘ *said the Count*, I’ll be the wounded Person, and you
 ‘ shall be the *Orpheus*; therefore begin, perhaps our
 ‘ Matters may succeed better than we dare hope for.’
 Whereupon Don *Gabriel*, bethought himself of the
 most moving Air, and tender Words, and raising his
 Voice a little, the Echoes seem’d to hesitate whether
 they should return any Answer, the Nightingales
listen’d, and the Zephyrs held their Breath; and for
 the

the Count *d'Aguilar*, he was amazed, his Cousin's Voice was so much embellish'd.

Isidora, *Melanthia*, and a young Lady of Fashion, named *Rosa*, were just then walking softly towards the Castle; but as soon as they heard that Voice, which they thought was wonderfully fine, they ran to the Window of the little Box with so much Precipitation, that Don *Gabriel* and the Count made no Dispute but that they came to hear them; and you may naturally suppose our Lover neglected nothing whereby he could charm those Ladies: But as he was often saying to his Cousin, 'I shall regret very much the Pains I take, if *Isidora* is not there;' they were suddenly surprized by a Concert, play'd by *Isidora* on the Harp, *Melantia* on the Guittar, and *Rosa* on the Viol. The Room appeared full of Lights: and Don *Gabriel* thought he should almost die with Joy, flattering himself that he had some Share in that Symphony, and those Lights. But not satisfied with hearing, he endeavour'd to find out a Way to gratify his Eyes; on which occasion his Activity was of no small Use to him; for by climbing up into a Tree, he easily observ'd the Ladies playing on their Instruments, but was at too great a Distance to discern their Features.

They play'd not long, chusing rather to hear that Voice which had charm'd them, than their own Music; when listening, they heard the Count *d'Aguilar*, who began to complain, say, 'Tis impossible, Brother, to express what I endure; the Pains of my wound encrease; and if we are forced to spend our Night here, I shall be dead before morning.' 'Alas! what can we do, *reply'd Don Gabriel*, (speaking loud enough to be heard) unless we go to this Castle, to beg their Assistance?' 'There are undoubtedly Travellers, *said Isidora*, who have been wounded by some of the Soldiers on their March to *Tuy*.' 'Ah, Sister, *cry'd Melanthia*, we cannot deny our Charity to Persons, who may be murdered in the Night under our Windows; therefore let us speak to them, to tell them what they should do.'

do.' Hereupon *Isidora*, raising her Voice a little, said, 'You ought to think of leaving this Wood, for it is oftentimes very dangerous.' When Don *Gabriel*, who made all the Haite he could, answered, 'Madam, as we were coming from *St. Jacques*, we were attack'd by some Rogues, who have wounded my Brother in his side, who, notwithstanding, has made a shift to walk thus far on foot; but finding his Spirits fail him, I have laid him under one of these Trees, not knowing what to do with him in so dark a Night,' 'Indeed we pity you, continued *Isidora*, and will do what we can, that you may be taken into the House till your Brother is recovered.' Heaven reward you, Madam, cry'd the Count: but be pleas'd to tell us whom we shall address ourselves to.' 'Ask for the Almoner, said *Melanthia*; he has Orders to lodge Pilgrims, and we will send you what Assistance we can; but be sure don't say that you have spoke to us: and if you know any Romances, they will be acceptable here.'

After these Words, they shut their Windows, put out the Candles, and ran into Donna *Juana's* Chamber, to know how the Pilgrims Affairs went; where they had not been long, before the Almoner came to tell her, that two Young Men, one of whom had been wounded by some Robbers, desired shelter; adding, that he never in all his Life beheld two such good Faces; and that, if he might judge by their Persons, they seem'd to be Men of some Birth. 'Are they Spaniards?' said Donna *Juana*. 'No, Madam, continued the Almoner, they are *Flemings*.' 'Ah! cry'd she, how fortunate is this! Perhaps they may have seen my Brother, and can tell me some News of him; I am very much in pain for him: Now if they are but well vers'd in Romances, they shall want for nothing.' 'That they boast of,' reply'd the Almoner. 'Then let them be brought in presently,' said Donna *Juana*. 'But, Madam, answer'd the Almoner, he that is wounded must not be long out of Bed.' 'Well, said she, since Works of Charity must be perform'd let him have a Chamber, and

‘ and we will wait on him at Table.’ For this was a Principle of Devotion in Donna Juana.

The Almoner, who had already some Affection for these Pilgrims, return’d and conducted them into a very handsome Apartment, which was that Don Lewis lay in, when there, and order’d a good Supper for them; withal, telling them, that Donna Juana and her Nieces, had so much Compassion on them, that they design’d to come and wait on them. When he left them, the Count d’Aguilar said to his Cousin, ‘ You see, dear Brother, (for so I must call you now,) we have got into this inaccessible Castle which you despair’d so much of; and from such a successful Beginning, we may presage your Designs may prosper.’ ‘ Alas! dear Friend, reply’d Don Gabriel, I dare not abandon myself to such flattering Omens: You know a Man in Love is always full of Fears and Distrusts.’ ‘ You ought, instead of tormenting yourself, to be merry and chearful, added the Count; for what can be more pleasant, than to have such lovely Creatures wait on us at Supper, one to carve for us, and the other to help us to drink? Let us fancy ourselves Amadis’s of Gaul, or Don Quixotes, at least; that we are arrived at some enchanted Castle, and have drove away the Fairies that guarded it; and that Princesses come to kiss our Hands, hand take off our Armour.’ ‘ O how gay you are! said Don Gabriel: it is very well seen you are not in Love.’ ‘ I love you, and that’s enough, said the Count; but I am not overwell pleas’d that I said I was the wounded Person, since I must assume a melancholy Air, and must not eat, tho’ I am ready to die of Hunger: It would have been a thousand Times better for you to have acted this Part; for I am sure the Presence of Isidora will be every Thing to you.’ ‘ If there was any way answer’d Don Gabriel with a Smile, to say we were mistaken, and that I am the wounded Person, I would agree to it with all my Heart, to ease you; but since ’tis all done and over, neglect nothing to persuade them that you are very bad.’ ‘ Very bad! cry’d

‘*cry’d the Count* ; I beg your Pardon there : Let us make the Wound but slight, that I may keep my Bed but a little while.’ As he made an End of these Words, he cast himself upon the Bed that was made for him, and soon after the Ladies came ; *Donna Juana* with a Napkin on her Arm, *Isidora* with a Silver-gilt Poringer full of Broth, and *Melantbia* with two fresh Eggs on a Plate. ‘Here is something for the wounded Pilgrim, *said Juana, going to the Bed-side* ; he may have either the Broth, or the Eggs.’ ‘*Madam, said the Count*, (after he had thank’d her for the Charity she exercis’d towards them, who were poor Strangers,) I will, if you’ll give me Leave, accept both of the Broth and Eggs, with a little Bread to them ; and I believe I could eat a little Meat ; for I have lost a great deal of Blood ; and if I don’t recruit, I shall never be able to go abroad.’ ‘Heaven forbid, *said Donna Juana*, that I should let a Person in your Condition do what he would ; if your Fever continues, it will kill you : Swallow the Yolk, and leave the White, and drink a little of this Ptisan.’ The Count sigh’d at this Prescription ; and for *Don Gabriel* he got behind one of the Bed-curtains, that they should not see him laugh.

Donna Juana was so much surpriz’d at the good Mein of the Count *d’Aguilar*, and at his Manner of speaking, that she forgot to enquire after her Brother ; and attributing her Joy only to her Compassion for an unfortunate wounded stranger, secretly commended herself for the Good and Charity she had done ; and taking him by the Arm to feel his Pulse, order’d a Candle to be brought, to see this dying Pilgrim : But when she discovered in his Eyes a Fire that dazzled hers, and such a Freshness in his Complexion, which she thought proceeded from the Violence of his Fever, she began to be sadly frighten’d. ‘I am vex’d, *said she*, that you had that Egg ; you must eat nothing ; I’ll have the Management of you ; nobody shall look after you but myself. Take Care, *contin’d she*, to her Nieces, and those that were about

'about her, that he has nothing given to eat but what I order him; his Wounds require him to observe a sparing Diet.' 'Alas! Madam, *answer'd the Count in a melancholy Tone*, I am not used to the ways of Persons of Quality; I am of a Temperament quite different from them; what would cure them, will kill me: However, *added he*, I'll try, it may learn me better against another Time.'

After this Discourse she sat herself down by the Bed-side, taking hold of the Count's Arm, to observe the Symptoms of his Fever; when casting her Eyes about, she discover'd Don Gabriel behind the Curtain, and said to him, 'Be not afraid of Ladies, who perform the Rites of Hospitality with a great deal of Pleasure.' Whereupon Don Gabriel made her a low Bow with so good a Grace, that both Aunt and Nieces were surprized. 'Are you Brothers?' *said she*. 'Yes Madam, *said he*.' 'And what are your Names?' 'My Brother's, *reply'd he*, is Don Estevas, and mine Don Gabriel.' 'And are you Flemings?' *continued Juana*. 'We come from Brussels, *said he*. 'Our Father was a Music-Master, a Writer of Novels and Romances, and a Maker of Songs.' 'What, was he an Inventor of Fairy Stories?' *cry'd Juana*. 'Yes, Madam, *reply'd he*, both old and modern.' 'Oh, *added she*, you must tell me one To-night, or I shall not sleep. But now I think on it, have you never seen Don Felix Sarmiento with the Governor of the Low Countries?' 'Yes, Madam, I have had that Honour, *said Don Gabriel*; he has a Command under him, and lives like a Prince: he would have sent us, if my Father would have given his Consent, into Andalusia, to his Sister and two Daughters.' 'What to do?' *reply'd Juana with Warmth*. He said, *continued Don Gabriel*, that his Wife was lately dead, and that his Daughters lived in the Country where we were to go, to learn them to dance and sing, and play upon the Musick.' 'How strangely Things fall out! *said she to her Nieces*. You must know, Friend, *added she*, that I am his Sister, and these

‘are his Daughters; you are only mistaken in the Country, for we are in *Gallicia*, and you said *Andalusia*.’ ‘Madam, answered Don Gabriel, these Faults are excusable in Strangers: We are very happy to light on a Place where we have some little Knowledge of the Family,’ ‘But how came you to go to *St. Jacques*?’ added *he*. Out of a pure Sense of Devotion, said *he*, and a desire to travel.’ ‘But, said Donna Juana, how came your Father, who refused my Brother, to let you go?’ ‘Oh Madam, answered Don Gabriel, a little confounded, he is a very religious Man, and would be loth to hinder us from so good an Undertaking.’

All this while the Count, whom I shall now call Don *Estevo*, said not one word; for Donna Juana forbid him from speaking, and whenever he open’d his Mouth, clapt her Hand upon it with such force, that he apprehended more from that Manner of making him hold his Tongue, than any thing else; and repented often, that he did not let his Cousin represent the sick Person. When the Supper was brought up, Don Gabriel, out of respect, was for eating it in the Antichamber: but Donna Juana would not suffer him to stir: but ordered her Nieces to make him eat, while she felt Don *Estevo*’s Pulse, which she thought somewhat intermitting. Now, had she examined Don Gabriel’s, ’tis probable she might have found him so: For tho’ he had form’d to himself a charming Idea of *Isidora*, yet when he saw her, he found she excelled that Idea as much as the Sun the Stars; and tho’ he endeavour’d all that was in his Power not to look as her, yet he could not forbear fixing his Eyes so passionately on her sometimes, that the Aunt, who observed him often, said, ‘What makes you look so much at my Niece?’ ‘Madam, said *he*, without any Disorder, I am something of a Physiognomist, have always had a great Inclination to study Astrology, and I dare say that if ever I succeeded in any Thing, it was in Horoscopes.’ ‘Oh! said *Isidora*, then I must have a little Discourse with you: I have wished a long Time to meet

'meet with somebody that could tell me my Fortune. 'Madam, cry'd Don Gabriel, *who could not contain himself*, a Lady of your Perfections may promise herself every Thing.' 'Can you, said Donna Juana, read any good Fortune in her Face?' 'I never saw finer Things in all the Days of my Life, reply'd Don Gabriel; I am amazed and surpriz'd.' Oh! this is a delicate Science, said Juana, for the Terms are neither hard nor barbarous: I must have a little Talk with you myself about my Fortune.'

While they had all this Discourse, the Count was both hungry, hot, and weary; for the old Lady, who would not suffer him to eat a Bit, as I said before, had also cover'd him up so close, that he was almost smother'd, and not able to bear it any longer; and to ease himself, begg'd that he might get up for a little while. 'I'll give my consent, said she, on Condition your Brother will give me his Word, you shall eat nothing for Supper.' Which Don Gabriel consented to, without any Reluctance: And tho' he and the Count regretted the parting with *Isidora* and *Melanibia*, they were both so glad to get rid of the troublesome Aunt, that they forwarded their Departure, as much as the Parts they acted, and their Respect would allow.

When they were left alone with the Almoner, they gave him so many good Reasons, telling him that he must either eat or die, that he, being a good honest fellow that loved Pilgrims, and not having supped, sat down with them at the Table; where the Count made amends for what he endured in Bed, and Don Gabriel, who eat not with a good Appetite while *Isidora* was by, follow'd his example so well, that they clear'd all before them'. When he was gone, and they at Liberty, Don Gabriel ask'd the Count, if he ever saw any Thing equal to *Isidora*? 'She is a perfect Beauty, answer'd the other: But *Melanibia* in my opinion has an inexhaustible store of Charms; her Shape and Complexion, the Even-

‘ness of her Teeth, the Brightness of her fine black Hair, and that Air of Spightfulness and Mirth dispersed all over her Person, are as touching and engaging as the languishing softness of *Isidora*. I am very glad, *reply’d Don Gabriel*, that you were not taken by her incomparable beauty.’ I don’t deny; *answer’d the Count*, but she is a Beauty, but I am overjoy’d that I am sensible of her Sister’s superior Merit, since you would not have me your Rival,’ Heaven forbid! *cry’d Don Gabriel*; I believe I love her so well, that I could die for her.’ ‘But since you have taken upon you to be an Astrologer, *answer’d the Count*, when you come to your Fortune-telling, do me all the Service you can with *Melanthia*.’ ‘What, would you at last give way to Love?’ *said Don Gabriel, smiling*. ‘I have no great Desire to it, *answer’d the Count*: But let what will happen, do me all the Service you can.’ Well, *said Don Gabriel*, preserve your Liberty if you can.’ ‘Alas! what would you have me do here?’ *reply’d he somewhat angrily*: Ought not I to have something to make me amends for what I endure with *Donna Juana*? For not to deceive you, *added he*, she has almost tired my patience; the interest she takes in my Health, hath already injur’d me too much.’ As it was then late, they left off their Discourse, and *Don Gabriel* retired to his Chamber, which was separated from the Count’s by a large Hall; where he, as well as his Cousin, slept as little as People in Love are used to do.

For *Isidora* and *Melanthia*, they follow’d their Aunt to her Chamber, afterwards retired to their own, and that Night lay together, that they might talk away some hours; but when they were got into Bed, instead of talking, they did nothing but tumble, and toss, and sigh. ‘What is the Matter you don’t sleep?’ *said Isidora*; are you not well?’ ‘But what’s the matter you don’t go to Rest?’ *reply’d Melanthia*. At that *Isidora* fetch’d a deep sigh, and return’d no answer. Some Time after, *Melanthia* hearing *Isidora* sigh again, said (embracing her,) ‘You

‘ You are very melancholy, and would fain hide it from me ; what, dare not you trust me ? ’ ‘ I never was so in my Life before, *said she* ; but my Tears are so unworthy of me, that I am ashamed of them.’ ‘ You fright me, *said Melanthia* ; for tho’ I don’t comprehend what you would say, yet I am persuaded you are not so melancholy without a Cause ; therefore if you love me, remove my Fears, and let me know your Griefs.’ ‘ I swear to you, Sister, *reply’d Isidora*, I cannot tell what ails me ; but since you will have me to be more particular, I must own, that after I had been some time in the Room with those Travellers, I found myself very much concern’d for him that is wounded ; he appeared so charming in his mean Habit, that I said to myself, what would this young Man be, were he of Quality, and finely dressed, since he has such a noble Mein in his ordinary Cloaths ? I flatter’d myself, that he might be a Person of Birth and Family in that Disguise ; but when his Brother told my Aunt they were Musicians, it went like a Dagger to my Heart, that I should have any Inclination for a Man so much below me ; I that was never guilty of any such Weakness for any Man before.’

‘ Alas ! Sister, *cry’d Melanthia*, I have too great a Share in your Complaints to be insensible : Don Gabriel has charm’d me with his Voice ; and I was lost when I observed, for all that ridiculous Pilgrim’s Habit, a good Shape, regular Features, and an Air and Mein not to be equalled in Persons of the best Rank.’ ‘ They are amiable, that is true, *reply’d Isidora* ; but Heaven defend us from looking on them any otherwise than as Musicians, and I think we ought to hasten their Departure.’ ‘ Would you be the Cause of the poor wounded Man’s Death ? ’ *said Melanthia*. ‘ No, *answer’d the other* ; but I’d have him cur’d, that he may go about his Business ; for I am persuaded it is our best Way to shun Persons, that may create us any Trouble.’ ‘ Alas ! I’ll consent to it, *said Melanthia*,

‘and will second you with all my Heart.’ As thus they talk’d, Day broke; and then they endeavour’d to get a little Rest.

For Donna *Juana*, she pass’d the Night as indifferent as any of them, for fear the Pilgrim should be worse than when she left him; and as it was too late when they came, to think of a Surgeon, she sent in the Morning for two of the best in *Ciudad-Real*, and as soon as they came, carried them into the Count’s Chamber. Don *Gabriel* was with him when *Juana* and the Surgeons came, and knew not at first but that they were some of the Domesticks, till she bid the Count prepare himself for some Operation, telling him that he was in the Hands of as able Practitioners as any in *Spain*. While she was thus encouraging the Count, the Surgeons were preparing all their Materials, as their Instruments, Tents, and Ointments, &c. And for the Count, ’tis almost impossible to comprehend the Confusion he was in; looking sometimes at Don *Gabriel* with Eyes full of Rage and Anger, and sometimes making Signs, as if all would be discovered: When Don *Gabriel*, who was not so much perplexed, said to Donna *Juana*, ‘We never travel, Madam, without some of the powder of Sympathy about us, the Effects of which are wonderful; for I put but a little of it last Night to my Brother’s Wound, and I believe it will soon be well.’ At that the Surgeons exclaimed against it as a pernicious Remedy, saying, That ’twas all Sorcery; and that the Holy Inquisition would not allow of it. At the frightful Name of the Inquisition, Donna *Juana* was for running way, but the Count assured her, that the Powder was prepared by himself, and was only a Compound of Simples, which he would give her the Receipt of. After this she desired the Surgeons might look at his Wound, whether they did any Thing or Nothing; but he not acquiescing with that Request, she paid them for their Trouble, and so dismissed them.

But *Juana* was unwilling to leave the Count *d’Aguilar*

guilar so soon; and therefore sought a Pretext that she might stay a little longer with him, and addressing herself to Don *Gabriel*, said, 'since you are well versed in Romances and Stories, you'll do me a singular pleasure in telling me one, for I am a great Admirer of them,' 'That I will, to oblige you, Madam,' *reply'd he*, and so began as follows.



The Royal Ram.

IN those happy Days, when Fairies were common, there lived a King who had three beautiful young Daughters, who were all deserving; but the youngest whose Name was *Miranda*, being the most amiable, and her Father's Favourite, was allowed as many Clothes in a Month, as her Sisters had in a Year: But she being so generous as to let them partake with her, it made no Difference among them.

The King having had Neighbours, who tired with a long Peace, oblig'd him to raise an Army, and to take the Field, left his Daughters with a Governante in a Castle, where they might hear News from him every Day; and when he had subdu'd his Enemies, and drove them out of his Dominions, came to the Castle to see his *Miranda*, whom he doated on. The three Princesses bespoke themselves every one a Robe of Sattin; the Eldest's was Green adorn'd with Emerald's; the Second's was Blue set off with Turquoises; and the Youngest's White bedecked with Diamonds. And in these Dresses they went to meet the King, and to congratulate him on his Victories.

When he saw them so beautiful and gay, he embrac'd them all tenderly, but especially *Miranda*, After a magnificent Entertainment that was served up, the King, who loved to draw consequences from the most trivial matters, asked the Eldest, why she put on a green Gown? 'Sir, said she, after hearing of your great Deeds, I thought Green might ex-

‘preſs my Joy, and the Hopes of your Return.’
 ‘That’s very well, *ſaid the King*. And you, Daughter, continu’d he to the Second, how come you to put on a Blue Gown?’ ‘To ſhew, Sir, *ſaid ſhe*, we ought to implore the Gods in your Favour; and then in ſeeing you, I behold the Heavens and the brighteſt Stars.’ ‘Now, *ſaid the King*, you ſpeak like an Oracle. And you, *Miranda, ſaid the King*, what made you dreſs yourſelf in White?’ ‘*Be cauſe ſaid ſhe*, it becomes me better than other Colours: How, *ſaid the King a little angrily*, was that only your Deſign?’ ‘I had that of pleaſing you, *ſaid the Princeſs*, and I think I need no other.’ Whereupon the King was mightily pleaſed at her Turn of Thought, and ſaid, That ſince he had eaten a pretty deal at Supper, he would not go to Bed ſo ſoon, therefore he would have them tell him their Dreams the Night before his Return.

The Eldeſt ſaid, ſhe dream’d he brought her a Gown, the Gold and Jewels of which were brighter than the Sun; the Second ſaid, ſhe dream’d that he brought her a golden Spinning-Wheel and Diſtaff, for her to ſpin herſelf ſome Shifts; and the Youngeſt ſaid, ſhe dream’d he had married her ſecond Siſter off, and, on the Wedding-Day, held a golden Ewer, and ſaid, *Come, Miranda, come and waſh you*.

The King, who was angry at this Dream, knit his Brow, and made a thouſand wry Faces, and went into his Chamber, where throwing himſelf upon his Bed, he could not forget his Daughter’s Dream: ‘This inſolent Baggage, *ſaid he*, would make me her domeſtic ſlave; I am not amazed, now, why ſhe put on a white Gown without thinking of me; ſhe looks on me as one unworthy of her Reflections; but I’ll prevent her ill deſigns.’ Hereupon he got up in a Rage; and tho’ it was not yet Day, he ſent for the Captain of his Guards, and ſaid to him, ‘You have heard of *Miranda’s* Dream, which forebodes ſome Treafon; therefore I would have you take her preſently, and carry her into the Foreſt, and kill her, and afterwards bring me her Heart
 ‘and

'and Tongue: If you deceive me, I'll put you to 'the most cruel Death I can think of.' The Captain of the Guards was very much surpriz'd at so barbarous an Order, but durst not seem averse to it, lest the King should take away his Commission, but promised him to perform it. Then going to the Princess's Chamber, which he had much ado to get to, it being so very early, he told her, the King had sent him for her. Whereupon she rose presently: A little Moor that she call'd *Patypata* held up her Train, and her young Ape nam'd *Grabugeon*, and little Dog which she call'd *Tintin*, ran by her side.

The Captain of the Guard carried her into the Garden, telling her, the King was taking there a little fresh Air; and then pretending to look for him, and not finding him, told her, he was without Dispute gone from thence into the Forest. Then opening the little Door that led into the Forest, and Day coming on, the Princess observ'd that her Conductor shed some Tears, and seem'd melancholy; whereupon she said to him, with an Air of Sweetness, 'What is the Matter you seem so much afflicted?' 'Alas! Madam, *cry'd he*, who can be otherwise?' 'The King has order'd me to kill you here, and to carry him your Heart and Tongue, or else he will put me to Death.' At these Words the poor Princess turned pale, and fell a-crying, and in that Condition looked like a Lamb that was going to the Slaughter; then fixing her Eyes on the Captain, without any Anger, said to him, 'Have you Courage enough to kill me, who never did you any Injury in my Life, but rather always spoke to the King in your Favour? But if I have deserv'd my Father's Anger, I submit without Murmuring. Alas! I have shewn him but too much Love and Respect, for him to complain without Injustice.' 'Fear not, fair Princess, *said the Officer*, I'll sooner suffer the Death I am threaten'd with, than be guilty of so barbarous an Action; but when I am gone, you will not be more safe: We must find out some Expedient to persuade the King you are dead.

‘What way, can we find out? *reply’d* Miranda, ‘he will not be satisfied, unless he sees my Tongue and Heart.’ At that *Patypata*, who stood by, and heard all, without being observed either by the Princess or the Captain, advanced boldly, and throwing himself at *Miranda’s* Feet, said, ‘I come, Madam, ‘to offer you my Life, let me be the Sacrifice: I ‘shall be but too well pleased to die for so good a ‘Mistress.’ ‘I have no need of so tender a Proof ‘of thy Friendship, *said the Princess* (kissing her;) ‘thy Life ought now to be as dear to me as my own.’ Whereupon *Grabugeon* came forward, and said, ‘You are in the right, my Princess, to love so faithful a Slave as *Patypata*: she may be more serviceable to you than I can, therefore I offer you my ‘Heart and Tongue with Joy.’ ‘Oh my pretey ‘*Grabugeon*, *reply’d* Miranda, I cannot bear the ‘Thoughts of taking thy Life away.’ With that *Tintin* cry’d out, that it was insupportable to so faithful a Dog as he was, that any other but him should lay down their Life for his Mistress; and thereupon arose a great Dispute between *Patypata*, *Grabugeon*, and *Tintin*. In short, *Grabugeon* being quicker than the rest, climb’d up to the Top of a high Tree, and threw himself down, and broke his Neck; and the Captain of the Guard, with a great deal of Persuasion, got leave of the Princess to cut out his Tongue; but it proved too small for to venture to cheat the King with it.

‘Alas! my poor little Ape, *said the Princess*, ‘thou has lost thy life without doing me any Service! ‘That Honour is reserv’d for me, *interrupted the Moor*;’ and at the same Time cut her Throat with the Knife that *Grabugeon’s* Tongue was cut out with. The Officer was for carrying her Tongue, but that it was too black to pass for *Miranda’s*. ‘How unfortunate am I, *said the Princess*, *weeping*, thus ‘to lose what I love, and not to be one whit the ‘better for it.’ ‘If you had accepted of my Proposition, *said Tintin*, you would have had none to ‘have griev’d for but me, and I should have had the
‘Satisfaction

' Satisfaction of being regretted alone.' Whereupon *Miranda* kiss'd her little Dog, and cry'd and griev'd so much, that she swoon'd away, and when she came to herself, found her Dog dead, her Conductor gone, and she herself left with her three dead Favourites ; which she buried in a Hole that was ready dug hard by a Tree, and then bethought herself of her own Security.

As the Forest was not far from her Father's Court, it was not safe for her to stay there long, lest she should be known by some of the Passengers, therefore she made all the Haste she could to get out of it ; but the Forest was so large, and the Sun so hot, that she was ready to die with Heat. Fear, and Weariness : and was in continual apprehensions lest her Father should follow and kill her : But still continued going forwards, making lamentable Complaints, having her Gown almost tore off, and her Skin scratch'd by the Thorns and Brambles. At last hearing the Bleating of Sheep, ' Without doubt, *said she to herself*, here are some Shepherds with their Flocks, ' who may direct me to some Hamlet where I may ' disguise myself in some Country-dress. For, alas ! ' *continued she*, Princes are not always the most ' happy : Who believes that I am a Run-away ? That ' my Father, without any Cause or Reason, seeks my ' life ? And that I, to save it, must be forced to disguise myself ? ' While she was making these Reflections, she arrived at the Place from whence she heard the Bleating : but how great was her Surprise when she came to a spacious Plain, to see a large Ram as white as Snow ; his Horns were gilt, a garland of Flowers was fastened about his Neck, his Legs were adorn'd with Bracelets of Pearl of a prodigious Size, and he was laid on Orange-Flowers, and shaded from the Heat of the Sun by a Pavilion of Cloth of Gold ! An hundred sheep finely adorn'd were waiting about him, some drinking Coffee, Sherbet, and Lemonade ; others eating Strawberries and Cream, and Sweetmeats ; and others again playing at Lanquenet and Ballet ; some had rich Collars of Gold, with a gal-
lant

lant Device, and some their Ears bor'd, and full of Ribbons. *Miranda* was so much amazed, that she was perfectly motionless, and looked all about her for the shepherd of such an extraordinary flock, when the beautiful Ram came bounding and skipping, and said, 'Approach, divine Princess be not afraid of such gentle pacific Creatures as we are.' 'What prodigy is this, *said the Princess* (stepping back) to hear Sheep speak?' 'Alas! Madam, *reply'd the Ram*, your Ape and Dog spoke, and why is it more strange that we should?' 'A Fairy, *answer'd Miranda*, bellow'd that gift upon them.' 'And might not the like Adventure attend us? *reply'd the Ram smiling*: But, my Princess, what brought you hither?' 'A thousand Misfortunes, *reply'd Miranda*; I am the most miserable Person in the World, and seek an Asylum to avoid the Rage of a Father.' 'Come, Madam, with me, *reply'd the Ram*, I will afford you one, where you shall be known to none, and be absolute Mistress,' 'But I am not able to follow you, *reply'd she*, I am so weary.' Whereupon the Ram order'd his Chariot, and soon after appear'd six Goats harnessed to a Gourd-Shell large enough for two Persons to sit in with Ease, and lined with Velvet. The Princess plac'd herself in it, admiring an Equipage so novel, and the Ram got in after her, and then drove to the Cavern's Mouth, which was stopp'd by a large stone, which, on the Ram's touching with his Foot, removed. After which, he told the Princess she might go down without any Danger; which she would hardly have ever consented to, had not her Fear of being taken prompted her to it; and, upon that Account, she never hesitated, but followed her Conductor.

As the Steps were very numerous, the Princess thought that she was either going to pay a Visit to their Antipodes, or the *Elysian* Shade: but was much more surprized when she discover'd a vast plain enamelled with various Flowers, which exceeded all the Perfumes she had ever smelt of, surrounded with a large River of Orange-flower Water. In the midst of this Plain were Fountains of Wine, Rosa-solis, and

and other exquisite Liquors, which formed Cascades and other pleasant purling Brooks, and here and there Holts of Trees, which served for shelter to variety of choice Birds and Fowls, as Partridges, Quails, Pheasants, Ortolans, Turkeys, Pullers. &c. and in some parts, the Air was darkened with showers of Biscuits, blanched Almonds, Tarts, Cheesecakes, Marrow-puddings, all manner of Sweet-meats, both wet and dry; and in short with all necessaries of Life, with great plenty of Crown-pieces, Guineas, Pearls and Diamonds, Without Doubt the Rarity and Usefulness of this Rain should have brought the *Royal Ram* a great many Visitors, if he had been desirous of Company; but all the Writers that mention him, assure us, that he chose to be retired, and was as grave as any *Roman* Senator.

As it was the pleasantest Season of the Year when *Miranda* arrived there, she saw no other Palace than what Chambers, Halls, and Closets, Orange-trees, Jessamine, Honey-suckles, and Rose-trees formed by intermixing the Boughs. The Princely Ram told *Miranda*, ' That he had reign'd Sovereign there several Years, and had sufficient Cause to be afflicted; but that he refrained from his Tears, that he might not remind her of her Misfortunes. Your Manner of Treatment, charming Sheep, *said she*, is somewhat so generous, that I cannot express my Acknowledgment enough; and I must confess, that what I see seems so extraordinary, I know not what to think of it.' No sooner had she pronounced these words, but there appeared a Troop of beautiful Nymphs, who presented her with Fruit out of Amber Baskets; but when she went nigh them, they insensibly mov'd from her; and at last reaching out her Hand to take hold of one of them, and feeling nothing, she soon perceiv'd they were only phantoms. ' Alas! *said she, weeping*, where am I, and what are these?' At that instant, the *Royal Ram*, for so I must call him, returning, having left her some Moments, and seeing her shed Tears, remained motionless, and ready to die at her Feet.

' What is the Matter with my beautiful Princess?' *said*

said he. Have I any way failed in the Respect that is due to you? *No, said she;* but I am not used to live among the Dead, and with Sheep that talk: Every thing here terrifies me; and tho' my Obligation is great to you for bringing me hither, yet I must beg one Favour more of you, to conduct me back.' *Fright not yourself, reply'd he:* vouchsafe to hear me quietly, and you shall know my deplorable Adventure.

'I was born a Prince: A great Race of Kings, who were my Ancestors, left me in possession of one of the most beautiful kingdoms in the World; my Subjects lov'd me, my Neighbours both fear'd and envy'd me, and I was esteem'd with some justice. My person was not indifferent to those that saw me; and being a great lover of Hunting, as I was one Day pursuing a Stag, and separated from my Attendants, the Stag took into a Pond: I plunged my Horse in after him with too much Impudence, as well as Rashness; but, instead of finding the water cold, I found it extraordinary hot, and the Pond becoming dry all on a sudden, there issued out of a Clift a terrible Fire, and I fell to the bottom from off the Precipice, where I could see nothing but flames. I believed myself lost, when I heard a voice say, They must be greater Flames that warm thy Heart, ungrateful Man. Alas! cry'd I, who is that that complains of my Coldness? An unfortunate Wretch, reply'd the Voice, who adores you without Hope. At the same Time the Fire went out and I saw a Fairy whom I knew from my Youth, and whose Age and Ugliness always frightened me; she was leaning on a Young Slave of incomparable Beauty, who was loaded with Chains of Gold to denote her Slavery. What Prodigy is this? *said I to Ragotte, which was the Fairy's Name;* was this done by your Orders?' Alas! by whose Orders else do you think? *reply'd she:* Have you never known my Sentiments till now? Must I be forced to explain myself; my Eyes used never to fail of Conquests; have they now lost

all

‘ all their Power? Consider how low I stoop, ’tis
 ‘ a Fairy that makes this Confession, and Kings are,
 ‘ in respect to them, but as Ants.’ ‘ I am entirely
 ‘ at your pleasure, *said I to her, with an Air and*
 ‘ *Tone that express’d some Impatience*; but what is
 ‘ that you ask? Is it my Crown, my Cities, or my
 ‘ Treasure?’ ‘ Oh Wretch! *reply’d she disdainfully,*
 ‘ I can make my Skullions, when I please, greater
 ‘ than thee: I ask thy Heart; my Eyes have ask’d
 ‘ it a thousand Times, and thou hast not understood
 ‘ them, or at least wouldst not. Wert thou engag’d
 ‘ with any other, I should not interrupt thee in thy
 ‘ Amours; but I have too great an Interest in thee
 ‘ not to discover the indifference of thy Heart. Ah!
 ‘ grant me thy Love, *added she,* (shutting her Mouth,
 ‘ to render it the more agreeable, and rolling her
 ‘ Eye about,) I will be thy dear *Ragotte*, will add
 ‘ twenty Kingdoms to that thou possessest, an Hun-
 ‘ dred Towers of Gold, five Hundred full of Silver,
 ‘ and whatever thou canst desire besides.’

‘ Madam *Ragotte*, *said I to her,* I beg of you, by
 ‘ all the Charms that render you lovely, to set me at
 ‘ Liberty, and then we’ll see what I can do to please
 ‘ you.’ ‘ Oh Traytor! *cry’d she,* if thou lovedst me,
 ‘ thou wouldst not hope so much after thy own King-
 ‘ dom; but wouldst be content to live in a Grotto,
 ‘ Wood, or Desert. Don’t believe me to be so great
 ‘ a Novice; thou thinkest of stealing away, but I
 ‘ tell you for your Comfort, you must stay here;
 ‘ and the first Thing you shall do, shall be to keep
 ‘ my Sheep, which have as much Wit, and speak as
 ‘ well as thou dost.’ At the same Time she brought
 me into this Plain, where we are now, and shewed
 me her Flock, which I looked on but little; for that
 beautiful slave that was with her took up all my re-
 gard, and my Eyes betray’d me: which the cruel
Ragotte observing, flew upon her, and stabb’d her in-
 to the Eye with her Bodkin, and so depriv’d that ado-
 rable Object of her Life. At this dismal sight, I fell
 on *Ragotte*, and clapping my Hand upon my Sword,
 was going to sacrifice her to the Manes of that dear
 slave,

have, had she not reader'd me motionless by her Art. My effort being vain, I fell on the Ground, and endeavour'd to kill myself, to deliver myself from that wretched State I was seduced to ; when she, with an ironical smile, said to me, ' I will make you feel my Power ; you are at present a Lion, but shall e'er long be a Sheep.' Whereupon touching me with her Wand, I found myself metamorphos'd, such as you see me ; but retained both my Speech, and those Sentiments of Grief which I owe to my unhappy State. ' Thou shalt be five Years a Sheep, continued she, and absolute Master of this sweet Abode ; while I, separated from thee, and never beholding thy agreeable form, shall think on nothing but the Hatred I bear thee.' Hereupon she disappeared ; and if any thing could have soften'd my Misfortunes, or given any Allay to my disgrace, 'twas her Absence.

The Sheep she spoke of acknowledged me to be their King, told me all their Misfortunes, how they displeas'd the revengeful Fairy, how she had compos'd a flock of them, and that they all underwent the same Punishment. But, added he, when their Time is expired, they resume their own Forms, and leave the Flock ; and for those who are *Ragotte's* Rivals, or Enemies, whom she has kill'd, they abide here an Age before they return into the World again : Of which Number the young Slave is, whom I told you of. I have seen her several Months together, but she never speaks to me ; and, when I approach'd towards her, it griev'd me when I knew it was only a shadow : But having observ'd one of my Flock always by that Phantom, I understood he was her Lover, whom *Ragotte*, jealous of the tender Impressions they made on each other, had taken from her.

This was the Reason that made me remove from that Fairy, and, for these last three years, think of nothing but my Liberty ; which was what engag'd me to go often to the Forest, where I sometimes have seen you, fair Princess, driving your chaise like *Diana* in her Silver Chariot, and other times mounted on a fiery Steed, riding over the Plains with the Princesses

cesses and Ladies of the Court, and like another, always sure to gain the Prize. Alas! if at those Times I durst have spoke, what fine Things should I not have said, when my heart offer'd up its secret Vows? but how would you have received the declaration of an unhappy Sheep like me?

Miranda was so much concern'd at what she heard, that she hardly knew what answer to make; however, paying him some Civilities, which gave him some Hopes, she told him, she should not be so much afraid of those Shades, since they were to come to Life again: 'But alas! continued she, if my poor Patypate, my dear Grabugeon, and my pretty Tinsin, who died to save me, were to meet with the like Fate, I should not be so much concern'd here.'

Tho' the Royal Ram underwent great Disgraces, yet had he a great many admirable Privileges. 'Go, said he, (to his first Squire, who was a sheep of a good Mein,) go fetch the Moor, the Monkey, and the little Dog; their Shades may divert our Princess.' Soon after Miranda saw them; and tho' they came not nigh enough to be touch'd by her, yet their Presence was some comfort to her. In short, the Royal Ram, who was endued with all the Wit and Delicacy proper to support an agreeable Conversation, was so passionately in Love with Miranda, that she began to have some Regard for him, and to make some Returns; for what can be displeasing in a beautiful, kind, caressing Sheep, especially when known to be a King, whose Metamorphosis was to have an End? Thus the Princess pass'd her Days in the sweet Expectation of a more happy Fate, while the Gallant Ram, whose Thoughts were solely bent on her, made Entertainments, Concerts of Musick, and did every Thing that was in his Power to divert her; his Troop assisting him in them, and the Shades contributing somewhat thereunto.

One Evening, when the Couriers arriv'd, for he was very fond of News, and always had the best, they told him, That the eldest Sister of the Princess Miranda was going to marry a great Prince, and that
the

the Nuptials were to be very magnificent. ‘ Alas !
 ‘ *cry’d the Young Princess,* how unfortunate am I,
 ‘ not to see such fine Things ? I am here under
 ‘ Ground with Ghosts and Sheep, while my Sister,
 ‘ who will be dress’d as fine as a Queen, will have
 ‘ all the Court made to her, and I shall be the only one
 ‘ that will not partake of her Joy.’ ‘ Madam, why
 ‘ do you complain ? *said the Royal Ram to her.* Have
 ‘ I deny’d your going to the Wedding ? Go when
 ‘ you please ; but give me your Word you will come
 ‘ again : If you deny me this, you shall see me ex-
 ‘ pire at your Feet ; for my Love is too violent for
 ‘ me to support myself, when I shall lose you.’ *Miranda* promised him nothing should prevent her Return. He gave her an Equipage suitable to her Birth : She was dress’d very richly, and neglected nothing that might set off her Charms ; she got into a Chariot of Mother of Pearl, drawn by six Creatures that were half Griffins, and newly arriv’d from the *Antipodes*, and was attended by a great number of Officers that were richly dress’d, and who had been sent a great Way to make up her Train.

With this Equipage she arriv’d at the King her Father’s Court, just when they were celebrating the Marriage ; as soon as she enter’d, she surprized all that saw her with the Lustre of her Beauty and Jewels, and heard nothing but acclamations in her own Praise. The King looked at her with great attention and Pleasure, which put her into some Fear lest he should know her ; but he was so much prepossessed with her death, that he had not the least idea of her. Nevertheless, the apprehension of being stopp’d prevented her staying till the Ceremony was over, and made her go away suddenly, leaving a Box of Jewels behind her, whereon these Words were writ, *These Jewels are for the New-married Couple :* And when they opened it, there was nothing in it. The King, who had flatter’d himself with some Hopes, and was desirous to know who she was, was in the utmost Despair when he knew she was gone, and order’d his officers, whenever she came again, to shut

shut the Gates and keep her. Tho' *Miranda* was not long absent, yet it seem'd an Age to the Royal Ram, who waited for her by a Fountain's side in the thickest of the Forest, where he had brought out immense Riches to offer her as an Acknowledgment of her Return. As soon as he saw her, he ran towards her, skipping and bounding, caress'd her in this manner a thousand Times, laid him down at her feet, kiss'd her Hands, told her his Disquiets and Impatience; herein his Passion afforded him so much Eloquence, that the Princess was charm'd with it.

Some Time afterwards the King married his second Daughter, and *Miranda*, being informed of it, desir'd the Ram to let her go again; who, at that Proposition, was extremely griev'd: A secret Foresight prepossess'd him with his Misfortune; but as it is not always in our power to prevent what we foresee, so his Complaisance to the Princess overbalancing his interest in her, he was not able to deny her. 'You will leave me, Madam, *said he*, but this proceeds more from my ill Fortune than from you; I consent to your desires, since I never could make you a greater Sacrifice.' She assur'd him she would stay no longer than she had done before; that she should be as much concern'd as himself to be detain'd; and desired him not to make himself uneasy. In short, she had the same Equipage as before, and arrived there just as the Ceremony began. Her presence, notwithstanding their Attention to the Ceremony, Occasion'd a general shout of Joy and Admiration, and drew the Eyes of all the Princes upon her; who found her Beauty so extraordinary and uncommon, that they could hardly believe her to be mortal. The King was overjoy'd to see her again, and never took his Eyes off from her but once, to give Orders to lock up all the Gates. When the Ceremony was almost over, the Princess got up suddenly to steal out of the Croud, but was very much surprized and vexed to find all the Gates shut. The King went up to her with great Respect, and a submission that gave her *some encouragement*, desiring her not to
deprive

deprive him so soon of the pleasure of seeing her, and to honour him and his Court with her Presence. Then leading her into a magnificent Hall, where all the Court was, he himself held a golden Bason full of water for her to wash her hands in. At this the Princess, who was no longer Mistress of her Transport, threw herself at his Feet, and embracing his Knees, said, ' See, Sir, my Dream is fulfilled; you have held a Bason for me to wash in, the Day of my Sister's Wedding, without any Misfortune attending you.'

The King soon knew her to be his Daughter *Miranda*, and embracing her, and shedding some Tears, said, ' Alas! my dear Child, can you forget the Cruelty of a Father, who would have sacrificed your Life because he thought your Dream denoted the Loss of his Crown? It shall be so, continued he, since both your sisters are married, and have each a Crown, mine shall be yours' And at that instant rising up, he put the Crown on the Princess's Head, and then said, *The Gods preserve the Queen Miranda*. Whereupon the whole Court gave a great shout of Joy, and her two Sisters came and hung about her Neck, and embraced her a thousand Times. *Miranda* was so much overjoy'd, that she both cry'd and laugh'd, embraced one, and talked to another, thanked the King, and asked for the Captain of the Guards, to whom she was obliged for all; and being told that he was dead, was very much grieved thereat. When they were at the Table, the King desired to hear what had happened to her from the Day whereon those fatal Orders were given; which she acquiescing with, related her whole Story, without omitting the least circumstance. But while she was thus engaged with the King and her Sisters, the Time of her return was elap'd, and the amorous Ram became so uneasy, that he was no longer Master of himself, and seeing that she came not again, said to himself, ' My unhappy Form of a Sheep is displeasing to her; alas! too unfortunate Lover, what shall I do without *Miranda*? *Rugatto*, inhuman Fairy, how great

' is thy Revenge for my Indifference towards thee ?' Complaining in this Manner, and seeing Night approaching, without any appearance of his Princess's coming, he ran to the Palace, and ask'd for *Miranda*. But as every body had heard of his Adventure, and were unwilling that the Princess should go back again with him, they refused him the sight of her in so rude a manner, that he fetch'd Sighs, and made Complaints capable of piercing the Hearts of all that heard him, except the Soldiers that kept the Gates ; and at last overcome with his Grief, laid himself down and died.

The King, who knew nothing of this deep Tragedy, propos'd to his Daughter to ride in a Chariot through all the Streets of the City, to shew her to her Subjects ; but what a dismal Sight was it to her, when they got out of the gates of the Palace, to see her dear Sheep stretch'd on the Ground, void of Life ? She jump'd with Precipitation out of the Chariot, ran to him, cry'd over him, and bemoan'd the Death of the Royal Ram, which she knew was owing to her not being so good as her word, and in her Despair thought to have partook of his Fate.

Thus we see, that the greatest Persons, as well as others, are subject to the Stroke of Fortune, and sometimes undergo the heaviest Calamities, when they think themselves at the Height of their Desires.



The Continuation of Don GABRIEL.

DONNA Juana, who was well read in Romances, and never was in a better Humour, gave great Applauses to this Story of Don Gabriel's, pitying the unhappy Ram, and blaming *Miranda* for her neglect ; but as it was then Time for her to think of dressing, she took leave of them, and retired, and consulted all the Glasses in her apartment with greater Attention than ever. After she had dressed herself, she ran into her Nieces Chamber, and finding them
in

in Bed, said to them, ' Fie ! what lazy Creatures
 ' are you ! I have been visiting the Pilgrims already
 ' this morning, and have heard one of the prettiest
 ' Stories in the World, and have besides been fifty
 ' Times up and down the House ; had you had any
 ' Charity, you would have followed my Example,
 ' and not have slept out your Eyes, as you have done :
 ' See how lively and how broad awake mine are !'
 At this *Isidora* and *Melantbia* had much ado to hold
 from Laughing ; for *Donna Juana's* were so small,
 and withal so hollow, that had they not been red and
 inflamed, they would not have been easily seen : But
 they keeping a strict Guard on her Actions, told her
 their Heads ach'd, and that they did not know whe-
 ther they ought to go into those Strangers Room
 again. ' Oh ! I see you are weary of them already,
 ' reply'd *Donna Juana*, because they are not fine
 ' Gentlemen ; for my Part, I love them the better
 ' because they are poor, since nothing can be
 ' more miserable than for People to be at a Dis-
 ' tance from their own Country, and to be robbed
 ' and wounded by Thieves, which pierces my ve-
 ' ry Heart : but to make them amends, I'll make
 ' them stay here, to teach you what my Brother de-
 ' sir'd you shou'd learn, and will give them as much
 ' Money as they have lost, for their trouble '

' What, Madam, cry'd *Isidora*, will you keep peo-
 ' ple that you don't know, who are, perhaps, great
 ' Blockheads in their profession, and may sooner put
 ' us out in what we have learned, than teach us any
 ' more ?' ' You always oppose what I desire, said
 ' *Donna Juana in a passion* ; I don't intend to pay
 ' Masters to teach you against your Wills ; but give
 ' me leave to learn myself ; I shall take a great deal
 ' of Pleasure in singing an Air in a pretty easy Man-
 ' ner, and in regaining what I have lost on my Guit-
 ' tar : Fifty Years ago I play'd very prettily, and with
 ' a little pains I shall bring my Hand in again, and
 ' then you will be glad to hear me.' *Isidora* know-
 ing her Aunt to be very covetous, thought she had
 found

found out a sure Way to send these Pilgrims away, by telling her nothing could be more ridiculous than to see them in her chamber singing and playing on musick in Leathern Jackets, with hats of Shells, and the Habits they were in. 'You would be very well pleased, that they should remain so, *reply'd the Aunt*, that you might laugh at them; but your Brother has left two or three suits of Clothes behind, which will fit them very well, and I design to give them to them.' 'My Brother, Madam, is not perhaps so charitable as you are, *reply'd Melanthia*.' 'So much the worse for him, *answer'd the old Lady hastily*; therefore it is my duty to send him to Heaven if I can, and the surest Way is to do charitable Offices at his Expence.' Upon this she went out, and left her two Nieces together. 'Alas! Sister, *said Melanthia*, my Aunt has lost her Senses; can any thing be more ridiculous, than for her to learn to dance and sing at her Age? She must certainly be in love with one of these Strangers, that is so prodigious, that I cannot but be amazed at it.' 'What must we do, Sister? *reply'd Isidora in a melancholy Tone*: 'Tis our ill Fortune is the Cause of it; had we no Interest in this Affair, she would have been quite the Reverse of what she is now: In short, we must call up all our Courage to our Aid.'

While they were dressing, Donna Juana was engaged with the Count, who was for getting up, and eating something more solid than the Chicken-Broth she had brought, with cooling and purging Herbs that were in it; which put him out of all patience, and made him say to Don Gabriel, in a little Heat, 'If the sympathetick Powder cures me not To-day, I shall certainly run mad.' Donna Juana seeing him so angry, began to be a little cholerick in her Turn, and told him he would not easily recover; that she foresaw a malignant Fever; that the Vivacity of his Eyes was a sure Token of it; and that in appearance he had a mind to die; and that since she had clear'd her conscience, he might chuse whether

ther he would purge, or no. By her grave Air he soon perceived that she was displeased, and answer'd, That far from being willing to die, he never had a greater desire to live; that since she vouchsafed to interest herself in his Life, he wished to recover, that he might pay his Acknowledgments, and declare her Generosity wherever he went. Thus he appeased the kind old Lady, who, to shew him that she would give him nothing she would not take herself, sipped up the Broth before his Face, which had so quick an Effect upon her, that soon after she was obliged to leave them, and return to her own Chamber.

' Alas! cry'd the Count, as soon as she was gone, ' was ever any Misfortune equal to mine, to be thus ' expos'd to all these Caprices? If they last, and you ' become not the Object in your turn, I shall despair.' ' Poor Cousin, answer'd Don Gabriel; laughing, you have experienced how much the Lady interests herself more in you than me: But sincerely ' now, would you have been so sick, had you sipped ' the Broth composed of those purgative Medicines?' ' Composed of the Devil and all his Imps, said the ' Count in a passion; I protest to you, if I had not ' seen Melanthia, and desired not to see her again, ' you might have said and done by yourself if you ' would, for I would have abandon'd you in your Enterprize. Alas! continued he, I spoke too prophetically, when I said that this Castle was inhabited by a Fairy; but I added, that we drove her away, but now I find, for my Sins, we keep her.' You make sad Complains, reply'd Don Gabriel; be satisfied, I give you my word, my Powder of Sympathy shall heal your wound up so well this Night, that the Scar shall not be seen.' ' I wish to Heaven,' cry'd the Count, that you could cure the Wounds of the Heart as well; for I must tell you again, that which I received last Night is deep, and will be a long Time before it is healed.' ' Oh! now I love you, said Don Gabriel, for owning your Defect so frankly; you know by experience, that I have
sometimes

‘ sometimes deserved your Pity, when you have deny’d it me.’

Dinner being ready, and Donna Juana finding herself not in a Condition to go into the Pilgrims Room ; and as her Apprehension, lest her Patient should eat too much, made her more uneasy than her Physick, she sent for her two Nieces, to order them to take care of him : ‘ Stir not out of the Room, said she, while his Brother is at Dinner.’ But, Madam, answer’d Isidora, ‘ tis improper for us to take these Charges upon us ; we’ll call your Almoner, if you please.’ ‘ What ! cry’d Juana, are you always thwarting me ? Have you no Charity for the Poor, no Goodness towards Strangers, no Obedience to your Aunt ?’ Upon that she flew into so great a Passion, that her Nieces ran away, and never staid to hear what she had to say to them. When they had got into a Gallery that they were to cross to go to their own Room, they stopp’d, and looking at each other in a melancholy Air, Isidora said to her Sister, ‘ What Whims were ever like these of my Aunt, to be thus bent upon forcing us to see these Strangers, who appear so dangerous to us ? Were they Men of Birth and Estates, that had any Love for us, she would hide us in a Cellar.’ ‘ But, Sister, interrupted Melantha, what she does is without any Design of exposing our Hearts : I am sure she would be in the utmost Despair to find ours in the same Road with hers ; she thinks we are only made to observe her Inclinations : She loves Don Estevo, and would learn to sing and play on the Guittar ; and was it not for the Chagrin that hangs about us, we should almost kill ourselves with laughing, What you say is very true, reply’d Isidora ; but how shall we resist the Merits of these Strangers ?’ ‘ We must always think them beneath us, continu’d Melantha ; that it is impossible for our Hearts to be made for each other ; and it is better to die, than to have wherewithal to reproach ourselves for.’ And at that Instant they thought themselves so well fortified

fortified against their own Inclinations, that they went boldly into the Pilgrims Chamber.

The Count lay in Bed more like a Man of Quality than a poor Traveller, his Linen was so very fine; for they had put up clean Linen and other Necessaries in a little Cloak-bag they had brought along with them. And as Musicians are very much conversant with Persons of Quality, and generally dress well; he had fine Lace at his Hands, and his Neck and Sleeves were tied with cherry-coloured Ribbons. And for Don *Gabriel*, who had also pull'd off his Pilgrim's Cap, and comb'd his Hair, which was very beautiful, he seem'd as worthy of Attention as his Cousin. Though *Isidora* and her Sister were followed by their Women, and had ordered the Almoner to come after them, yet they were very much embarrass'd, to find themselves in a Chamber with two Men who were no near Relations, which is an extraordinary Thing in *Spain*; having only their Aunt's Maggots to give a Gloss to this Act of theirs: *Melanthia* told the Count, smiling, 'That Donna *Juana*, was so much concern'd for his Health, that she had given her Orders to starve him, and that she came expressly to hinder him from eating.' 'Donna *Juana*, *reply'd* *be*, (looking on her with all Tendernefs and Respect imaginable) will easily prevent my Eating, by sending you to forbid me; but, Madam, I doubt, by seeing you, whether my Health can be now assured.' 'For my Part, *said* Don *Gabriel* to *Isidora*, I find so much Compassion for sick Persons, that I should not be afraid of being ill myself.' 'Do you find in yourself any Disposition towards being so?' *reply'd* *Melanthia* (with some Smartnefs.) 'Yes, Madam, *answer'd* *be*, I have a continual uneasiness and a Pain at my heart.' 'How unreasonable is this, *added* *Isidora*, for we hoped you would sing us one of those *Airs* which entertain'd us so agreeably last Night.' 'Ah, Madam, *reply'd* *be*, I'll do all that lies in my Power to obey you, 'tis enough that you Command me any Thing,' 'But, *said* *she*, shall not we hear by and by Don *Es-*

TEOUS

‘ *teuus* tune his Harp to your Voice ?’ ‘ In the Evening, Madam, *said the Count* ; for then my Wound will be better, and then I may venture to rise.’ ‘ ’Tis now Dinner-time, *said Melanthia*, and as soon as you have diu’d we shall retire.’ ‘ What, Madam, *said the Count, interrupting her*, must we live all this Day without seeing you ? I declare to you, I shall not be able to perform in the Evening what I have promis’d.’ Unless, *answer’d Isidora*, it enters into Donna *Juana’s* Head to send us here again, I suppose we shall not come any more.’ At that instant Don *Gabriel’s* Dinner was set before him ; but he was so taken up with the Pleasures of looking and hearing her whom he lov’d, that he had lost his Stomach. Donna *Melanthia* press’d him to eat, and *Isidora* kept talking with the Count, till they be-thought themselves that they hinder’d Don *Gabriel* from eating his Dinner, and the Count from rising ; and as they were not so great Admirers of Fasting as their Aunt, but thought the sick Person might want some Nourishment, they retired.

In the mean Time, *Juana*, who never had them out of her Thoughts, sent her Nephew’s Clothes, which he had made a Campaign in, and were after the *French Mode*. Don *Gabriel* and the Count made no Difficulty to put them on : But laughing in their Sleeves, said to one another, Don *Lewis* must be a Conjuror to know that we are in his Clothes, and in his Apartment ; and diverted themselves some Time after this Manner : When Don *Gabriel* changing the Discourse, all on a sudden, said, ‘ Have you observ’d with what Indifference the beautiful *Isidora* treats me ? She almost disdains to answer me ; and I have surpriz’d her Eyes twice or thrice fix’d in so obliging a Manner on you, that I should think myself too happy, had I had that good Fortune.’ ‘ This is a pure Vision, *reply’d the Count* ; but I can assure you that Donna *Melanthia’s* looking at you as much as you believe *Isidora* look’d at me, is not one ; for she prais’d your Voice, even to an Exaggeration, and admires all that you say. Ah ! Count, I am

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afraid

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' afraid you have made here two Conquests for one.'
 ' I have a better Opinion of myself than you, an-
 ' swer'd Don Gabriel, for I own that she seems to
 ' shew me some Favour, but *Isidora* recompenses
 ' you with Usury.' ' I conclude from thence, said
 ' the Count, that our not being so agreeable to one
 ' another may be an Hindrance to the Progress we
 ' might otherwise have made in this Time.' ' But
 ' there's one Thing troubles me, added Don Gabriel,
 ' which is your fancying to be well To-night will
 ' oblige us to be gone To-morrow; for what
 ' Pretence can we make to stay?' ' I'll assure you,
 ' answer'd the Count, I don't intend to expose my-
 ' self any longer to the importunate Charity of *Jua-
 ' na*: For I am persuaded that if she had starv'd you,
 ' and doctor'd you up with Chicken-Broth as she has
 ' me, you would not have borne jesting with any
 ' more than me.' ' And you say that you are sensi-
 ' ble of *Melantia's* Charms, said Don Gabriel)
 ' looking earnestly at him :) Good God! how weak
 ' is your Passion!' ' I am infinitely taken with that
 ' amiable Person, reply'd the Count; if I could flat-
 ' ter myself with pleasing her: But I must confess,
 ' whatever Kindness she may shew me, I cannot keep
 ' my Bed any longer: Take you your Turn now, cry
 ' out heartily, and complain of a Pain in your Side,
 ' I'll say it is a Pleurisy, and Donna *Juana* will bleed
 ' you to Death.' As vex'd as Don Gabriel was, he
 ' could not forbear laughing at this Imagination: ' I
 ' have need of all my strength, to support the Cold-
 ' ness of *Isidora*, said he.' ' And for my Part, an-
 ' swer'd the Count, I'll go to Dinner, and recruit
 ' mine.' Don Gabriel bore him Company, and both
 ' eat more like hungry Travellers, than Men in Love.

The two Sisters went into Donna *Juana's* Cham-
 ber to pay their Respects to her, and to let her know
 how the Pilgrims did; as to her own State of Health,
 she was somewhat better, having endured a great
 deal all the Morning, and told them, ' That if the
 ' Powder of Sympathy had such strange Effects, as
 ' to enable a wounded Person to rise so soon, she
 ' would

' would never be without it, but would use it in all Distempers, and get the Secret, both for her own sake, and all her Friends.' ' But, *continu'd she*, do you think this poor wounded Creature will be able to come into my Chamber in the Evening?' ' I don't doubt in the least, Madam, *said Melanthia*, for he looks extraordinary well, and I am much deceiv'd, if they will not give us a Concert to divert you.' ' How happy am I, *cry'd she*, that chance brought them to this House? They have had such good Usage, that they will have Reason to speak well of us wherever they go.'

The Nieces went afterwards to their own Apartments, and after they had din'd, shut themselves up, that they might talk together with the more Freedom. ' Tell me what News you have, *said Melanthia*; how stand you? Are you strong or weak?' ' I am the most unhappy Person in the world, *said Isidora*, to have neither Anger nor Shame enough to hate a Man that would disturb my Quiet. You observ'd, *continu'd she*, that I spoke but little, but was altogether given up to Thought; ' I examin'd my Sentiments, and——I'll say no more.' There she left off, and *Melanthia* look'd at her a long time without making any Reply; when *Isidora* said again, ' Don't you pity me?' ' Whatever Compassion I may have for you, *reply'd Melanthia*, it cannot equal that I have for myself, for I am more sensible of the Greatness of my Misfortune, and believe you have more Resolution. ' But, *added Melanthia*, don't you think these Strangers will be overjoy'd to stay here? ' Their Fortune is so low, *said Isidora*, that I should not be at all surpriz'd at it.' ' I know not whether they are rich, or not, *continu'd Melanthia*; but certain I am, that were we to judge of them by their Persons and Wit, we should rather take them to be Men of Quality than ordinary Persons.' ' Let us have none of your Visions, *said Isidora*, (interrupting her Sister,) they are no otherwile than Musicians, and have told us so themselves, and I admire them the more for their Since-

‘ rity.’ ‘ I protest, *answer’d* Melanthia, I cannot believe it ; this is not the first Time that People have conceal’d their Birth’ ‘ No, *said her Sister*, they are more apt to boast of it, and seldom pretend to be of mean Extraction when they are really Gentlemen.’

Donna *Juana* being somewhat better, sent to know whether the Pilgrims, if Don *Eftevus* was able, would come to see her, and alarm’d them both with this Compliment. ‘ I am afraid, *said Don Gabriel*, that it is to dismiss us, and I have a great mind to lay myself upon the Bed.’ ‘ Oh, ’tis now too late, *replied the Count, smiling* ; but there’s no Danger of that, for ’tis unlikely that after having found my Pulse intermitting last Night, she should turn us out of Doors to-day ; and I am very much mistaken if she has not some Inclination for one of us.’ Having thus encourag’d Don *Gabriel*, he obey’d the Messenger, and went very carefully, as he said, lest he should break open his Wound. As soon as Donna *Juana* saw them, she put on an Air of Gaiety that surpriz’d all the Servants that stood by, made them sit by her, whatever Excuses they made to the contrary, and desir’d them to do her the Favour to give her a Song. The Count, who was willing to acquit himself as well as Don *Gabriel*, seeing a Harp hanging in a Corner of the Room, ask’d Donna *Juana* Leave to play upon it ; whereupon she seem’d overjoy’d, and sent for her Nieces, who were no sooner come, but the Count began to sing these Words, which he had made on purpose to raise the Pity of the compassionate *Juana*.

*Banish Heaven, all our Fears ;
Stop the Current of our Tears :
Send us quickly some Relief,
Put an End to all our Grief.*

In

*In our Dangers, what kind Power
Shall we to our Aid invoke,
Who'll guard us, in the lucky Hour,
From the Robbers furious Stroke?*

*Banish Heaven, all our Fears.
Stop the Current of our Tears:
Send us quickly some Relief,
Put an End to all our Grief.*

Donna Juana, who was transported with Admiration to hear the young Musician sing so well, and to understand that he was a Poet too, interrupted him here and cry'd, ' By St. James, the Patron of Spain, you need not now be afraid of Rogues; you are in a good House, and shall not go soon; and when you do go, you shall have a Guard large enough to secure you from all Dangers.' At these Words the two Pilgrims bow'd, and return'd her a thousand Thanks, and she desir'd them to proceed in their Concert: And 'tis probable that the young Ladies being so much prepossess'd in their Favour, heard them with a great deal of Pleasure; yet had they not all the Satisfaction imaginable, since there was no Intelligence with their Eyes and Sighs. Don Gabriel fixed his Eyes on none but Isidora, while she turned hers towards the Count, who gazed on Melunthia with inexpressible Pleasure, who bent her Thoughts entirely upon Don Gabriel; and for Donna Juana, she praised the Count, and persecuted him continually when it was not in his Power to say the least obliging Thing to her. Nevertheless, she flatter'd herself as much as any of them, believing that it proceeded from Respect, and that he durst not give Way to the Emotions of his Heart: and for our two Lovers, who were not deceived in their Suspicions, they were very much dissatisfied. When they had done Singing, she asked them. ' If they would learn her to play upon some Instruments; and may be, continu'd she, I may learn to dance when I am cured of my Sciatica, which has tormented me above

these thirty Years: Don't think that I am disheartened. I will keep you twenty Years if I can. Whereupon they told her, She did them too much Honour, that they should be very happy if they were to spend their whole Lives in her Service; but before they engaged themselves, desired leave to write to their Father to know his Pleasure: Which she, far from opposing, rather commended them for; and taking a Guittar, and turning it with her lean snivel'd Hands, her Fingers trembled so much when she struck the strings, that they had all much ado to keep from an extravagant Laughter. But for the Count, whom she had made Choice of for her Master, his Gaiety was all laid aside, when he thought of the Indifference of *Melanthia*. When the two Pilgrims had made an End of their Concert, they retired, because it was late, and the two young Ladies went to their own Apartments.

Ifidora seeing her Sister in a deep Melancholy, said to her, 'I ask you not, dear *Melanthia*, what Ails you, I judge of your Condition by my own; we are both in Love, and to compleat our Misfortunes, meet with no Returns from these Strangers.' 'I cannot believe them insensible, replied *Melanthia*; but a strange Fatality governs their Hearts as well as ours; we love not him that loves us, but him that loves us not.' You are in the right, Sister, interrupted *Ifidora*, we despise each other's Heart; but ought we to be sorry for this Accident? It may be the only Means to cure us.' Had their Inclinations answer'd our Esteem, we should have had greater Conflicts; whereas now we may say to each other, let us not value these ungrateful Men.' Why call you them so, replied *Melanthia*; they ought rather to be pity'd than blam'd, but it may be their Policy to use us thus.' 'Prudence seems to me to be quite out of Play, said *Ifidora*, they must have a great deal to discover no Passion; but if they would declare it, by what Motives do they betray their Thoughts?' 'No, no, my Dear, it is all a Mistake, Don *Estevo* loves you, and Don Gabriel

'Gabriel me; and for my Aunt, she is my Rival, I never saw any one roll their Eyes about as she has done To-night; I thought sometimes that she was going into Convulsions.' 'Well, cried Melanthia, after having mused some Time, let Rage perform what Pride was incapable of; since these Strangers know not how to love as they ought, let us avoid them without tormenting ourselves' *Isidora* agreed to it, and they were both of a Mind, and nothing was wanting but the Power.

Don Gabriel and the Count, for their Parts complained as much of their Destiny, esteeming themselves nevertheless happy in gaining the Attention of *Isidora* and *Melanthia*; but were not for being Rivals, nor changing their first Object. 'Am not I well rewarded, said Don Gabriel, for my Passion for *Isidora*? When I look at her, she casts her Eyes on you, and seems to demand Satisfaction for the Liberty I take.' 'Melanthia's Carriage is the same, replied the Count, I have never received the least Civility from her; but, for her Aunt, you have seen how gracious she is to me.' 'Oh! said Don Gabriel, you are very much favoured in her Eyes; but it is not in her Power to comfort you.' 'It adds to my Grief, answer'd the Count, to bear it all alone; for I shall be always obliged to shew her some Complaisance, which will not be very agreeable when I have my Head full of Disquiets.' Thus Don Gabriel and the Count spent many Days, without venturing to declare their Sentiments to *Isidora* and *Melanthia*. 'I should have spoke before now, said Don Gabriel, one Day to his Cousin, if I could entertain any Hopes from my Confession; but I see too well that I am not beloved, by her I love.' 'I, for my Part, can say nothing, answer'd the Count; Melanthia's Indifference is so great, that I can promise myself nothing from the Person I represent; a Musician is not a Match for a young Lady of Quality and Worth: Why will you conceal yourself so long? Let us inform them of our Birth, it may be they will treat us more favourably.'

' What, answered Don Gabriel, would you, to add
 ' to our ill Fortune, have us denied by our own
 ' Names? ' What, you set a greater Value by your
 ' Name than your Heart, *reply'd the Count smartly,*
 ' since you have a greater Regard to the one than the
 ' other; but you shall have your own Way, since I
 ' promised to be guided by you; but you must bring
 ' us off with Honour. ' My Fears are great, and
 ' Hopes but small, *said Don Gabriel,* and tho' you
 ' are very serviceable to me, yet I would give half
 ' I am worth in the World that you were not with
 ' me ' ' I wish to Heaven, *cry'd the Count,* that I
 ' was at Quiet, and my Heart at Ease, I should not
 ' be in Haile to be in Love again.' As he pronounc-
 ' ed these Words somewhat louder than ordinary, and
 ' heard a Noise, he was afraid somebody was listening,
 ' and looking towards the Door, was surprized to see
 ' Donna Juana, who put her Finger upon her Mouth,
 ' and made a Sign for him to follow her into the Gal-
 ' lery. It was easy to perceive, by her Countenance,
 ' that something extraordinary agitated her Mind; and
 ' the Count, who then was sensible how dear *Melan-*
 ' *thia* was to him, began to be afraid Donna Juana
 ' had heard him, and would oblige him to go away,
 ' which so perplexed him, that he thought twenty
 ' Times to accuse and discover himself; when she,
 ' taking upon her the Discourse; said, ' You are in
 ' Love, Don *Estevus*, and I am surprized that you
 ' have not consulted your Reason, and that the ine-
 ' quality between the Person you love and yourself,
 ' deterred you not, considering you are at an Age
 ' when Ambition is very prevalent; but why did you
 ' trust your Brother with an Affair, that you ought
 ' to conceal from every body?' Donna Juana's Man-
 ' ner of speaking seemed so obliging, and so much the
 ' Reverse of what it would have been, had she known
 ' her Niece was the Object of that Passion, that he seem-
 ' ed to doubt whether or no she had heard all, and be-
 ' ing loth to contribute to his own Guilt, fetched a
 ' deep Sigh, and returned no other Answer. ' I under-
 ' stand but too much by that Sigh, continued she, com-
 ' posing

‘ *posing herself* ; it ought to make me angry with you, if I was capable of being so : but in short, what Views can you have ? One of my Birth and Rank cannot marry a Man so much beneath her.’

Tho’ the Count had put on the most serious Air imaginable, yet when he understood what she aimed at, he had much ado to keep his Countenance :

‘ The Sentiments of the Heart, Madam, *said he*, depend not always on ourselves ; I know too well what my misfortune has brought me to ; I must die, that is the only Remedy I can expect.’ ‘ You can expect no other, *said she*, *looking at him with her little Ferret Eyes* ; indeed you move my Compassion, and I am too much concerned not to —.’ And was

going to explain herself in his Favour, when *Melanthia* came in, who perceiving the Count with her Aunt, was for withdrawing ; but *Juana* calling her, said, ‘ Come and hear the Story which I promised you t’other Day ; I was taught it by an old *Arabian* Slave, who could tell a thousand Stories of that famous *Locman*, so celebrated in all the Eastern Countries, who was respected like another *Æsop* : The Characters are so very plain, that Wits look upon the Stories fitter for Nurses and Governantes, than for People of Delicacy ; but I am not to be persuaded but that there is some Art in this Plainness, and have known Persons of very good Taste and Judgment, who have made them their Amusements.’ ‘ Madam, I am not at all surprized at that, *said the Count* ; Wit delights in Variety ; they that would not read these Stories, or hear them told, must be ridiculous ; and they who propose them as grave Subjects, shew their Want of Judgment ; and those who would write, or tell them in a lofty high flown Stile, rob them of their proper Character : But for my Part, I think they are very pretty to divert after serious Business.’ ‘ In my Opinion, *said Melanthia*, they should be neither too elevated, nor too low, but should enjoy a Mediocrity, and should be rather merry than serious,

‘and conclude with some sort of a Moral.’ This which I am going to tell you, *said Juana*, is very plain, but withal, very pretty, which you shall value as you like it; but I cannot assure you, the Person that made it, is capable of greater Things.’



The Story of FINETTA the Cinder-Girl.

SOME Time ago there lived a King and Queen, who had managed their Affairs so ill, that they were driven out of their Dominions; and to support themselves were forced to sell, first their Crowns, then their Robes, Linen, and Laces, and afterwards all they had; and when they were reduced to the utmost Poverty, the King said to the Queen, ‘We are forced out of our Kingdoms, and have nothing left, therefore we must think of getting a Livelihood both for ourselves and Children; think a little what we shall do; for my Part, I am entirely at a Loss.’ The Queen who was a Woman of good Sense and Wit, asked eight Days Time to consider of it; and when they were expired, said to him, ‘Come, don’t let us vex and torment ourselves; you shall lay Nets and Snares for Fowls, and Lines for Fish, while I make them: As for our Daughters, they are three proud idle Sluts, and fancy themselves still to be great Ladies, we will carry them a great way off, that it will be impossible for them to find their Way back again; for we can never keep them as fine as they expect we should.’

The King, who was a kind Father, began to weep when he saw he must part with his Children; but the Queen being of an imperious haughty Temper, and he being forced to acquiesce with her, he told her she might rise early the next Morning, and carry her Daughters where she thought fit. While they were thus contriving this Affair, the Princess *Finetta*, who was the youngest of the three, heard them through the Key-hole; and as soon as she was inform’d

inform'd of their Design, ran as fast as she was able to a large Grotto, inhabited by the Fairy *Merlucha*, her Godmother ; but before she went, took two Pounds of fresh Butter, Eggs, Milk, and Flour, to make a Cake of, that she might be the more acceptable Guest. When she first set out, she went very chearfully ; but after she had walked some Time, and the Soles of her Shoes were worn away, and her Feet began to be gall'd with the Pebbles, she was so weary, that she sat herself down on the Grass, and fell a-crying : when a fine *Spanish* Horse passed by ready bridled and saddled, with Diamonds enough on his Housings to buy two or three Towns ; who, when he saw the Princess, he fed by her, bending his Knees, seeming to pay some Respect to her ; whereupon, taking him by the Bridle, she said, ' Pretty Horse, if you will carry me to my Godmother the Fairy, I shall be very much obliged to thee ; for I am so weary, that I am ready to die away ; I promise you, I'll give you good Corn and Hay, and litter you down with clean Straw,' The Horse bent down before her, and she jumping upon his Back, he carried her to the Fairy's Grotto as swift as a Bird flies in the Air ; for *Merlucha* knowing of her God-daughter's coming, had sent him for that Purpose.

When she went in, she made three low Courtesies, kiss'd the Hem of her Garment, and then said to her, ' Good-morrow, Godmother ; how do you do ? I have brought you here some Milk, Butter, Flour, and Eggs, to make a Cake after our Country Fashion.' ' You are welcome, *Finetta*, said the Fairy ; come and let me embrace you.' Whereupon she kiss'd her two or three Times, which made *Finetta* ready to die with Joy ; for *Merlucha* was a great and renown'd Fairy. ' Well, my Girl, said she, you shall be my Waiting-Woman, come dress and comb my Head ;' (which the Princess did with all the Ad-dress imaginable.) ' I know what brought you hither, said *Merlucha* ; you heard the King and Queen consulting how they might lose you, and you have

‘ no Mind to be so served. Take this clue of Thread,
 ‘ it will not break, and fasten one End of it to the
 ‘ Door of your House, and keep the other in your
 ‘ Hand ; when the Queen leaves you, it will be an
 ‘ easy Matter for you by this Thread, to find your
 ‘ way back again.’

The Princess thank’d her Godmother, who gave her a Sack full of Clothes, all cover’d over with Gold and Silver, and embracing her, set her upon the same Horse again, who carried her Home in a Moment or two ; and when she had thank’d her pretty Horse for his Trouble, and had bid him return, she went softly into the House, and hiding her Sack under the Bed, laid herself down, without taking any Notice of what had pass’d. As soon as it was Day, the King awaken’d his Wife, and bid her prepare for her Journey ; upon which she got up, and put on a Pair of strong Shoes, a short Petticoat, and white Waistcoat, and taking a Stick in her Hand, went to call her Daughters ; the Eldest of which was named *Love’s Flower*, the Second *Fair-Night*, and the Youngest *Oricula* or *Fine Ear*, but, by way of Nick-name, *Finetta*. ‘ I have dream’d, To-night, said the Queen, that we must go and see my Sister, where we shall be treated, and be very merry.’ ‘ We’ll go, Madam, where you please, said Love’s Flower, (who could not endure to live in a Desert,) so that we go, but ’tis no Matter where.’ The other two said the same, and taking their Leave of their Father, they all four set forward for their Journey. They went at last so far, that *Fine Ear* began to fear lest her Clue should not hold out ; for they had gone a great many score Miles : However, she was always behind, fastening her Thread in the Briars. When the Queen thought she had carried them so far, that they could not find the Way back again, she went into a large Wood, and said to them, ‘ Come, my little Lambs, lie down and take a Nap, while I, like a Shepherd, will watch you, lest the Wolf should surprize you.’ Whereupon they laid themselves down, and fell asleep, and the Queen, when she thought them fast

fast, took her Leave, as she thought, for the last Time ; when *Finetta*, who only shut her Eyes, and pretended Sleep, said to herself, ' Was I now of a revengeful Temper, I should leave my Sisters to perish here ; for they have beat and abused me very much : But, however, I will not now forsake them.' Wherefore upon wakening them, she told them, the whole Story ; at which they fell a-crying, and begged of her to take them along with her, promising to give her all the fine Things they had. ' I know, said *Finetta*, you will not perform what you promise ; but, nevertheless, I shall act the Part of a kind Sister.' And, thereupon, she rose up, and followed her Thread, which brought them home almost as soon as the Queen.

When they came there, stopping a Moment at the Door, they heard the King say. ' My Heart aches to see you all alone.' ' Indeed, said the Queen, we were very much troubled with our Daughters.' ' Well, said the King, had you but brought my *Finetta* back, I should not be so much concerned for the other two.' And just then they knock'd at the Door : ' Who's there ?' said the King. ' Your three Daughters, *Lowe's Flower*, *Fair-Night*, and *Fine Ear*,' reply'd they. And at that the Queen trembled, and said, ' Don't open the Door, for they are certainly their Spirits ; for 'tis impossible they should be return'd.' The King, who was as great a Coward as his Wife, said, ' 'Tis false, you are not my Daughters.' Whereupon *Finetta* reply'd, ' Look through the Key-hole, Papa, and if I am not your Daughter *Finetta*, I content to be whipp'd.' At that the King did as she bid him, and knowing them, open'd the Door. The Queen seem'd to be very glad to see them, pretending she came back for something she had forgot, and design'd to have gone to them again.

Finetta, when all was over, ask'd her Sisters for what they had promised her ; who, thereupon, beat her with their Distaffs, and told her ; That it was for her Sake that the King was not sorry for them. Afterwards

Afterwards she went to Bed ; but being not able to sleep for the Blows and Bruises they had given her, she heard the Queen say, she would carry them another Way farther off, from whence she was assured they would never return. Upon this she got up softly, went into the Hen House, and wrung off the Necks of two Pullets and a Cockerel, which the Queen had fed up to regale herself with ; and putting them into a Basket, set out to go to see her Godmother again. She had not gone half a Mile, being in the dark, and frighten'd out of her Wits, before she heard the *Spanish* Horse whinnying and prancing ; who no sooner came to her, but she mounted, and was carried presently to her Godmother's. After the usual Compliments, she presented her with the Fowls, and desired her good Advice ; for that the Queen had sworn to carry them to the World's End. *Merlucba* bid her not grieve herself, and gave her a Sack full of Ashes to carry before her, to sprinkle before her as she went along, telling her when she returned, she need but observe her Footsteps, which would conduct her back again ; and withall charged her not to take her Sister's along with her, assuring her, if she did, she never would see her more. The Horse being ready, *Finetta* took her Leave, and with it a great Quantity of Diamonds in a Box, which she put into her Pocket. A little before the Day the Queen called the Princesses again, and told them that the King was not very well, and that she dream'd they must go all four to gather some Herbs for him in a certain Country, where they were excellent. *Love's-Flower* and *Fair Night*, who suspected that their Mother's main End in this Affair was to lose them, were very much afflicted ; but were, notwithstanding, obliged to go. *Finetta* said not a Word all the Time, but kept behind them strewing her Ashes ; and the Queen being persuaded that they should never be able to find the Way back, for she had carried them a great Distance off, and observing them all asleep one Evening, took that Opportunity to bid them good-by. When it was Day, that *Finetta* perceiv'd

perceiv'd her Mother was gone, she awaken'd her Sisters, and told them, the Queen was gone again, and had left them to themselves. *Love's Flower* and *Fair Night* cry'd, and tore their Hair, and beat their Breasts; when *Finetta*, who was a good natur'd Girl, pitied them, and told them, tho' her Godmother, when she inform'd her how she should find the Way back, charged her not to take them along with her, and said she would never see her more if she did, 'Yet, *said she*, I will venture this to preserve my 'Sisters.' Whereupon they both fell upon her Neck, and kissed her, and all three returned together.

The King and Queen were very much surprized to see the Princesses again, and talked about it all the Night; when *Fine Ear*, who had not her Name for nothing, heard them lay a new Plot, which the Queen was to put in Execution in the Morning, and thereupon ran and awaken'd her Sisters, and acquainted them with it: 'Alas! *said she*, we are all lost, 'the Queen without Dispute will carry us and leave 'us in some Defart; for your sakes I have disoblig'd 'my Godmother, and dare not go to her as I used to 'do.' This News put them to their Wits-End, and made them say to one another, What shall we do? 'Oh! *said Fair-Night*, don't let us trouble ourselves, 'there are others who have as much Contrivance as 'the old *Merlucha*; we need but to take some Pease 'along with us, and sow them, and we shall easily 'trace our Way back again.' Upon *Love's Flower's* approving of this Expedient, they put Pease in their Pockets; but for *Fine Ear*, instead of Pease, she took her Sack of fine Clothes, and her Box of Jewels; and they were all three ready against they Queen call'd. 'I have dream'd To-night, *said she*, that there were 'three Princes in a Country I need not name, waiting to marry you, and I have a great mind to carry 'you to see whether my Dream is true or not. The Queen went first, and the Princesses followed after, sowing their Pease as they went along, never disturbing themselves, but being satisfied that they, by that Means, would find their Way home; when one dark Night

Night the Queen left them again, and went home to the King, both weary and of so long a Journey, and glad to have got rid of so great a Charge,

The three Princesses slept till Eleven o'Clock the next Day, when *Finetta* discover'd first the Queen's Absence; and tho' she was well provided, could not forbear crying; but, however, rely'd more on the Fairy *Merlucha*, than the Ability of her Sisters. 'The Queen is gone, said she to her Sisters, let us follow her as fast as we can.' 'Hold your Tongue, you Fool, reply'd Love's Flower, we can find the Way when we please.' *Finetta* durst return no answer; but when they wanted to go Home, they could find no Tracings or Appearance of any Pease; for the Pigeons, with which that Country abounded, had eaten them up, which set them all in Tears. After they had been two Days without Eating, *Love's Flower* ask'd her Sisters, if they had nothing to eat? Whereupon *Finetta* said, she had found an Acorn; which they would have had from her; but she answered, 'What signifies one Acorn among three of us? Let us set it, it may grow to a large Tree, and be serviceable.' To which they all consented, tho' there was no likelihood of any Trees in that Country, where there was nothing to be seen but Cabbages and Lettuce, which the Princesses lived on; for had they been nice, they must have perish'd. They had no other Covering, when they slept, than the azure Skies, and water'd their Acorn every Night and Morning, which they perceiv'd grew apace. When it was got to some Size, *Love's Flower* was for climbing it, but it was too weak to bear her; as was likewise *Fair Night*, but she was too heavy; whereupon *Finetta* tried, and when she was up, her Sisters ask'd her what she saw: she told them nothing. 'Alas! said Love's Flower, this Oak is not yet tall enough.' However, they kept watering of it, and *Finetta* never fail'd to get up into it twice a Day; and one Day when she was up, *Fair Night* said to *Love's Flower*, 'I have found a Sack which our Sister has hid from us, what can there be in it?' 'Oh, said Love's Flower, she told me she had some old Laces.' 'But I believ

believe she has something better,' *reply'd* Fair-night. And being curious, open'd it, and found some Laces of the King and the Queen's, which serv'd only to cover the fine Clothes and Jewels. 'What a fly Slut is this,' *said she*, let us take them away, and put some Pebbles in their Place.' Which the other agreeing to, *Finetta* came down again, without ever discovering the Trick her Sisters had play'd her; for she had no Occasion to dress in a Defart, all her Thoughts being employ'd on her Oak.

One Morning when she was up in it, and her Sisters ask'd her as usual, when she discover'd, she told them, she saw a House so beautiful, that she cou'd not describe it, that the Walls were of Emeralds and Rubies, and the Roof of Diamonds set in Gold. 'You tell Fibs,' *said they*, it cannot be so.' 'Indeed it is,' *answer'd* *Finetta*, come and see yourselves; my Eyes are dazzled with the Splendor.' Whereupon *Love's Flower* climb'd up, and when she saw the Castle, was amazed; and for *Fair Night*, whose Curiosity did not fail to prompt her to get up in her Turn, she seem'd as much overjoy'd as her Sisters. 'We must, without Dispute,' *said they*, go to this Palace: who knows but we may meet with fine Princes that will think themselves happy to marry us?' In this Manner of Discourse they pass'd away the whole Night, when *Love's Flower*, perceiving *Finetta* asleep, said to *Fair Night*, 'Let us dress ourselves in the Clothes *Finetta* has brought along with her.' 'The Thought's very good,' *reply'd* *Fair-Night*. Whereupon they got up and dress'd themselves, and made themselves as fine as Gold, and Silver, and Jewels could do.

Finetta, who knew not what her Sisters had done, open'd her Sack with a Design to dress herself; but how great was her Surprise and Affliction, when she found nothing but Flints and Stones? And perceiving at that very Juncture her two Sisters as bright as the Sun in her Clothes, she cry'd, and complain'd of their Treachery; who only laugh'd at her. 'How can you,' *said she to them*, carry me along with you

' to the Castle, without letting me be dress'd as well
 ' as yourselves.' ' We have but Clothes enough for
 ' ourselves, *reply'd* Love's Flower, and if thou im-
 ' portunest us thus, thou shalt feel our Blows.' ' But,
 ' *continued the other*, they are my own, my Godmo-
 ' ther gave them to me, and you have nothing to do
 ' with them.' ' If you teaze us any longer, *said*
 ' *they*, we'll kill you and bury you, and nobody shall
 ' know what is become of you.' This struck such
 an Awe upon poor *Finetta*, that she durst not pro-
 voke them, but follow'd them, like their Servant-
 Maid, at a distance. The nearer they came to the
 House, the more wonderful it appear'd. ' I cannot
 ' but think, *said they one to another*, how we shall
 ' be diverted and entertain'd; we shall eat at the
 ' King's Table; but for *Finetta*, she shall wash the
 ' Dishes in the Kitchen; and if we are ask'd who
 ' she is, let us not make the least Mention of her as
 ' our Sister, but say she is a poor Herdsman's Daugh-
 ' ter.' Which cast *Finetta* into Despair, she being a
 Girl endow'd with Wit and Beauty. When they ar-
 riv'd at the Gates of the Castle, they knock'd very
 hard, and were let in by a frightful old Woman: She
 was fifteen Feet high, and thirty about, had but one
 Eye, and that placed in the Midst of her Forehead,
 like a *Cyclops*, and as large as five others; her Nose
 was flat, her Skin black, and her Mouth so large,
 that it was very frightful. ' Oh! unfortunate Crea-
 ' tures, *said she*, what brought you hither? Do you
 ' know that this is a Giant's Castle, who would eat
 ' you all up for his Breakfast? But it is well he is
 ' not at Home; I am better than he; I will eat but
 ' one of you at a Time, and you will have the Com-
 ' fort of living two or three Days longer.' When
 they heard the Giantess speak thus, they ran away
 as fast as they could, thinking to save themselves;
 but she strid as far at one Step as they at five, and
 soon caught them again; and taking one by the Hair
 of the Head, and the others by the Arms and Necks,
 threw them all together into a Cave, where there
 was nought but Loads, Snakes, and the Bones of
 devour'd

devour'd Persons. And as she was then for eating *Finetta*, and was only gone for some Oil and Vinegar, the Giant came ; but thinking to keep them for herself as a nice Bit, she put them under a great Tub, where they had no Light but through a little Hole.

The Giant, who was six Times as big as his Wife, when he spoke, made the House shake again, and when he cough'd, it seem'd like Thunder ; he had but one large Eye, and his Hair was like Bristles ; he lean'd on a piece of Timber, which he us'd for a Cane, and held a Basket in his hand, out of which he took fifteen little Children he had taken away from their Parents, and swallow'd them like poach'd Eggs. When the three Princesses beheld this, they shudder'd, but durst not cry, for fear they should be heard. The Giant said to his Wife, ' I smell some fresh Flesh ; give it me.' ' You always fancy, *said she*, that you smell fresh Meat, 'tis nothing but some Sheep that are going by,' ' Oh ! *said the Giant*, I am not to be deceiv'd thus ; I am sure I smell fresh Flesh, and will look for it.' ' Ay do,' *reply'd she*. ' And if I find any, *said he*, that you have conceal'd from me, I'll cut off your Head.' Frighted at this Menace, *she said to him*, ' Be not angry, my Dear, and I will tell you the Truth ; I have got three young Girls, that came here To-day ; but 'tis Pity to eat them ; for they know how to do every Thing, and as I am old, will be very serviceable to me. You know our House is very much out of Order, our Bread is not well baked, nor our Beer well brewed, and I appear not so handsome since I have enslav'd myself with working ; they shall be our Servants, therefore don't eat them now ; but if you have a great Desire to them at any other Time, you shall have them.' The Giant, with great Reluctancy, promised her not to eat them all three, but press'd hard for two ; which she opposing, he then desir'd one of them ; which she not acquiescing with, after great Disputes he promised her not to eat them : For she desir'd, when he

was gone abroad, to feast herself with them, and so pretend that they had made their Escape.

The Giant order'd his Wife to bring them to him, at which they, poor Creatures, were ready to die with Fear ; but the Giants encouraged them. When he saw them, he ask'd them what they cou'd do ? They answer'd, That they knew how to clean a House, and sew, and spin, and make such Ragouts, that all that tasted of them generally lick'd their Plates clean ; and that for making of Bread, Cakes, and Patty-pans, they were famous. ' Weil, well, *said the Giant, who lov'd a dainty Bit*, make good your Words ; but, *said he* to Finetta, how do you know when the Oven is hot enough ? ' I lay some Butter on it, Sir, *reply'd she*, and then taste it with my Tongue.' Thereupon he order'd her to heat the Oven, and the Princess made a terrible Fire ; for, you must know, the Giant's Oven was as large as a Stable, and he and his Wife devoured as much Bread as an Army ; and the Giant, who overlook'd them, eat an hundred Cakes and Piggins of Milk. *Love's Flower* and *Fair Night* prepared the Paste : The Giant said the Oven was hot enough : *Finetta* told him, she wou'd see whether it was so, and throwing some Pounds of Butter into the Oven's Mouth, told him it must be tasted with the Tongue, but that she was too little to do it. ' Oh ! *said he*, ' I am big enough.' And, thereupon, he thrust himself so far in, that he could not get back again ; but was burnt to Ashes.

When the Giant's Wife came to the Oven, she was surprized to find such an heap of Ashes as proceeded from her burnt Husband. *Love's-Flower* and *Fair-Night*, who saw her very much griev'd, did what they could to comfort her ; but, at the same Time, were afraid her Sorrow wou'd be too soon over, and her Appetite come upon her. ' Madam, *said they*, ' have Courage, some King, or great Prince, will think themselves happy to marry you.' Which made her laugh, and shew her long Teeth, that were as large as a Finger. When they saw her in a
good

good Humour, *Finetta* said to her, 'If you will throw off those Bear-Skins, with which you now clothe yourself, we will dress you a-la-mode, and you shall appear as bright as any Star.' 'Let me see, *said she*, what you would be at; but assure yourself, if any Ladies look better than me, I will make Minc'd Meat of You.' Whereupon the three Princesses pull'd off her Cap, and comb'd and frizzled her Hair; and while the two Sisters were amusing her after that Manner, *Finetta*, with an Hatchet, sever'd her Head from her Body at one Blow.

Never was Joy equal to theirs; they ran up to the Top of the House to ring the golden Bells, went into all the Chambers of Pearls and Diamonds, the Furniture of which was so rich, that it was an Extasy to behold it. They laugh'd and sung all that Day long, and almost glutted themselves with Sweetmeats and other Dainties. *Love's Flower* and *Fair-Night* laid in Beds of Brocade and Velvet, and said one to another, 'Our Father never was so rich in all his Prosperity; but yet we want Husbands, and may be assured nobody will ever come here, since this House passes for a Place of Destruction, since the Giant and his Wife's Deaths are unknown; therefore we must go to the next Village to shew ourselves in our Finery, and we shall not be long before we find Persons enough who will be glad to marry Princesses.'

As soon as they were dressed, they told *Finetta* they were going a walking, and that she must stay there to take care of the House, and have every Thing in order against they return'd, or else they should make her feel their Blows. When they were gone, *Finetta*, who was forced to scour and wash, was so overpowered with Grief that she burst out a-crying. 'How unhappy was I, *said she to herself*, to disobey my Godmother! all Misfortunes have since attended me, my Sisters have robbed me of my fine Clothes, and dressed themselves in them. Had it not been for me the Giant and his Wife had been yet alive; and what am I the better for their Deaths?

'Deaths? I should have been as well pleased to have been devoured by them, as to live as I do now.' When she had said all this she cry'd so much, that her Eyes were almost swoln out of her Head; and when her Sisters came, she had the Mortification to see them bring with them Oranges, and sweetmeats, and fine fruits, and to hear them tell what Respect they had paid by a King's Son at a Ball they had been at; and withal, to be bid to come and undress them, and lay up their Clothes; which she durst not refuse; for if ever she complained, they flew upon her, and beat her till they had left her for dead.

The next Day they went again, and came back as before, and lived in that Manner some Time; when one Night, as *Finetta* was sitting over an Handful of Fire, not knowing what to do with herself, raking among the Cinders, she found an old rusty canker'd little Key, and after having taken a great deal of Pains to scour it, found it to be Gold, and thinking it might open some Lock in the House, try'd them all, and it belonged to a fine Box, which she opened, wherein there were rich Clothes, Diamonds, Laces, fine Linen, Ribbons, and Things of great Value. Never mentioning a Word of this good Fortune, she waited impatiently for her Sisters going again the next Day; and then as soon as she saw them out of Doors, dress'd herself so fine, that she appear'd as glorious as the Sun, and went to the same Ball; and tho' she had no Mask on, yet her Clothes had made so great an Alteration in her for the better, that they did not know her. When she appear'd in that Assembly, there was heard a Murmuring of Voices, some out of Admiration and others of Jealousy; and when she danced, she excelled as much therein as in her Beauty.

Love's-Flower and *Fair-Night*, who had made there strange Havock among the Hearts, seeing the favourable Reception this Stranger met with, were ready to burst with Jealousy; but *Finetta*, who behaved herself extraordinary well, seem'd, by her Air, as if she was made to command. *Love's Flower* and

Fair-

Fair-Night, who had been used to see their Sister smutty and grimy, retained so small an Idea of her Face, that they knew her not, but paid as much Respect to her as the rest; and she as soon as the Ball was over, ran Home as fast as she could, and put on her dirty Rags again. When her Sisters came home, they told her they had seen a charming young Princess, whose Skin was as white as Snow, the Colour in her Cheeks as fresh as a Rose, her Teeth as even and as white as Ivory, and for her Lips, they look'd like Coral, and that her Clothes were all over Gold and Diamonds. This Sport continu'd some Time, and *Finetta* every Ball appear'd in a different Dress; for the Chest was inexhaustible, and the Clothes were all so fashionable, that the Ladies followed that Mode.

One Night that *Finetta* had danced very much, and had staid longer than ordinary, and was willing to get Home soon enough, that she might not be discover'd by her Sisters, she made so much Haste, that she lost her Slipper, which was of red Velvet, braided with Pearls, and was found the next Day by the Prince *Chery*, the King's Eldest Son, as he was hunting; who took it up, and admir'd it so much for its Smallness, that he kiss'd it, and carried it home with him; and from that Day, grew so melancholy and reserv'd, that he never would speak, lost his Stomach, fell away, and look'd so ill, that the King and Queen, who loved him to Distraction, sent for all the Remedies and Assistance they could get: But all to no Purpose, for the Physicians, after they had consulted together, and made their Observations for two or three Days together, concluded that he was in Love, and would die unless he had some Relief.

The Queen, who doted on him, cry'd Day and Night over him; but cou'd make no Discovery who the beloved Person was. She brought all the most beautiful Ladies of the Court into his Chamber, but he would not so much as look at them. At last the Queen said to him one Day, 'My dear Child, you overwhelm us with Grief; we know you are in
'Love,

‘ Love, wherefore then should you hide it from us ?
 ‘ Tell us who that lovely Person is, and should she
 ‘ prove a Shepherdess, we will not oppose your De-
 ‘ fires.’ Hereupon the Prince, grown more bold by
 the Queen’s Promises, pull’d the Slipper from under
 his Bolster : ‘ This, Madam, *said he*, is the Cause of
 ‘ my Illness ; I found this pretty little Slipper as I
 ‘ was one Day a-Hunting, and am resolv’d never to
 ‘ marry any but the Person who can draw it on.’
 ‘ Alas ! Child, *said the Queen*, grieve not, we shall
 ‘ soon find her out.’ And then she left him, and
 told the King, who was very much surprized at the
 Strangeness of his Passion, and order’d to be pro-
 claim’d by Sound of Trumpet, ‘ That all Women
 should come and try on the Slipper, and that the Per-
 son whom it fitted should be married to the Prince.
 Upon this, all the fine Ladies of the Court wash’d
 and par’d their Feet, and made Choice of the thin-
 nest Stockings, that they might put on the Slipper ;
 but all to no Purpose, since none of them could get it
 on ; which was no small Affliction to the Prince.
Love’s-Flower and *Fair-Night*, upon this, dressed
 themselves so fine one Day, that *Finetta* was amazed,
 and ask’d them where they were going ? Who told
 her, to Court, to try on the Slipper that the King’s
 Son had found, and that whoever succeeded was to
 marry him. Whereupon *Finetta* ask’d, if she might
 not go ? Which made them laugh at her, and tell her,
 they wonder’d how such a dirty Girl as she could
 have any such Thoughts, bidding her water the Gar-
 den, for she was fit for nothing else.

When they were gone, *Finetta* had a great Mind
 to try her Fortune, having a strong Fancy of her
 Success ; but was somewhat at a Loss, because she
 knew not the Way ; for the Ball she was at before
 was not kept at Court. However, she dressed her-
 self very magnificent, her Gown was of blue Sattin,
 cover’d over with Stars of Diamonds ; a full Moon
 was placed in the Middle of her Back, and a Sun up-
 on her Head, which gave such a Lustre, as dazzled
the Eyes of the Spectators. When she open’d the

Door

Door to go out, she was very much surpriz'd to find the *Spanish* Horse there ; she caressed him, and was overjoy'd to see him, and mounting on him, appear'd a thousand Times more beautiful than *Helen*. The Horse went prancing along, and, by the Noise he made with champing of his Bits, made *Love's Flower* and her Sister look behind, to see who was coming after them ; but how great was their Astonishment, when they saw it was *Finetta* ! ' I protest, said *Love's-Flower*, to *Fair-Night*, 'tis *Finetta* ;' and the other was about making some Reply, when the Horse passing by, dash'd them all over with Dirt ; where-upon *Finetta* told them, that she despised them as they deserved, and so put forward. ' Certainly, said *Fair Night*, we dream ; who could have furnish'd her with this Horse and fine Clothes ? 'Tis a Miracle to me : She will, without Dispute, have the good Fortune to get on the Slipper, therefore 'tis in vain for us to go any farther.'

While they were in the utmost Rage and Despair, *Finetta* arriv'd at the Palace, where she being taken for a Queen, the Guards were under Arms, with Drums beating and Trumpets sounding. She went into the Prince's Chamber, who no sooner let his Eyes on her, but he was charin'd, and with'd her Foot small enough to put on the Slipper ; which she not only did do, but also produced the Fellow to it. Upon which all Persons present cry'd, *Long live the Princess* ; and the Prince arose from off his Bed, came and kiss'd her Hand, and declar'd to her his Passion. As soon as the King and Queen heard of it, they came overjoy'd ; the Queen flung her Arms about her Neck, and embraced her, and called her Daughter. The King and Queen made her great Presents, the Cannons were fired, and there were the most public Demonstrations of Joy possible.

The Prince desired she would consent to his Happiness, and that they might be married ; which she refused till she had told them her Adventures, which she did in few Words. Their Joy was augmented so much the more, when they knew her to be a Prin-

cess by Birth ; and, upon acquainting them with the Names of her Father and Mother, inform'd her that they had deprived them of their Kingdoms. As soon as she knew that, she swore never to give her Hand to the Prince, unless they were restored again to their Dominions, which the King her Father-in-Law made no scruple to grant. In the mean Time *Lowe's Flower* and *Fair-Night* arriv'd, and the first News they heard, was, that their Sister had put on the Slipper, and were so much confused, that they knew not what to say or do ; but at last were for going back again ; when she hearing that they were there, sent for them, and, instead of using them as they deserv'd, met them, and embraced them, and afterwards presented them to the Queen, acquainting her that they were her Sisters, for whom she desired she would have some Respect. They were so much surpris'd at their Sister's Goodness, that they stood speechless ; but, upon her telling them that the Prince her Spouse would restore the King their Father, and send them into their own Country, they fell on their Knees before her, and wept for Joy.

The Nuptials were celebrated with all the Pomp imaginable ; *Finetta* writ a Letter to her Godmother, which she sent with great Presents by the *Spanish Horse*, desiring her to find out the King and Queen her Father and Mother, and let them know her good Fortune ; and that they might return to their own Kingdoms ; which Commission the Fairy acquitted herself of, and the King and Queen were restored to their Dominions. *Lowe's Flower* and *Fair Night* lived as great and happy as they could desire, and became afterwards great Queens as well as their Sister.

The Continuation of the Story of Don
GABRIEL.

WE may imagine that the Count and *Melanthia* applauded this Story out of Con-
fidence ; which pleased *Juana* so much, that she said,
in her Opinion it was as good as *Don Gabriel's*. ‘ Oh !
‘ Madam, said the Count, nothing comes up to
‘ yours ;’ and had enlarged much more in its Praise,
had they not been informed that the Archbishop of
Compostella was arrived. Whereupon she made all
the haste she could to go and receive him ; and *Melanthia*
was following her, had not the Count detain’d her : ‘ Madam, you will think me very bold,
‘ said he, to stay you, to tell you the Violence of
‘ my Passion ; but I love you——.’ There he
stopp’d, when resuming the Discourse again, he
said, ‘ You blush at so barefaced a Declaration : but
‘ judge not my Heart by my Fortune, I am sure it
‘ will perform Miracles in my Favour, if you are
‘ but kind.’ ‘ Leave off your silly Discourse, Don
‘ Esteveus, said she, with an Air of Disdain ; the best
‘ you can expect from your Temerity, is, that I
‘ hold my Tongue, and look on you for the future
‘ as mad.’ The Count was Thunder-struck, and
was about to reply, That if *Don Gabriel* had been
the Person, she had not answered him so sharply : but
over-ruling his Jealousy, he let her go without any
more to do, and walked in some Disorder about the
Gallery, where he was met by *Don Gabriel*, who
from his Melancholy, prefaged some ill News, and,
thereupon, ask’d him, what was their Fate ? ‘ I know
‘ not what yours is, reply’d the Count ; but, for my
‘ own, I have no Reason to be over-well pleased
‘ with it ; *Melanthia* treats me like a miserable
‘ Wretch, and fortifies herself against the Obscurity
‘ of my Birth : But in short you are the greatest
‘ Obstacle.’ ‘ Alas ! said Don Gabriel, how much
‘ more successful am I ! *Isidora* despises me as much,

D 2

and

‘and I have not yet dared to reveal my Passion, lest I should add to her Displeasure.’ ‘You are less to be pitied than me, *continued the Count* ; *Isidora* is alone the Object of your Cares ; but, for my Part, I must be ridiculously complaisant to an old Woman, on whom I am forced to bestow my more precious Moments, and who, every now and then, lets me know that I am not displeasing to her, and is persuaded that I adore her : What can be more extravagant?’

He went on talking after this Manner, without receiving any Reply from *Don Gabriel* ; which made him ask him, What was the Matter that he was in so deep a Study ? ‘I am making some Verses, *reply’d* he, upon *Isidora’s* Love, and you shall give me your Opinion when I have finished them.’ ‘Oh ! *said the Count*, I would not advise you to trust to my Judgment ; for, at this Time, I have no Freedom of Thought.’

Just as they were going out of the Gallery, they heard Donna *Juana’s* Woman calling them, who came for them to sing before the Archbishop ; but they knew themselves too well, to venture to appear before him, and therefore excused themselves upon account of a Rheum, and a Pain in their Heads : And for fear they should be pressed further, went into the Chamber in the Park, that looked into the Wood, which put a thousand Thoughts into their Heads ; one complained of their coming to seek after Trouble and Cares, and the other grieved to find so little Return from an Heart capable of making his Life happy. When looking towards the Wood, they both agreed that they had been happy if they had stay’d there, since they were so unfortunate in their Loves : ‘For what can be more fantastical, *said Don Gabriel*, than for *Isidora* to have a favourable Regard for you, and *Melanthia* for me ?’ ‘We must change them, *said the Count*, since our Felicity depends upon ourselves.’ ‘What a Proposition is this ? *cry’d Don Gabriel* : Can you be capable of doing what you say ?’ ‘Yes certainly, *said*

*'said the Count with Passion, I would ; but my Heart
' knows not its own Interest.'*

In this Manner they passed away their Time till the Bishop was gone, and then went down into the Park ; and after a Turn or two, discovered *Isidora* and *Melantbia*, who had been so long stifled in *Juana's* Chamber, that they were come abroad to take a little fresh Air. Let us go into this green Arbour, *'said Don Gabriel to his Cousin,* and I will sing the
*' Air I have made upon Isidora ; it may be they may
' come this Way.'* And he did not guess amiss : But as *Melantbia* was enraged against the Count, she desired her Sister to stop before they were at the Arbour, and told her the Reason. Whereupon they crept along by the Trees ; but not so softly but *Don Gabriel*, who was attentive to all, perceived they were nigh, and thereupon sung these Verses.

*Isidora, yield to Love,
Think not to resist his Arms,
Since all Hearts, or soon or late,
Feel th' Impression of his Charms :*

*Tho' the God is slow to conquer,
Your Resistance is in vain ;
For 'tis better to surrender,
Since all must endure the Pain.*

*What if Love with all his Pow'r,
To revenge his slighted Dart,
Shou'd, in your declining Years,
Pierce your stubborn trembling Heart ?*

*Then the Passion you discover,
Lab'ring in your anxious Breast,
Useless Sighs each Day you'll breathe,
And each Night want Halcyon Rest.*

*Ob ! thou God of soft Desires,
 Who o'er flattering Hopes presides,
 Restore those Beauties to my Eye,
 Or make the whole World blind besides.*

But before Don *Gabriel* had made an End, Donna *Juana* came in upon them like a Fury ; for she was so uneasy at her dear Pilgrim's Head-Ach, that as soon as his Visitor was got into Coach, she search'd all the Walks in the Park ; and being drawn thither by Don *Gabriel's* Voice, and hearing him mention *Isidora* in the first Stanza, and Old Age afterward, made no Dispute but that it was aimed at her. ' Is it thus, ' *said she*, Don *Gabriel* you repay my Kindnesses, ' and the Entertainment I have given you, by saty-
 ' tirical Songs ? Indeed you give my Niece very
 ' good Advice, and treat me after a very ludicrous
 ' Manner.'

Our two Lovers Surprise at these Expressions was not to be express'd, who apprehended nothing so much as the Consequences of so violent a Passion ; then it was that they were sensible of what they might lose, if she would oblige them to go. The Count was endeavouring to excuse Don *Gabriel*, when *Isidora* and *Mélanthia*, urged on by a Fear they could not account for, came and interposed : ' What, Madam, ' *said they*, don't you remember we made this Song ' in your Chamber to divert you, and that you would ' have had us added two or three Verses ? We learnt ' them Don *Gabriel*, and if they displease you, we ' alone are to blame.'

As these two Ladies were used to take a great Pleasure in making Songs, Donna *Juana* was soon persuaded to believe them, and was very glad to find herself mistaken in her Suspicions, and told Don *Gabriel*, she was sorry for the Expression she used in her Passion ; but said, ' If you were in my Place, ' and thought those Verses design'd for you, you ' could not but think them very disobliging.' Don *Gabriel*, after he had made some civil Reply, turn'd about to *Isidora*, and said, ' I am infinitely obliged

to you, Madam, for your Justification of me; I should have been in the utmost Despair, if Donna Juana had suspected me guilty of so much Ingratitude.' Then speaking lower, he told her, he should have died with Grief to have parted from her. Which soft Language gain'd him a gracious Look.

When they were retired, and had more Liberty of Discourse, the Count embracing his Cousin, told him, that the old Lady had put him in a terrible Fright. 'Ah! said Don Gabriel, I have not recover'd it yet: but if ever I mention her in any Verses again, I'll ———.' 'But, interrupted the Count, what an Heap of ill Words had you put together? Instead of declaring your Passion, you were enumerating the Aunt's Faults.' 'Oh! reply'd Don Gabriel, the Declaration was to come; I had not Time to sing that.' 'Then make it next Time in Prose.' said the Count laughing. 'I'll warrant you think, answer'd Don Gabriel, that I am sorry for what I have done: I don't know whether Isidora may shew more Favour to Poets than other Folks; but I'll assure you, she looked more kindly upon me than ever.' 'Oh! was Melantbia of the same Disposition, said the Count, I would make Verses Night and Day; but her Heart is inflexible.' However, the next Day, as he was singing a tender passionate Song, she gave him her Pocket-Book to write it down; and he, embracing that Opportunity, instead of putting down what she desired, writ the following Lines:

*Sure no obdurate Heart can long disprove
A sincere, gen'rous, and respectful Love.*

When she had read them, she pull'd out her Handkerchief, and rubb'd them out; which was no small Grief to the Count, who, without taking any great Notice of it, said, 'Madam, you have punish'd me now for the Trick I served you; but if you will lend me your Book again, I will write what you

' desire.' And as soon as she gave it him, he put down
' these Words, which were set to a Minuet :

*Since your Disdain's so great, I soon shall find
In Death a Mistress that will prove more kind.*

Melanthia was more enraged at these Verses than at the first, and addressing herself to *Don Gabriel*, said to him : ' Your Brother uses me with so much Familiarity, that he surely believes himself my Equal.' ' I know too well, Madam, both who you are, and who I am, replied the Count ; but all I do appears criminal in your Eyes, which makes me but too sensible of my Misfortune to want Merit.' At that *Isidora*, who was not very well pleased with her Sister, said smiling, ' My Sister is proud, and very unkind.' ' Alas ! Madam, are you less ?' said *Don Gabriel* ; which a little embarrassed her ; but the Person that spoke was not agreeable enough to her to deserve an Answer. Thus these four Persons, who were capable of compleating each other's Felicity, were tormented by the Caprice of their Stars.

In the mean Time, *Donna Juana*, who had given herself up entirely to her Passion for the Count, sent for him into her Closet, and after a Preamble, the Conclusion of which he dreaded : ' *Don Estevo*, said she to him, I take you to be so gallant a Man, that tho' I have resolv'd never to submit to the hard Laws of Matrimony, yet I think I may venture with you : My Father, who was Governor of *Lima*, tho' he has left me a plentiful Fortune in *Spain*, has left me a much greater in *Mexico* ; and if you will go thither, you shall share it with me ; for I cannot stay here with Decency, after I have married you, and there they won't know who you are. Consider of it, and if you approve of it, we will embark out of Hand, since the Galleons will sail in a short Time.' The Count, who was very much surpriz'd at so extravagant a proposal, thought that a flat Denial would be too piquant, and therefore design'd to drive it off as much as possible. ' I cannot,

not,

‘ not, Madam, *reply’d he*, shew too great an Acknowledgment to you for all your Favours ; I am assured I shall never be ungrateful, and that I may render myself the more deserving of them, I will declare the State I am in.

‘ A young rich Widow of Quality and Distinction having taken a Liking to me, made me a Proposition of Marriage, which I accepted of with Joy, and communicated to my Father, who was very well pleased at it. We had not been married above eight Days, at a Country-Seat near *Antwerp*, before her first Husband arrived, who was supposed to have been dead about ten Years. My Wife, or, to speak more properly, his, pretended not to know him : However, this Affair made so great a Noise, and my Vexation was so great, that I left the Management of that Business to my Father, and set out with my Brother for *St. Jacques*. Now what I ask of you, Madam, is, that we may stay till I know how this Matter is ended, before we go to *Mexico*.’

‘ You are very much in the right, *reply’d Donna Juana*, *very much concerned* ; the Success makes me somewhat uneasy ; but I confess if I had known you had been married, I should have stifled my Sentiments for you betimes, for in short, you love that Wife, and will always grieve for the Loss of her.’

‘ Ah! Madam, *said he*, *kissing her Hand* ; I should find enough to comfort me with you ; but you know my Marriage must be first made void.’ Which the old Lady agreed to, tho’ her Passion was strong enough to dispense with Polygamy.

Don Gabriel waited for his Cousin with the utmost Impatience, and was afraid some unlucky Thing had fallen out, and that Donna Juana would force them to depart ; but was pretty easy when he heard the Count coming, singing some Verses he had made upon Donna Juana. ‘ I was cruelly afraid, *cry’d Don Gabriel*, but you seem too gay for my Fears to have any Ground.’ ‘ Indeed I have very great Reason to be so, *reply’d the Count* ; and you will say so too, when you know that I come to invite you

to

‘to my Wedding.’ ‘Your Wedding, cry’d Don Gabriel; what with *Isidora*?’ ‘No, said the Count smiling; I have not so bad a Taste, I am to be married in *Mexico*, in the City of *Lima*, with the most amiable Donna *Juana*.’ ‘How, extravagantly you talk!’ said Don Gabriel. ‘Tis no Extravagance at all, added the Count; the Thing is serious; but there’s some little Difficulty in it, because my Wife that lives in *Flanders* can’t bear jesting with.’ At that Don Gabriel burst out a laughing, and the Count told him all that had passed; which put Don Gabriel under some Apprehensions of their not coming well off that Story.

As it was then late, and Don Gabriel and the Count d’Aguilar had no Mind to part, they lay together that Night; but were not long in Bed before the Count heard the Chamber-Door, opened very softly, which surprized him, because he generally took out the Key; but how much more amazed was he, when he saw a Man and a Woman come in! which made him jogg his Cousin without speaking to him, to see what passed, for ’twas Moon-Light. Sometimes they thought ’twas Donna *Juana* who was coming to make the Count a Visit, but could not think what could make her bring a Man along with her. Don Gabriel remembered that *Isidora* was grown more obliging to him, and flatter’d himself that she might have repented of her Indifference, and had a Mind to have some Discourse with him; but thought the Time was too suspicious for so discreet a Person, and that ’twas the Count’s Chamber, which again perplex’d him, because he knew she had all along shewn him the most Respect. These were their Thoughts, when the Lady, speaking in a low Voice, said, ‘I am afraid, Don *Lewis*, of your Aunt: how will she receive me, after what I have done for you?’ ‘Fear nothing, fair *Lucilla*, said he, Donna *Juana* knows how to behave herself, and my Sisters will do all they can to please you; you are at Home; but now ’tis too late to awaken them, therefore I am obliged to bring you into my Cham-

ber.

'ber for this Night, and I'll take such Care, that nobody shall know where we are.' 'Indeed, *re- ply'd she*, the Anger of my Relations will run to a great Height, for the Fortune that has been left me is more valued by them than my Person; alas! how will you be able to appease them?' 'I love you beyond all Things, and hope to let them know, that my taking you from them proceeded entirely from the Violence of my Passion; for in short, as to my Birth, I am no Ways inferior to you, and have enough to——.' Here he was interrupted by a violent Fit of Coughing, which the Count was taken with, the very Noise of which had made the lost *Lucilla* run away, if Don *Lewis*, when he came in, had not fastened the Door; who, upon his advancing towards the Bed, was surprized to see the very Clothes he left behind him in his Wardrobe: And being assured that they were wore by the Person that coughed, he was just going to undraw the Curtains, when stopping short, and turning towards *Lucilla*, he said, 'I know not what to resolve on; it may be this Man that coughed is asleep, and may not have heard us, or perhaps is dead, which is not a Thing impossible.' At these Words Don *Gabriel* and his Cousin burst out a laughing, and undrawing the Curtains, said, 'Don *Lewis*, my dear Don *Lewis*, come to your best Friends, who stand in as much need of your Discretion, as you of ours.' Don *Lewis* soon knew them by their Voices to be his very good Friends, who since their leaving *Cadix* were thought to be dead, nobody having either heard from them, or seen them since that Time; and as there were great Troops of Robbers that infested the Roads, and gave none Quarter, they were supposed to have been murdered by them: Therefore it was much easier for Don *Lewis* to take them for the Spirits of his Friends, than to imagine they were entertained by his Aunt, Donna *Juana*, who was so very severe a Woman.

Lucilla shuddered for Fear, and Don *Lewis* stood musing at so singular an Adventure, when the Count said,

said, 'Come hither, my dear Friend, we have great Matters to consult with you.' At that Don *Lewis* ran to them with open Arms, and embracing them, said to them, 'I cannot express my Joy and Surprise ; your long Absence from *Cadiz* made me very uneasy upon your Accounts : but I am overglad that what has been reported proves false. But to find you in my Chamber, when I thought myself alone with Donna *Lucilla*, and to meet with you at my churlish Aunt's ! Certainly 'tis upon my Sister's Account : Come, disguise nothing from me. 'Don *Lewis*, you are very much in the right of it, reply'd Don *Gabriel* ; I was so sensibly touched by the Merit of your eldest Sister you told me of, and have so handsomely described, that I have since thought of all the Means possible to see her, and had without Dispute concerted Measures with you, if you had not gone for *Sevil* ; I looked at my Designs as a Thing impracticable, by Reason your Aunt kept so strict a Guard over her ; nay, I believe I should not have dared to have ventured, if my Cousin here, who was sensible of what I endur'd, had not thought of a Disguise, by the Favour of which we were received.' Then the Count told him what had passed, not forgetting his Passion for *Melantbia*, and the Proposition Donna *Juana* made to go to the *West Indies*.

Don *Lewis* heard them with a great deal of Pleasure and Satisfaction ; for his Sisters could not expect better Matches ; and he knew their personal Merits, Births, and Fortunes. Thereupon he embraced them again, and expressed his Joy to see them in a most engaging Manner, 'I foresee, said he, some Difficulties, which Time alone must help you to overcome ; you say the Hearts of these young Girls are not disposed as you would have them, and that my Aunt will be enraged, when she sees the Man she design'd for her Husband, her Nephew : Don *Gabriel's* Father, perhaps, may have design'd him for some other Lady ; mine is absent, and I have at present so great an Affair upon my Hands, since

Lucilla's

- *Lucilla's* Relations will pursue me, that perhaps I
- may be forced to go into *Portugal* with her.' 'You
- undo us, *reply'd* Don Gabriel; your Foresight dis-
- covers the Obstacles which our Love prevented us
- from seeing; but notwithstanding we are resolved
- to persevere, and to die sooner than not to pursue
- our Loves'

Lucilla, tho' she knew both Don *Gabriel* and the Count, would not go near them, because they were in Bed, but sat down at the other End of the Room; and Don *Gabriel* seeing that Don *Lewis* was uneasy for *Lucilla's* Want of Rest, advised him to lead her into his Room, that was but on the other side of the Hall; which he proposed to that agreeable Lady, who accepted of it. After Don *Lewis* had shut the Door, and returned to his Friends, she laid herself down in her Clothes.

When the three Friends had advised about their Affairs for some Time, they at last resolved to let the two Sisters into the Secret, and to engage them to put some Restraint upon their Inclinations; and that as soon as they should give their Consents, to write to both their Fathers for theirs, but not to let Donna *Juana* know the Fallacy till every Thing was concluded on. Thus their Conversation lasted till Eight o'Clock in the Morning, when Don *Lewis*, whose Thoughts were employed upon *Lucilla*, went into her Chamber; but finding her asleep, retired to his Aunt *Juana's*, who was very much surprized to see him. After some Discourse, he told her, that he had courted *Lucilla* with the Consent of her Friends for two Years, when she had but a small Fortune; that the Match was concluded, and he loved her for her Virtue and good Qualities: but upon the Death of her Brother, who was assassinated, and she being left one of the best Fortunes in *Andalusia*, her Grandfather had removed her from *Cadiz* to *Sevil*, and kept her close up in his House, with a Design to marry her to the Son of a Friend of his; that he being not able to brook so great an Affront, and lose his Mistress, having some Correspondence with her, had found

found out the means to steal her away ; and withal desired his Aunt to receive her kindly, and pay her all imaginable Respect

Donna *Juana*, who was very nice and cautious in these Sorts of Affairs, was afraid that *Lucilla's* Relations should bring her in as a Party concerned, if she received her ; but recollecting that the House was not hers, and so she was not answerable for what was done in it, and that she should not know how to keep her Musicians in the House, but Don *Lewis* would blame her Conduct, and not suspecting but her *West-Indian* Project would succeed according to her Desires, she fancied she had thought of a very good Expedient. ‘ Nephew, said she to Don *Lewis*, if you had asked my Advice before the Execution of your Project, I should have dissuaded you from it ; for whatever Advantages you may promise yourself, the Consequences appear so very dangerous, that I am in some Fear of the Relations of *Lucilla*. but I’ll tell you one Way : I have an House hard by *Sevil* ; your Sisters and I will go and live there, and moderate Matters while you stay here ; when we are gone, you may marry *Lucilla*, and we shall be there in a Condition to serve you.’

Don *Lewis* approv’d his Aunt’s Scheme, apprehending it to be a Means to engage *Lucilla* not to defer his Happiness ; for if she was not his Wife, she could not stay alone with him ; whereas, if she lived with Donna *Juana*, she might remain there till she heard what Resolution her Friends would come to : Therefore he declared to his Aunt, that he liked her Contrivance very well ; and then went to his Sisters, who were just up, and were overjoyed to see him. After common Civilities and reciprocal Tokens of Friendship, Don *Lewis* acquainted them with all his Proceedings, and his running away with Donna *Lucilla* ; at which they shewed some Uneasiness, dreading, as well as their Aunt, the fatal Consequences which generally attend those Affairs ; when he told them, that he could not expect that Death would be so kind as to take away his greatest Enemy, who was not
old,

old, tho' *Lucilla's* Grandfather. They told him, that as soon as they were dressed, they would pay their Respects to her, and were persuaded they should live very happy together; which he told them was not to be, for that *Donna Juana* was going directly into *Andalusia*, for Fear she should be brought into the Scrape. 'But,' said he, my Aunt told me of two Pilgrims, who being wounded in their way to *St Jacques*, she had taken into the House, and that they taught to play upon Musick; were they not so young and handsome, I should approve of their being here; but if there is a Necessity for you to learn to sing, and play on Musick, there are Women enough able to learn you, without harbouring Strangers, that are not accustomed to the Manners of *Spain*, and who are apt to be too familiar, if they are not kept at a Distance.'

While he spoke, he observed all their Actions, and perceived their Colour come and go, and soon guessed at the Cause. 'Have you told *Donna Juana* so much?' said *Isidora*. 'Yes, I have,' reply'd he, and found her not very willing to let them go away; but I told her positively they should, and that I myself would take the Care upon me. Thereupon, fearing I should use them ill, she told me she would do it herself.' 'Then will they go presently?' interrupted *Melanthia*, somewhat melancholy. 'Yes, I hope, To-day,' said *Don Lewis*. 'What Danger can there be in their staying here?' said *Isidora*; you must have a very ill Opinion of us, to think that Persons of so obscure Birth should be capable of making any Impressions on us.' 'Tis not that I am afraid of you, Sister,' said he, but of the World, whose Censures are often very severe; and I am persuaded you will approve of my Conduct.'

Isidora and *Melanthia* endeavoured all they could to conceal their Grief from their Brother, who, nevertheless, observed it, and told them he never saw them so melancholy before, and that they certainly were sorry to part with those Strangers. 'Indeed,' said

' said *Isidora*, we are vexed at your injurious Suspicions.' ' I wish to Heaven, *replied he*, you were as much grieved at the Inequality between you and them, as they are pleasing to you.' ' Upon my Word, *said Melanthia*, you carry Things to too great an Height.' Upon which *Don Lewis*, who thought he had sufficiently diverted himself, embraced them, and said, ' Come, let us be Friends, 'tis Time I should now unravel the Mystery of those Pilgrims, who are both Men of Birth and Estates: *Don Gabriel Ponce*, of *Leon*; is descended from the most illustrious Family in *Europe*; *Don Manuel Ponce*, of *Leon*, Duke of *Arcos*, was his Grandfather, who was descended from the Kings of *Xerica*, who were related to the Kings of *Leon*; the same *Don Manuel* that maintained the wronged Innocence of the Queen of *Granada*, when the King of *Chico*, her Husband, would have put her to Death. And for *Don Estevus*, the Count *d' Aguilar*, who passes here for a Musician, he is no ways inferior in Birth to the greatest Lords in *Andalusia*, and is descended from *Don Alonso d' Aguilar*, who fought for the same Queen of *Granada*. In short, they are both Gentlemen of Estates and Worth, and are my particular Friends, and will marry you; therefore judge, Sisters, of my Joy, to form myself such good Alliances, and make you happy.'

When he left off speaking, they, instead of making any Reply, looked first one at another, and then at him, to see, whether they might believe what he said, ' I see, *continued he*, you doubt my Sincerity, and you have Reason to do it, since the Trick I have play'd you; but assure yourselves, I never spoke more seriously in my Life: We spent the whole Night together, they have declared to me their Passion for you, the Usage they have met with from you, and the Extravagance of *Donna Juana*.' ' Now, Brother, I know, *cry'd Isidora*, you are in earnest, 'tis an hard Thing for such Persons as they pretend to be, to be so well bred and qualified: I fancied twenty Times that there was some-
what

‘ what more than ordinary under their Pilgrims Habit.’ ‘ But, dear Brother, *interrupted* Melanthia, ‘ since there is so much Friendship between Don Gabriel and you, he has without doubt told you ‘ which Way his Choice inclined him.’ ‘ Yes, Sister, *reply’d* he, he has put that Confidence in me, ‘ and declares for *Isidora*, and the Count *d’Aguilar* ‘ for you.’

At these Words they both turned pale, their Choice was already fixed, and each thought her Heart, incapable of altering its Sentiments; and Don Lewis examining further into the Matter, without discovering what he knew before, lest he should complain of their Lovers Indiscretion, said to them, ‘ You seem ‘ to me to be averse towards them; pray, Sisters, ‘ let Reason direct you; Fortune now is favourable, ‘ flight it not, but love the Persons that love you: ‘ I advise not only as a Brother, but as a Friend, ‘ and desire you to explain yourselves so favourable ‘ on their Sides, that they may use the proper Means ‘ to gain their Friends Consents, and make you happy.’ The obliging Manner you speak in, Brother, ‘ *reply’d* Isidora, engages us so much, that we can ‘ keep the Secret no longer from you; we both love, ‘ but not the Persons that love us; Don Gabriel is ‘ *Melanthia’s* Choice, and the Count mine: How ‘ shall we be able to change then the Objects?’ ‘ I ‘ won’t believe, *answer’d* Don Lewis, that you are ‘ so deeply engaged, that you cannot change, when ‘ the Change is so much to your Advantage. But ‘ adieu; I will leave you to consider on’t, and will ‘ expect you in *Lucilla’s* Chamber.’

As soon as he was gone, they both fell a-crying: ‘ Was ever any one’s Fate so fantastical as mine, *said* ‘ Isidora, that which should have raised my Joy, is ‘ the Cause of my Grief! I am informed that this ‘ pretended Musician is a Gentleman of the first Rank, ‘ and at the same Time that he loves another.’ ‘ I ‘ have as much Reason to complain of mine as you ‘ have of yours, *answer’d* Melanthia, tho’ my Sentiments for Don Gabriel make me blush; then I ‘ had

‘ had Hope that Gratitude, and the Vanity of engaging my Heart, might have had some Influence over him; but now I have none: He is deserving of you, Sister, and loves you, therefore you shall make him happy.’

Isidora, without returning any Answer for a long Time, lean’d her Head on one Hand, and dry’d up her Tears with the other; and then raising her Head, and looking at her Sister, said, ‘ To put you in Possession of what you esteem most dear to you, and is as indifferent to me, I will give you the greatest Mark of my Tenderness, I will take upon me a religious Life, and then Don *Gabriel* must pay Hoinage to your Worth, and forget me.’ ‘ God forbid, dear Sister, *reply’d* *Melanthia*, that I should accept of such a Proof of your Friendship; I should soon follow you in the Retirement you propose on my Account; for was I so base as to consent to it, Don *Gabriel* would not forgive me.’ He would not know what were the Motives of my Retirement,’ *reply’d* *Isidora*. ‘ Suppose he should not, *said* *Melanthia*; does it follow, that I should possess his Heart the sooner? No? my dear *Isidora*, I am persuaded his Heart would be surprized; he has been used to me, and is not unacquainted with my Face and Conversation: I should lose you, and gain nothing by it.’ ‘ But, *said* *Isidora*, if the first Acquaintance, as you say, decides all Passions, we shall never love those that love us, but go just by Contraries.’ ‘ I hope not so, *interrupted* *Melanthia*, this Metamorphosis from Musicians may have some Effect on their Hearts; for as we have hitherto taken Care to conceal the Sentiments of ours from them, I cannot but think, that when they are informed of them, they will be moved.’ ‘ Alas! you are very much mistaken, *continued* *Isidora*, our Eyes have spoken too plain, and their Language is too easily understood.’

Melanthia was going to make some Reply, when a Servant came to bid them dress presently; for that *Donna Juana*, intended to take them with her, to pay

pay a Visit to *Lucilla*. They plaited their Hair in a negligent Manner, and to add to their natural Charms mixed some Flowers amongst it, which made them look as beautiful as *Flora* herself. Their Gowns were a thin white Crape, which is the Mourning of Ladies of Fashion in *Spain*, which being made close to their Stays, their Shape appear'd very delicate, and in short, their whole Persons extraordinary beautiful; only the Tears they had let fall had deprived their Eyes somewhat of their Vivacity. Afterwards they went to their Aunt's Chamber, and from thence attended her to *Lucilla's*, who was laid upon the Bed, somewhat cast down with the Fatigue of her Journey, and want of Rest; and tho' she was both young and handsome, and had all the Spirit of Gaiety that is generally met with in Persons of her Quality, yet her Uneasiness and Fears made her seem a little melancholy.

Donna *Juana* made great Professions of her Friendship, and told her, That since she was come into her Family, she would love and respect her, and that she should have no Reason to repent what she had done for her Nephew Don *Lewis*. *Isidora* and *Melantbia* made her the same Assurances in so tender and engaging a Manner, as shewed their Friendship; and Donna *Lucilla*, for her Part, neglected no Opportunity to express her Joy to be with them, and be well receiv'd: When Donna *Juana* interrupting the Discourse, said, 'Of all the rare Qualities, Madam, which render you so amiable, my Nephew tells me of one which is very agreeable to me.' 'I warrant it is, Madam, *reply'd* Lucilla, that I am a great Teller of Stories.' 'The same, *continu'd* Juana; and I am so great an Admirer of them, that I must beg of one of you now, if you are not over-wearied.' 'Indeed, *answer'd* Lucilla, I am somewhat fatigu'd; but since you request one, I shall endeavour all I can to gratify you therein.' And then, after a small Pause, began as follows.

The Palace of Revenge.

SOME Time there lived a King and Queen of an Island, who, after they had been married twenty Years, had a Daughter, whose Birth gave them as much Joy, as the Want of an Heir, to succeed them in their Dominions had occasioned Sorrow. The young Princess was called *Imis*, and her growing Charms in her Infancy promised Wonders in a more advanc'd Age. Nobody in the whole World would have deserv'd her, had not Love, who thought it would be to his Honour to add to his Empire so wonderful a Person, taken care to have a Prince born in the same Court, that was as charming as the Princess *Imis* was lovely. The Prince, who was named *Philax*, and was Son to the King's Brother, was two Years older than the Princess, and they were educated together with all the Liberty their Nearness of Blood and Youth gave them. The first Emotions of thier Hearts yielded to Admiration and Tendernefs. They saw nothing so beautiful as themselves, nor found any Thing which could divert the Passion they felt for each other, without knowing what to call it. The King and Queen perceived the Growth of that Passion with Pleasure; they loved the young *Philax*; he was a Prince of their Blood, and never Child gave greater Hopes. Every Thing seemed to agree with Love, to render *Philax* one Day the happiest of all Men. The Princess was about twelve Years old, when the Queen, who loved her most tenderly, would consult a Fairy, whose Fame made a great Noise, about her Fortune. She went to find her, and took *Imis* with her; who, in her Grief to leave *Philax*, wonder'd a hundred Times how they could think of what was to come, since the present was so agreeable. *Philax* remained with the King, whom all the Pleasures of the Court could not comfort for the Princess's Absence. The Queen arriv'd at the Fairy's Castle, where she was magnificently received;

received ; but the Fairy was not there. She was generally on the Top of a high Mountain some Distance from the Castle, where she lived by herself, taken up with that profound Knowledge which rendered her so famous in the World. As soon as she knew of the Queen's Arrival, she came to her. The Queen presented the Princess to her, told her her Name, the Hour of her Birth, all which the Fairy knew before, and promised the Queen to give her an Answer in two Days, and then returned to the Mountain. The third Day she came again, took the Queen into the Garden, and gave her some Tables of Palm-Tree Leaves close shut, but charged her not to open them but before the King. The Queen, to satisfy, in some Measure, her Curiosity, ask'd her several Questions about her Daughter's Fortune : ' Great Queen, *said the Fairy*, I cannot ' tell you precisely what Kind of Misfortune the ' Princess is threaten'd with ; only I see that Love ' will have the greatest Share in the Accidents of her ' Life ; and that never Beauty created more violent ' Passions.' There was no need of a Fairy to promise that Princess Admirers, her Eyes seem'd already to demand the Love of all the Hearts the Fairy assur'd her of. Nevertheless, *Imis*, not so much disturb'd at her Fate, as at *Philax's* Absence, amus'd herself with gathering Flowers : but taken up with her Tenderness and Impatience to be gone, she forgot the Nosegay she began to make, and dreaming, threw away the Flowers she had with Pleasure gathered ; then went to the Queen, who took her Leave of the Mountain Fairy. The Fairy embrac'd *Imis*, and looking on her with the Admiration she deserv'd : ' Since 'tis ' impossible for me, *said she*, (after some Moments of ' Silence, which had something mysterious in it,) ' since 'tis impossible for me, fair Princess, to change ' in your Favour the Orders of the Fates, however I ' will endeavour to prevent the Misfortune prepar'd ' for you. After these Words she gathered herself the Heads of Lilies, and addressing herself to the young *Imis*, ' Take these Flowers which I give you, ' *said*

'*said ſhe*, they will never fade ; and while you have
 ' them about you, they will ſecure you againſt all
 ' the Miſfortunes Fate threatens you with.' After-
 wards ſhe faſten'd the Noſegay to her Headclothes ;
 and the Flowers obeying the Intention of the Fairy,
 as ſoon as they were on her Head, adjusted them-
 ſelves, and formed a Kind of Topping, whoſe White-
 neſs ſerved only to ſhew that nothing could efface
 that of the fair *Imis's* Complexion. The Queen,
 after having returned the Fairy a thouſand Thanks,
 went away, and returned to the Iſland, where the
 Court waited with Impatience to ſee the Princeſs
 again. Never Joy appeared greater in the Eyes of
Imis and her Lover. The King was the only Perſon
 that was informed of the Myſtery of the Bunch of
 Lillies ; which had ſo agreeable an Effect on the
 Princeſs's fine brown Hair, that every body took it
 only for an Ornament ſhe had choſen out of the
 Fairy's Garden. The Princeſs ſpoke much more to
Pbilax of the Trouble ſhe underwent in not ſeeing
 him, than of the Miſfortunes intended her. *Pbilax*,
 however, was frighten'd ; but the preſent Joy of
 meeting again, and as the Miſfortunes might be un-
 certain, they gave themſelves up to the Pleaſure of
 ſeeing each other again. In the mean Time the
 Queen gave the King an Account of their Journey,
 and gave him the Tables the Fairy gave her, which
 the King open'd, and found therein theſe Words writ-
 ten in Letters of Gold.

*Under the Guiſe of Flatt'ring Hope, bard Fate
 Hides the Diſtreſſes that on Imis wait :
 She muſt unhappy now at laſt become,
 And thro' good Fortune paſſ, meet an harſh Doom.*

The King and Queen were very much afflicted
 with this Oracle, and ſought in vain to have it ex-
 pounded. They ſaid nothing of it to the Princeſs,
 that they might not cauſe in her a uſeleſs Grief.
 One Day, when *Pbilax* was gone a hunting, which
 he did frequently, *Imis* was walking all alone in a
 Wilderneſs of Myrtles, where ſhe was very melan-
 choly,

choly, because *Philax* stay'd so long, and reproach'd herself with an Impatience: She was thus engaged in musing and thinking, when she heard a Voice that said to her, 'Why do you afflict yourself, fair Princess? If *Philax* is not sensible enough of the Happiness of being beloved by you, I come to offer you an Heart a thousand Times more acknowledging, an Heart sensibly touch'd with your Charms, and a Fortune worthy to be desired by any other but you, whose Empire the World ought to own.' The Princess was very much surpriz'd to hear this Voice; she thought herself alone in the Wilderness, and as she had not open'd her Mouth, she was much more amaz'd that that Voice should answer her Thoughts. She look'd about her, and perceived a little Man in the Air, mounted on a large May Fly: 'Fear not, fair *Imis*,' said he to her, 'you have not a more submissive Lover than myself, and tho' this is the first Time I ever appear'd to you, I have loved you long, and see you every Day, How much you amaze me! said the Princess to him: What! do you see me every Day, and know what I think? Then you ought to see that your Love is to no Purpose. *Philax*, to whom I have given my Heart, is too amiable not to keep it; and tho' I may be a little vexed at him, I never loved him more than now: But tell me who you are, and where you have seen me.' 'I am *Pagan* the Sorcerer,' said he, 'and my Power extends over all the World but you. I saw you in the Garden of the Mountain Fairy, I was hid in one of the Tulips you gather'd. I look'd upon the Chance that made you gather the Flower I was in, as an happy Presage, and flatter'd myself you would take me along with you; but you, too much engaged with the Pleasure of thinking, on *Philax*, threw the Flowers away, and left me in the Garden the most amorous of all Men. Ever since I have found that nothing could make me happy, but the Hopes of being beloved by you. Think of me, fair *Imis*, if possible, and permit me sometimes to remind you of my Passion.' After these Words he disappeared,

peared, and the Princess returned to the Palace, where the Sight of *Philax* dissipated the Fear she had been in. She was so desirous to hear him justify himself for staying so long in Hunting, that she had almost forgot to tell him her Adventure ; but at last, recollecting herself, told him what had happened in the Wilderness. The young Prince, notwithstanding his Courage, fear'd a wing'd Rival, against whom he could not contend for his Princess. But the Lilies encouraged him against all Enchantments, and *Imis's* Tendernefs for him removed all Fears of a Change in her. The next Morning, when the Princess awakened, she saw twelve little Nymphs flying into her Chamber, who were all set on Bees, and brought her in their Hands little Baskets of Gold. They went to the Princess, paid their Respects to her, and then went and laid their Baskets on a Table of white Marble, which appear'd in the Middle of the Chamber ; which Baskets, when they were laid down, became very large. The Nymphs, after they had left their Baskets, took their Leaves of *Imis*, and one of them approaching nearer, to the Bed than the rest, let something fall on it, and then they flew all away. The Princess, notwithstanding her Surprise at so strange a Sight, took up what the Nymph had let fall by her ; which was an Emerald of a wonderful Beauty, that open'd as soon as the Princess touch'd it, and contain'd a Rose-Leaf, whereon these Verses were read :

*All that gaze on your fair Eyes,
Must with Pleasure own their Power ;
With such Beauty they surprize,
None can look but must adore.*

The Princess could not recover her Astonishment ; but called the Ladies that waited on her, who were as much amaz'd as *Imis*, at the Sight of the Table and the Baskets. The King, Queen, and *Philax*, ran at the Notice of this Adventure ; the Princess suppress'd nothing in the Relation but her Lover's Letters,

Letters which she thought she was not obliged to give an Account of to any but *Philax*. The Baskets were examined with Care, and were found full of Jewels of extraordinary Beauty, and so great Value, that they redoubled the Astonishment of the Spectators. The Princess would not touch them; and having found an Opportunity when nobody heard, she went to *Philax*, and gave him the Emerald and Rose-Leaf. He read his Rival's Letter, which gave him great Uneasiness, and *Imis*, to comfort him, tore it before his Face; but how dear was that Sacrifice to them! Some Time past, without hearing any Thing of *Pagan*; she thought that her Disdain had extinguished his Love, and *Philax* flatter'd himself with the same Hope. When one Day, as the Prince was returning from Hunting, as he used to do, he stay'd all alone by a Fountain Side to refresh himself, and having the Emerald the Princess had given him about him, and thinking on that Sacrifice with Pleasure, he took it out of his Pocket to look at it; but he held it not a Moment before it fell out of his Hands, and as soon as it touched the Ground, was changed into a Chariot, and presently two winged Monsters came out of the Fountain and harnessed themselves to it. *Philax* looked on them without any Fear, being incapable of it; but could not but feel some Concern, when he saw himself conveyed into the Chariot by an invisible Power, and presently lifted up in the Air, where the Monsters flew with the Chariot with great Ease and Swiftnefs. In the mean Time Night came on, and the Hunters, after having sought *Philax* to no Purpose through all the Wood, returned to the Palace, where they thought to find him, but not meeting with him, and Nobody having seen him since he was with them, the King order'd them to go back to seek him. The whole Court was in a great Uneasiness; they returned to the Wood, searched it through, and came back at Day-break without learning any News of the Prince. *Imis* pass'd the Night in Despair for her Lover's Absence, the Occasion of which she could not imagin

She was then on a Terras-Walk of the Palace, to see those return who went to find *Philax*, and flatter'd herself with seeing him coming along with them. But it is impossible to express the Excess of her Grief when she saw nothing of *Philax*, and when they told her they could not tell what was become of him, she swooned away, and was carried to Bed, when one of her Attendants, with Haste to undress her, took off her Head the Bunch of Lilies that secured her against all Enchantments; as soon as that was off, a Cloud darken'd the Chamber, and *Imis* disappear'd. The King and Queen were so griev'd at this Loss, that they were not to be comforted. The Princess coming out of her Swoon, found herself in a Chamber of Coral of divers Colours, inlaid with Mother of Pearl, surrounded with Nymphs, who paid her profound Respect; they were all beautiful, and cloathed in magnificent Habits. At first *Imis* asked where she was: 'You are in a Place where you are ador'd, answer'd one of the Nymphs; fear nothing, fair Princess, you will find here all you can desire.' 'Is *Philax* here, said the Princess (with a Joy that appear'd in her Eyes,) I only wish for the Happiness of seeing him again.' 'You remember too long an ungrateful Wretch, said Pagan, (appearing to the Princess,) and since that Prince has forsaken you, he is not worthy of your Love; add Anger, and the Value you have of your Honour, to the Passion I have for you, and reign here for ever, fair Princess, where you will find immense Riches, and all the Pleasures you can desire.' *Imis* returned no Answer to this Discourse of *Pagan's*, but by Tears, and he left her, for fear of provoking her Grief. The Nymphs stay'd with her, and used all their Endeavours to comfort her, and made her a magnificent Entertainment, which she refused to taste of. But, in short, the next Day her Desire to see *Philax* again made her resolve to live; she eat, and the Nymphs, to divert her Melancholy, carried her to the several Parts of the Palace, which was built of fine Shells mixed with precious Stones of different

rent Colours ; and what was more surprizing, all the Furniture was of Gold, and of so fine Work, that it plainly appeared to be wrought by Fairies. The Nymphs after they had shewed *Imis* the Palace, led her into the Garden, the Beauty of which is not to be represented ; there they found a Chariot drawn by six Stags, drove by a Dwarf. They desir'd her to get into it, which she did, and they sat at her Feet, and were carried to the Sea Side, where one of them told the Princess that *Pagan* reign'd in that Island, which he had made by his Art the finest Place in the World. A Noise of Instruments interrupted the Nymph's Discourse ; the Sea was cover'd over with little Barks of Coral of a Fire-Colour, which were full of whatever could contribute to a gallant Sea Entertainment. In the Midst of these little Barks there was one much larger than the rest, drawn by two Dolphins, on which there were Cyphers of *Imis* made with Pearls. It came to the Shore. The Princess went into it, with the Nymphs that were with her. As soon as she was in it, there was a fine Collation before her, and she heard a fine Concert from the Boats that were about hers ; they sung nothing but her Praises and Commendations : But she for her Part gave no Attention to any Thing. She went into the Chariot again, and returned to the Palace oppress'd with Grief. That Night *Pagan* presented himself again before her, and found her more insensible of his Love than before ; but he not dishearten'd, flatter'd himself with his Perseverance : He knew not that the most constant Lovers are not always the most happy, he made every Day Entertainments for the Princess, with Diversions worthy of the Admiration of the whole World, but her for whom they were design'd. *Imis* was only concern'd for her Lover's Absence, who in the Mean Time was carried by the winged Monsters into a Forest *Pagan* was Master of, call'd, *The dismal Forest*. As soon as *Philax* arriv'd there, the Emerald Chariot and Monsters disappear'd. The Prince, surpriz'd at this Adventure, call'd all his Courage to his Aid, which was

the only Succour he could rely on there. He at first ran through a great many Paths of the Forest, which was frightful, and whose Obscurity the Sun never penetrated. There he found nobody, not so much as a living Creature of any Kind; it seem'd that Beasts themselves were terrified at so dismal an Abode. *Philax* liv'd on some wild Fruits he found there, and spent his Days in mortal Grief. His Absence from the Princess made him despair, and sometimes he amused himself with his Sword, which he had with him, to engrave *Imis's* Name on Trees, which was not design'd for so tender an Use; but when we love, indeed, we make use of those Things which appear the most contrary. Nevertheless the Prince kept going forwards, and had lived in the Forest about a Year, when one Night he heard a complaining Voice, whose Words he could not distinguish. The Frights that these Complaints might occasion in the Night, in a Place where the Prince had never seen any body, and the Desire of not being alone, and to find at least some as unfortunate as himself, to whom he might tell his Misfortunes, made him wait for Day with Impatience to find out those he heard. He went towards that Part of the Forest from whence he thought the Voice came, and sought about all Day to no Purpose; but at length in the Evening he found, in a Place where the Trees were thin, the Ruins of a Castle, which appear'd to have been very spacious and lofty. He went into a Court, the Walls of which were of green Marble, and appear'd to be whole and entire; there he found Trees of prodigious Height, planted irregularly up and down the Court. He advanc'd farther, to a Place where he saw something rais'd on a Pedestal of black Marble, which appear'd to be Arms laid confusedly on one another, some Head-pieces, some Bucklers, and Swords, after the old Manner of Fighting; all which form'd a kind of Trophy ill dispos'd. He look'd if there was no Inscription to inform him who this might have belong'd to, and found one engrav'd on the Pedestal,

the

the Characters of which were almost effaced by Time, but with great Pains he read these Words :
To the immortal Memory of the Fairy *Ceorea*.

*Who in one Day triumph'd over Love,
And punish'd her unfaithful Lovers.*

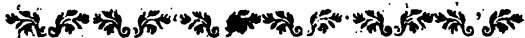
This Inscription did not inform *Philax* in all he wanted to know ; so that he had continued his March in the Forest, had not Night come upon him. He sat himself down at the Foot of a Cypress Tree ; and had not been sat long, when he heard the same Voice he had heard the Night before ; but was more surpriz'd, when he perceiv'd those Trees complain'd like Men. He rose up, drew his Sword, and struck that Cypress which was the nearest to him ; and was about to renew his Stroke, when the Tree cry'd out, ' Hold, hold, hurt not an unfortunate Prince, who ' is not in a Condition to defend himself.' *Philax* held his Hand, and using himself to these surprizing Adventures, ask'd the Cypress by what Wonders he was both a Man and a Tree ? ' I will tell you, said ' the Cypress ; and since for these two thousand ' Years this is the first and only Opportunity I have ' had to make my Complaints, I shall not neglect it : ' All these Trees you see here were Princes, considerable in their Time by their Rank and Courage. ' The Fairy *Ceorea* reign'd in this Country, she was ' handsome, but her Knowledge render'd her more ' renown'd than her Beauty ; so that she made Use ' of other Charms to subject us unto her Laws. She ' was in Love with the Young *Orizeus*, a Prince by ' his rare Qualities, worthy of a better Fortune, ' who is, *added the Cypress*, this Oak you see by me.' *Philax* looked on the Oak, and heard it fetch a great Sigh, which the Remembrance of his Misfortunes undoubtedly forc'd from him. ' The Fairy, to draw ' this Prince to her Court, *continu'd the Cypress*, publish'd a Tournament, and we all ran at this small ' Opportunity of gaining Glory. *Orizeus* was one of

' memory of this Adventure, that when the Use of
 ' Glasses shall be known to the whole World, the breaking
 ' of one of those fatal Mirrors may be always a cer-
 ' tain Presage of a Lover's Infidelity After she had
 ' pronounced these Words she disappear'd ; we were
 ' changed into Trees, and the cruel *Ceorea* with-
 ' out doubt left us our Reason to add to our Suf-
 ' ferings. Time hath destroy'd this stately Castle,
 ' which was the Witness of our Misfortunes, and
 ' you are the only Person that has come to this
 ' frightful Forest for these two thousand Years we
 ' have been here.' *Philax* was about returning an
 Answer to the Cypress, when all on a sudden he was
 transported into a very fine Garden, where he found a
 beautiful Nymph, who making up towards him with a
 smiling Air, said, ' If you are willing, *Philax*, I
 ' will shew you within these three Hours the Prin-
 ' cess *Imis*.' The Prince, overjoy'd at the Proposal
 so little expected, cast himself at her Feet, to shew
 his Acknowledgment. At that very Time *Pagan* was
 in the Air with the Princess, conceal'd by a Cloud.
 He had told her a thousand Times, that *Philax* was
 unfaithful, which she always refused to believe on
 the Word of a jealous Lover ; and he conducted her
 to this Place on purpose, *he said*, to convince her of
 the Lightness of a Prince, whom she preferred so un-
 justly. The Princess saw *Philax* at the Nymph's Feet,
 and was vexed she could not deceive herself on what
 she dreaded so much. *Pagan* kept her at such a Dis-
 tance from the Earth, that 'twas impossible for her to
 hear what *Philax* and the Nymph said, who, by his
 Orders, had presented herself to the Prince. *Pagan*
 returned with the Princess to the Island, where, after
 he had convinc'd her of *Philax*'s Infidelity, he found
 he had only encreased the Princess's Grief, and that
 she was not the more sensible towards him. Vex'd
 to see that his pretended Infidelity, from which he
 hoped for success, was of no Use, he resolv'd to re-
 venge himself on the Constancy of these two Lovers'
 He was not so cruel as the Fairy *Ceorea*, his Grand-
 mother ; therefore he thought on another Revenge
 than

than that whereby she punished her unhappy Lovers. He had no Mind either to destroy the Princes, whom he tenderly loved, or *Philax* whom he had made endure enough. But bounding his Revenge in putting an End to a Passion so contrary to his, he raised in his Island a Palace of Crystal, provided it with all Things agreeable to Life, except the Means of going out of it; put into it Nymphs and Dwarfs to serve *Imis* and her Lover, and when every Thing was ready for their Reception, transported them both into it. They thought themselves at first at the Height of their Happiness, and returned *Pagan* a thousand Thanks for his gentle Anger, who in the mean Time would not see them so soon together; but apprehending that in Time that Sight would not be so cruel to him, left the Palace of Crystal, after having engraved with a Stick this Inscription.

As Absence was thought by Philax and Imis the greatest of all Misfortunes, Pagan, to revenge himself on their Constancy and Perseverance, hath condemned them here to the perpetual Sight of each other.

It is reported, that at the End of some few Years, *Pagan* had his desired Revenge; and that *Philax* and *Imis* accomplishing the Mountain Fairy's Prediction, with'd with as much Desire to find the Bunch of Lilies again, to destroy the agreeable Enchantment, as they had preserved it before with Care to secure them against the Misfortunes foretold.



The Continuation of the Story of Don
GABRIEL.

WHEN *Lucilla* had made an End of her Story, *Donna Juana* and her Nieces returned her Thanks for the Favour she had done them; and *Don Lewis* for his Part neglected not to praise both her Wit and great Genius: To which *Donna Lucilla* answered, with all Modesty imaginable; when a Servant came in to inform *Donna Juana*, that Dinner was ready, who desired her Nephew to admit the Pilgrim.

Pilgrims to Table, and to receive them handsomely. As soon as the Cloth was taken away, when the Ladies withdrew, Donna Juana took *Lucilla* by the Hand and led her into the Closet, where after some Compliments she told her that it was agreed between her Nephew and herself, that she should go to an Estate she had near *Sevil*; that she should leave her with Regret; but that after what she had done for Don Lewis, she could not refuse completing his Happiness, by marrying him, to preserve her Honour and Reputation; and since by living with a Husband she loved, she would be the less sensible of Solitude. *Lucilla*, who could not help blushing when she mentioned so hasty a Marriage, told her very civilly she should for the Time to come regulate her Conduct by her Orders; that she was sorry to lose her good Company; but since she thought it necessary for her Repose, she should not presume to dissuade her from it. And then *Isidora* and *Melantbia* came in, who were so much prepossessed in Favour of *Lucilla*, and she of them; that they loved at the first Sight. After they had declared how concerned they then both were to leave her, Donna *Lucilla* said, ‘How unfortunate am I to give you so much Trouble, and to be the Occasion of your going from your own House? I fancied to myself a thousand Pleasures from your Conversation, and had never resolved to have come from *Sevil*, had I not form’d to myself a thousand flattering Ideas.’ These tender Words put the two Sisters in Mind of their cruel Separation from Don Gabriel and the Count, and raised in their Imaginations those Torments they should endure by never seeing them more. They sigh’d, and the Tears ran down their Cheeks so plentifully, that *Lucilla*, who look’d upon them as the Marks of their Friendship, throwing her Arms about their Necks, embraced them, mingling her Sighs and Tears with theirs.

While they were thus afflicting themselves, Don Lewis was comforting Don Gabriel and the Count, and giving them an Account of the situation of their Affairs; who, tho’ they knew that their Passions were misplaced,

misplaced, yet hoped that Time, Reason and their Perseverance, might make some Alterations in their Mistresses Hearts : But alas ! what Torments could be greater, than to be separated from the Objects of their Desires ! As Don Lewis was sensible of the cruel State they were in, he did all that lay in his Power to mitigate their Sorrows, saying, ‘ Afflict not yourselves, my dear Friends, I hope my Sisters will know their own Interests ; I will give you an Opportunity presently to entertain them, for ’tis likely Donna Juana will not be long before she goes.’ ‘ Our whole Dependence lies on you, *reply’d they*, therefore judge of our Acknowledgment by the Greatness of the Obligation ; for, in short, we look upon the Love of those two charming Persons as the greatest Happiness that can attend us.’

For Donna Juana, her Thoughts were not half so much employed about her Journey, as how she should take her dear Musician along with her ; but as she was afraid of having some Trouble given her, she waited with the utmost Impatience till the Count’s pretended Marriage was annulled, that she might conclude her own. In short, after a thousand Reflections, her Tenderness prevailed, and she sent for the Count into her Closet, that she might have the more Freedom of Discourse ; where the first Thing she said to him, was, ‘ Don Estevus, I am going away from this House to Andalusia ; will you go along with me ?’ ‘ Wherever you please, Madam, *reply’d he*, and shall think myself too happy that you will suffer me.’ After that, Donna Juana said all the obliging Things she could think of ; and the Hopes of bearing Melambia Company in this Journey, made him in so pleasant an Humour, that he said so many agreeable Things as charmed her.

Things were in this Condition, when Donna Juana went in the Evening to the little Box that stood on that Side of the Park, which had a Closet that looked toward the Wood, which was full of Books and Papers, and of which she kept the Key, and had locked herself in, to look for some Writings. Now

as she seldom or ever came hither, Don *Lewis* pitch'd upon it as a proper Place for Don *Gabriel* and the Count to have the Opportunity to entertain his Sisters, whom he left when he came to the Steps, telling them he would go and acquaint his Friends of their being there; charging them, if they loved him or themselves, not to neglect the making of their Fortunes; which Donna *Juana* hearing, she never left listening attentively to all they said.

They were no sooner up the Stairs, but *Isidora* looking about, said to her Sister, 'This is the Place so fatal to our Quiet, this is the Place where we first heard the lovely Pilgrims; could we then have thought that they made use of that Stratagem to see us?' 'Ah! Sister, interrupted *Melanthia*, how well pleased should I have been, if their Hearts or ours had not erred in their Choice: but what shall we say to them? Shall we own our Sentiments?' 'What would you resolve on, Sister? *reply'd Isidora*: Is it not enough that we hearken to theirs? Do not we wound our Duty, by consenting to this kind of Rendezvous? And does not my Brother, by leading us into an Adventure we are so little acquainted with, break in upon all Rules of Decency? It was proper to have made these Reflections before, interrupted *Melanthia* again; but I must tell you, I am afraid of Things of greater Importance, I am more afraid lest Donna *Juana* should discover our Sentiments.' 'She would be very angry, *reply'd Isidora*, since she has a great Tenderness for the Count, and has made up a green Suit of Clothes embroidered with Silver, on his Account' 'Impossible! said *Melanthia*; the Extravagance is so great, I can hardly believe it.' 'I protest 'tis Truth, continu'd *Isidora*; and if you observe it, few old People regulate their Clothes to their Years: They think to deceive the World by their appearing gay; but in my Opinion they most deceive themselves.' *Melanthia* was returning some Answer, when Don *Gabriel* and the Count came in, who both made very low Bows, but with such an Air of Embarrassment, that each seemed to have their Thoughts very

very much employed, but durst not declare their Sentiments. At last *Isidora* assuming the Discourse, said, ' If we have not given you all the Respect that is owing to your Birth and Worth, you ought to blame yourselves, since your Disguise was the Cause.' ' Ah! Madam, *reply'd Don Gabriel*, we ask for no Compliments; you know our Passion and Intentions, vouchsafe but to approve them, and we shall be too happy: You cannot doubt, *continued he*, but that your Merit had all the Power imaginable over us, since we left *Cadix* on purpose to see you; and knowing the Severity of your Aunt, dressed ourselves in this Disguise, which nothing but the Violence of our Passion could have induced us to: Then think, Madam, if we were capable of doing these Things before we saw you, what we were incapable of after the Sight of such Beauties!'

' If Madam, *said the Count*, you approve my Passion, if any of the Sighs and Vows I have offered up to you be agreeable, that Passion would engage me to do any Thing; but when my Complaisance to *Don Gabriel* obliged me to bear him Company, I look'd upon Love as a dangerous Rock I could not too much avoid: The Condition I saw him in, gave me a Dislike against any such Gallantry, that I in a Manner resolv'd never to engage in any such. But, O Heavens! what Force had my Resolution? When I saw you, my Heart was too much charmed to make the least Resistance, and seem'd as if made only to love you.' ' The just Dread you had of Love, Sir, *reply'd Melanthia*, ought to be an Instruction to me how to withstand such an Engagement.' ' I must own, *answered he*, that *Don Gabriel's* Chagrin was so violent, that I was an hundred Times in the Mind to have renounced his Friendship; but alas! you have justified him too much, and I was satisfied when I knew you, that there is a fatal Hour, wherein all must yield; But why should I name that fatal

Hour,

' Hour, since it lies in your Power, Madam, to make it the happiest of my Life !' *Melantbia's* confused Silence put the Count into such a Perplexity of Thoughts and Fears, that he durst say no more to her ; which she perceiving by his Eyes, told him, That the Declaration he expected from her, was not in her own Power, since he could not be ignorant of her Duty to her Family, as well as to herself.

As so tender a Conversation could not be general any long Time, *Don Gabriel* desired to entertain *Isidora* alone, and led her towards a kind of Alcove ; and *Melantbia*, for her Part, sat by the Door of the Closet, with the Count at her Feet : Where, though they talk'd very low, *Juana* heard all they said. What a cruel Time had the poor Lady to discover that the Count was neither a Pilgrim, Musician, nor her Lover ; but a Man of Birth and Fortune who was in Love with her Niece, whom he design'd to marry, and that he did all that Man possibly could to touch her Heart, swore, sigh'd, and promis'd ; that *Melantbia* seem'd no Ways insensible of all he did ; and that she was made a Fool of ; nay, that the Count ridiculed her about her chimerical Marriage ; who, in short, to tire her Patience, sung these Verses :

*In some private Grot retir'd,
Free to speak without Constraint,
Juana, in a moving Tone,
To Heav'n sends up this Complaint :*

*Age, alas ! and hoary Hairs,
Aweful Distance do require ;
Wrinkles too may claim Respect,
But can't tender Love inspire.*

In short, there was nothing omitted in this Conversation, to convince Donna *Juana* of her Misfortune, and 'tis not to be thought how she was able

to bear it ; for she has said since, that she had not Power to open the Door, and shew herself. For *Isidora* and *Melanthia*, they heard the Protestation of their Lovers with a great deal of Pleasure, and since they could not hope that they would change their first Sentiments, upon considering their Worth, and the Advantage they had in such a Match, thought in Justice they should no longer oppose them.

Never were two Lovers better satisfy'd ; they began to gather Hopes, which they never durst flatter themselves with before ; for they always were afraid, lest *Isidora*, being prepossessed for the Count, and *Melanthia* for Don Gabriel, should refuse to submit to any other Impressions : They parted from them with great Reluctancy, having never tasted so much of Pleasure before. The two Ladies applauded each other on the glorious Conquests they had made ; but the first Impressions had taken so deep Root, that they thought a little Time necessary to be assured of their own Sentiments. Don Gabriel and his Cousin went to Don Lewis in *Lucilla's* Chamber, and *Isidora* and her Sister to their own Apartments ; and in the mean Time Donna Juana, recover'd a little from her Surprise, got into the House, and locking herself up in her Closet, writ the following Letter to the Count d' Aguilar.

‘ YOUR noble Birth does not protect you from
 ‘ the just Reproaches you deserve from me ;
 ‘ you have pretended you were wounded, and
 ‘ counterfeited a false Name, and I have not only received you into my House, but also into my Heart :
 ‘ But, alas ! while I exercised my Hospitality, you
 ‘ meditated my Ruin. You and your Cousin have
 ‘ both had the Liberty to see my Nieces, who are
 ‘ young and innocent, and to engage their Hearts ;
 ‘ use them as you have done me ; but don’t think
 ‘ me so weak to forget your Ingratitude, which I
 ‘ shall carry with me to my Grave. Think on
 ‘ what I would have done for you, when my Ignorance

' rance of your Fortune made you seem so much
 ' below me ; my Kindness deserves all the Acknow-
 ' ledgment of your Heart ; instead of which, you
 ' make me the Subject of your satyrical Songs : I
 ' should have had the utmost Despair to have en-
 ' dured such base Usage, if Fortune had not fur-
 ' nished me with a quick Revenge. Know, Sir,
 ' my Revenge shall be my Comfort ; I take from
 ' you the Persons you love : An austere Convent
 ' shall for the future be answerable for their Con-
 ' duct, and if they marry with you, I will not give
 ' them a Farthing.'

As soon as she had made an End of this Letter,
 and had composed herself, she sent for her Major-
 Domo, and told him she design'd to go at Mid-
 night ; and therefore order'd him to be ready by
 that Time at the Park-Gate, and to let nobody
 know it, but those few Attendants that were to go
 with them, whom he was to enjoin to Secrecy. Af-
 terwards she sent for her Nephew, and said to him,
 ' Believe me, you must lose no Time to marry *Lu-*
 ' *cilla*, for you must think her Relations will come
 ' and take her from you ; and since you love her,
 ' and think the Match so advantageous, to avoid all
 ' Disappointments, I would have you go to-night
 ' to *Compostella*, to get a Licence to marry her here.'
 Which Advice agreeing too well with Don *Lewes*'s
 Passion, for him to find any Difficulty in it, he told
 his Aunt he would but go and speak to *Lucilla*, and
 then take Horse.

By this Means the cunning *Juana* got rid of her
 Nephew, with whom she was as angry as with the
 Pilgrims, whose Friend she knew him to be : But
 to shew an Easiness and Gaiety of Temper, that
 they might have no mistrust of her going, she sung
 all that night a *Spanish* Song, complaining of slight-
 ed Love, which was set to a very agreeable Sara-
 band, which all the Company took Notice of, es-
 pecially the Count ; who thinking it would not be
 amiss

to carry Matters fairly with her, approaching her, said, 'What do you mean by this melancholy Song, Madam? You never sure met a Rival that durst dispute an Heart with you.' Those Lines you heard me sing, *reply'd she, with forced Smile*, have no regard to myself, I only created them out of mere Humour.' *Isidora, Melantbia*, and Don Gabriel, who could not command the Mystery, said, laughing to themselves, 'is certainly a Witch, since nothing could be agreeable to what has pass'd to-day.' Wherefore, who knew more of their Intrigues than thought she did, observing all their Looks and Manners, had much ado to forbear speaking; but rising her Passion, she at last only told them it was late, and so bid them good-night.

Midnight she went into her Nieces Chamber, making them rise, never left them till they dress'd, and ready to go. They, for their part, seeing neither their Brother nor Lovers appear, were in the greatest Consternation imaginable, which Juana never minded, but hurried them in a Coach to Andalusia, without ever letting so much as take their leaves of Lucilla. But

great was the Surprise of our gallant Pilgrim, when the Almoner came the next Morning into his Chamber, and told him Donna Juana was gone, deliver'd her Letter; which, when he had read, he gave it to Don Gabriel, saying, 'We have been betrayed; but how, or by whom, I cannot say, since we have trusted none with the Secret that would discover it: Don Lewis has too much Honour, and Lucilla Discretion; and for Isidora Melantbia, 'tis not probable they should, since Juana seems angry with them, and threatens them with a Convent, and to disinherit them: Therefore she must certainly have heard us; for she was where we were.' To which Don Gabriel, being most apt to give Credit, said, 'Undoubtedly she overheard us in the Box in the Park.'

'Oh!

‘ Oh! cry’d the Count, I remember, as I sat with *Melantbia* by the Closet-door, I often heard a Noise, and fancied it to be like somebody fighting, without its ever entering into my Head that she had locked herself in it. Good God! *continued he*, if *Juana* was there, why did she not come out, and tear out my Eyes?’ ‘ What she has done, *reply’d Don Gabriel melancholy*, is more cruel than Death; believe me, she is revenged enough by taking away what is dearer to us than the Light: I shall never see *Isidora* again, nor you, *Melantbia*. Alas! we shall never have the Liberty to see them, walk with them, and talk with them again; *Juana* is so much enraged against us, that she will oppose all our Designs, and prepossess her Brother against us: It may be she may make her Nieces change the Sentiments they are hardly yet grounded in, either through Fear or Complaisance. The Misfortunes and Troubles I foresee, *contin’d he*, make me ready to die for Rage and Grief, without knowing what to resolve on.’

These melancholy Reflections were followed by a deep Silence, and they seem’d more like Statues than Men; but this Lethargy lasted not long, for the Almoner coming into their Chamber in a Fright, told them, that the Castle was invested by armed Men, who demanded Entrance; that he had but just Time to secure all the Doors; that they threatened to break them open; and that if they thought fit to do it, they were not able to oppose them. Don *Gabriel* and the Count were as much surprized at this News, as unresolved what to do. ‘ Let us preserve *Lucilla* for Don *Lewis*, *said the Count*; ’tis the greatest Piece of Service we can do him.’ ‘ You don’t pretend, *interrupted Don Gabriel*, to hold out a Siege against this little Army.’ ‘ No, *reply’d the Count*; but I pretend that we may take *Horse*, and carry *Lucilla* off by the Park-Gate, where there is no Appearance of their being posted,

'ed, and get to *Tny*, and pass the River *Mensio*;
'and when we are in *Valentia*, we shall be out of
'Danger, since it belongs to *Portugal*.' 'What
'confounds me, said the *Almoner*, is the Horses that
'are left here are good for nothing, and our Affairs
'are so urgent, that we cannot go any where to get
'better.' Whereupon Don *Gabriel* told him, they
must do the best they could, since there were no
other Measures to be taken.

Afterwards they went into Donna *Lucilla*'s Cham-
ber, to acquaint her, and met her coming to theirs.
'Ah! Sir, said she to the Count, who went first, I
'am lost, if you find not out some Way to save me;
'my Grandfather is come, with the Person he de-
'signs to marry me to; I saw them from the Tur-
'ret; they are accompanied with a great Number
'of their Relations and Friends. Alas! continued
'she, crying, what an unhappy Wretch am I to be
'the Cause of so much Disturbance in my own Fa-
'mily, and so much Trouble to Don *Lewis*! For
'how great must his Grief be, if as a Recompence
'for all his Pains, he find me in the Power of his
'Rival?' 'Fair *Lucilla*, said the Count, be per-
'suaded that we will serve you as much as Don
'*Lewis* would, were he here: We have determined
'to carry you off, and not defer it a Moment.'
Afterwards he put on her Veil, and taking her
by the Hand, led her down Stairs, set her on
Horseback behind Don *Gabriel*, and himself mount-
ed the *Almoner*'s Mule, and then went through the
Park without any Obstacle, and made the best of
their Way with their sorry Tits; and would have
been glad to have had their own Horses, if they
could have sent to *Ciudad Rodrigo*, where their Va-
let had lain with them since their first Reception at
Donna *Juana*'s; but their Circumstances would not
allow it.

Don *Ferdinand de la Vega*, who was the Person
that was to have married *Lucilla*, concern'd both
for his Honour and Love, did all he possibly could
to irritate her Grandfather and Relations; and fear-
ing

ing left Don *Lewis* should escape with her by some Back-Door, as soon as he arrived, engaged some Peasants to watch, who knowing the Park-Gate, pretended to be working in the next Field; and seeing *Lucilla* and the two Gentlemen come out there, went and inform'd Don *Ferdinand* of it. He was a young hot-headed Man, not brave, but capable of doing any base Action; and thinking it would be in vain for him to attack Don *Lewis* alone without an Advantage, took two Cousins and two Valets, all well mounted, along with him; and knowing what Road *Lucilla* was gone, posted themselves in a thick Wood they were to pass through; where being favoured by the Trees, they were so cowardly as to fall on Don *Gabriel* and the Count, without giving them any Notice. Don *Gabriel* was wounded in the Knee, and the Count had his right Arm broke; and his Mule being frightened with the Fire and Report of the Piece, ran away with him: And he not having Strength to hold him in, and endeavouring to throw himself off, his Foot hung in the Stirrup, and he was dragg'd a great Way, till the Girt broke at last, and he was left wallowing in his Blood.

Don *Lewis* was returning from *Compocstella* with the Archbishop's Licence, promising to himself all imaginable Felicity; when perceiving a Man lying almost dead, tho' he did not know him, by Reason his Face was all over Blood and Dust, yet, notwithstanding the Haste he was in to get Home, he could not think of leaving him to the Care of his Gentleman and his Valet, but must go towards him: But, O Heavens! what a Meeting was this to so true a Friend? He hasten'd off from his Horse, and embracing the Count, could not refrain from Tears; and while the Valet went to a Spring that was hard by, Don *Lewis* and his Gentleman examined his Wounds; which when they had washed, and assisted him all that lay in their Power, the Count began to breathe, and opening his Eyes, knew Don *Lewis*.
 ' What do you here? said he, in so low a Voice that

he

‘ could hardly be heard; run to *Lucilla*, who will be taken away, in the next Wood, where *Don Gabriel* is wounded.’ *Don Lewis*, at this dismal News, was just ready to expire, not knowing what to do in such an Extremity, having two Friends dead or dying, and a Mistress so dear to him, in the Power of his Enemies; at last resolving to follow her, and to die or bring her back, he left his Gentleman with the Count, and sent his Valet for Assistance: But before he went, addressing himself to his Friend, said, ‘ I am going to succour *Lucilla* and *Don Gabriel*; it shall not be long before I revenge you, and return.’ With that, mounting his Horse, he rid with all Speed to the Wood, where he heard loud Shrieks, which he knew to be *Lucilla*’s Voice, who made all the Resistance she was capable of, against *Don Ferdinand* and one of his Servants, who were setting her upon her Horse; for *Don Gabriel* had killed two of the Assassins, and the others had undergone the same Fate, if they had not concealed themselves behind some Bushes and Trees, from whence they knock’d him down: When *Lucilla*, seeing herself void of all Defence, was for running away, but was stopp’d by *Don Ferdinand*, who used a great deal of Violence to carry her away.

At this Sight *Don Lewis*, more furious than a young Lion robbed of his Prey, flew on those two base Adversaries, whom he soon laid sprawling on the Ground. What a Slaughter was here! Four Men dead on one Side, and *Don Gabriel* on the other without any Sense of Life! *Don Lewis* and *Lucilla* ran to him, and this Scene was no less melancholy than that between him and the Count *d’Aguilar*; neither was his Confusion any ways the less; for he thought if he left his Friend, he should be guilty of the greatest Baseness; and if he staid, he ran the Hazard of losing *Lucilla* again. But as he was considering on what he should do, he heard a Noise, and looking about, perceived it was his Valet, whom he had sent to get Assistance to carry the Count to a Friend’s House that was hard by;
and

and in the mean Time he oblig'd *Lucilla* to hide herself in the thickest Part of the Wood : And the Dread he was in, after the Misfortune of two such Friends, was inexpressible ; he feared lest some ill should befall his Mistress, and that some Serpent or venomous Creature should bite her. Alas ! his Soul was full of Grief and Distrust.

Tho' Don *Gabriel* seemed to be dead, yet Don *Lewis* entertained some Hopes of his Recovery, and followed after with *Lucilla* to his Friend's House, where by some Remedies that were applied, they brought him out of his Swoon, and after searching his Wounds, found none of them dangerous. Don *Lewis* having thus put him into good Hands, and knowing that the Count was at a Gentleman's House he was well known to, he left his Gentleman to take Care of them, and mounted his Horse again, accompanied by two brave young Gentlemen, his Friend's Sons ; having first taken his Leave of Don *Gabriel*, and thanked him for the generous Manner of his preserving his *Lucilla*, and assured him *Isidora* should have no other Person than him : And then went directly for *Portugal*, where he married his beloved *Lucilla*.

In the mean Time, the Grandfather and all his Friends had got into Don *Felix de Sarmiente's* House, where they waited for Don *Ferdinand de la Vega's* bringing *Lucilla* back. When Night came, and was far advanced, and they heard no News of him, they grew uneasy, and sent to seek for him ; but upon hearing of his Misfortunes, both *Lucilla's* Grandfather and his Father expressed an unconsolable Affliction ; and as they were both old, and wanted that Vigour these Sort of Actions require, and were no longer animated by the young Sparks that were with them, they returned to *Seville*, to pursue their Proceedings against Don *Lewis*.

For Donna *Juana*, she was so much enraged, that she took the Road to *Malaga*, without letting her Nieces know where she was going, and carried them to a Convent, wherein she herself had been educated.

sented : Where, after having had a little private Discourse with the Abbess, she put them in, saying to them, ' I would not tell you what Reason I had ' to complain of you, but depend upon it, I know ' all, and am grieved to the Heart, to think that ' you should suffer those young Gentlemen who ' were disguised, so nigh you, who would have ' ruined your Reputations ; therefore I leave you ' here to expiate so great an Offence, from whence ' you shall not stir, unless by your Father's Orders.' ' Madam, reply'd Isidora, with a respectful Haughti- ' ness, we have done nothing wherewith we can re- ' proach ourselves ; and if you know what has pas- ' sed, you are sensible also that we did not know ' the Names of these Gentlemen till the Day be- ' fore the Night we came away. You may remem- ' ber, continued she, that when you determined to ' make them stay, we did all we could to further ' their Departure ; then how could we have any ' Correspondence, since we were so much vexed to ' see them at our House ? 'Tis true indeed, they ' have declared their Sentiments without our being ' angry, since they are so very advantageous to us ; ' and had we the Honour of pleasing you, we should ' not neglect so favourable an Opportunity.'

As Donna Juana could not bring any good Arguments to dispute with her Nieces, she loaded them with Injuries ; for her Insatiation for the Count, instead of diminishing by his Absence, rather increased : Which with the small Hopes she had to engage him, made her perfectly outrageous. *Isidora* and *Melantbia* went into the Convent, where they thought to have met with all the Liberty their civil Behaviour deserved ; but the Doors were no sooner shut upon them, but that they were told they were not to see any body, and were to be debarred the Use of Pen, Ink, and Paper, and were not to be left alone ; for Donna Juana had made the Abbess believe, that some Persons very much beneath them designed to steal them away with their own Consents, and that they could not be watch'd too narrowly.

This

This Precaution was the main Cause old Lady's Designs had not their desired the Abbess made choice of Ladies of the shion among the Religious to be with those Prisoners; among them Donna *Iphigenia* was named as the Chief, because she had pendency with none but her Relations, whom, such poor sorry Wretches as Don represented her Nieces Lovers to be, could bour. Donna *Iphigenia* was endued with Share of Wit and Sweetness of Temper, having a great Deal of Worth in her new Purgeing them very melancholy, did all she could divert them. But it was not long before in need of the same Piece of Service; for she wrote a Letter which the Count *d'Aguilar* her Brother ordered to be writ, in which he told her he was, never mentioning what Rencontre had been in, but only recommending himself to her Prayers, telling her he was wounded and in Pain, and that Don *Gabriel* was in the situation; *Isidora* observed her turn pale, and she was the Reason; who told her she was very grievous, and gave her the Letter, who, as she had read it, gave a Shriek, and fell back into a great Chair; whereupon *Melantia* took her, and *Isidora*, without being able to speak her the Letter, at which *Melantia* expressed Affliction than her Sister.

Iphigenia had never told him the Name of her Family, her Modesty was too great to sufficiently boast of Things which were not agreeable to religious Life; for that Reason she had mentioned the Count and Don *Gabriel*; but when they shewed, exceeded so much that of her and their Sensibility appeared so great, could not but attribute it to some Tenderer Nature; when looking at them without saying, *Isidora* guessing at her Thoughts, she was not surprized, Madam, at our Condition, she was beloved by the Count *d'Aguilar* and Don

‘ and must own we have no Indifference for them, upon whose Account we are here: But, O Heavens! were their Pains but as easy as ours!’
 ‘ What! are my Brother and Cousin your Lovers, *reply’d* Iphigenia, *embracing them*, and do you suffer upon their Accounts? How vexed am I that I knew it not sooner! But, alas! will you pardon my acting the Part of a Spy over you? Undoubtedly you will forgive me, *continued she*, for the Care I will take to accomplish your Desires.’
 ‘ My Heart, *reply’d* Melanthia, waited not for the Knowledge of your Name, but by a secret Foreknowledge, I think, of your being related to the Count *d’Aguilar* and Don *Gabriel*, was inspired with a secret Tenderness for you: But what shall we do to comfort them?’ ‘ Write to them, *answered* Iphigenia, and I will send a Messenger with your Letters. Your Aunt has unluckily put you into wrong Hands to be very strictly obeyed.’
Ifidora and *Melanthia* thanked her for all her Favours, and without deferring a Moment, writ the following Letters.

Ifidora to Don Gabriel.

‘ **Y**OU will be as much surprized to hear that I am at the Convent of *Jerontmites* at *Malaga*, as I was at your being wounded. What can have befallen you, Sir, since we parted? Was not that Separation of itself painful enough, but it must be attended with other Misfortunes? If you love me, neglect not a Life wherein I have as much Concern as you desire, but come hither as soon as you are able, and be assured that you are never out of my Thoughts.’

Melanthia to the Count d’Aguilar.

‘ **Y**OU are at a Distance, and in Danger; too many Misfortunes at once. Alas! Sir, if partaking of them would be any Comfort to you, how serviceable should I be; since my Grief and Trouble are so terrible, I shall have no Quiet till I see you again.’

Afterwards they writ to their Brother, and *Iphigenia* to hers; who, when she had made up her Packet, sent a Person she could trust away with it. We may easily suppose the Count's Joy at such unexpected and very acceptable News, which contributed more towards his Cure than all the Remedies that were applyed. Don *Gabriel*, who, as soon as he was able to bear the Litter, was brought into the same Chamber that the Count lay in, expressed the utmost Joy at *Isidora's* Kindness; and both desired the Gentleman at whose House they were, to write down and inform those dear Ladies of all that had passed since Donna *Juana's* Departure. But as ill as the Count was, he made a Shift to scrawl over these few Words:

‘**Y**OU shall see me soon at your Feet, the most respectful of all Lovers.’

For Don *Gabriel*, who was not so bad, he writ in these Terms:

‘**W**E thought of following you, when a thousand Accidents have fallen out to stay us. But, Madam, I cannot express the most agreeable Surprise I was in, to receive a Letter from you, and my Transport of Joy at those Proofs of your Bounty, but by declaring my Passion, which is so violent, that when I was upon the Point of Death I regretted nought but you. Happy should I be to have any Part of your Esteem, since I am nothing without you.’

The Messenger made all the Haste he could to relieve *Iphigenia* and the two lovely Sisters out of their Pain for the Cavaliers Healths. The tender Expressions in their Letters had so great an Effect upon them, that they resolved to do Justice to their Sentiments, and to love the Persons who adored them; and to further their Marriage, writ in the Mind they were then in, to Don *Lewis*, who only waited for their Consents to ask his Father's. Don *Gabriel*
writ

writ to his Father, who was then at *Madrid*, and acquainted him with what he had done; who, pleased that his Son had made Choice of a virtuous Lady, approv'd of all, and desir'd his Brother, the Count of *Leon*, who was then at *Cadix*, to manage that Affair for him.

Don *Felix de Sarmiento* found himself so much honour'd by the Match his Son propos'd for his Sisters, that he thought it proper to go to *Malaga*, to remove all Difficulties that might be started; for the Proceedings against Don *Lewis* would not suffer him to come into *Andalusia*. The Lovers and their Mistresses received the good News with all imaginable Satisfaction. Don *Gabriel* and the Count were soon in a Condition to go to *Malaga*, where they found the Count *de Leon* and Don *Felix*, who agreed very well about the Fortunes and Settlements.

All this while the melancholy disconsolate *Juana* cherish'd her own Poison at her Country-Seat, whither her Brother went to invite her to his Daughters Weddings, which was such a Thunder-clap to her, that she could not forbear telling him all that her Rage could invent: But Don *Felix* was so well inform'd of all that had pass'd, that all her Remonstrances and Menaces had no Effect: Which she perceiving, she posted away to *Sevil*, and gave all she had to *Lucilla's* Grandfather, and Don *Ferdinand's* Father, to be a lasting Plague to her own Family. But as they were not able to hurt Persons of such distinguish'd Worth and Quality, an Accommodation was made, and the Marriages of Don *Gabriel* with *Isidora*, and the Count with *Melantbia*, celebrated with all the Magnificence and Satisfaction imaginable. For Donna *Juana*, she had been ruin'd by her Folly, if Don *Felix* had not happily found out a Way to appease Donna *Lucilla's* Grandfather, who forgave Don *Lewis* for taking away his Grand-daughter, and gave her to him in Marriage; so that her Fortune return'd to the Family of the *Sarmientos* again. Don *Lewis*, out of Generosity, gave it to her for her Life, and she retired to the

Convent of the *Carmelites*, where she spent the rest of her Days.

Madam D——— having made an End of her Story, a great Collation was prepared in a green Arbor nigh the Fountain, which the Countess de F——— refused to go and partake of, unless Madam D——— would promise to tell them some other Stories; which Project all the rest of the Company applauded. ‘ Since you are so much delighted with them, *said Madam D———*, we will then begin with the Story of *Anguiletta*, and after that a *Spanish* Story; which, with some others, will be worth your hearing.’



The Story of ANGUILETTA.

HOW great soever Fortune may raise those she favours, yet there is no Happiness exempt from Trouble. Those who have any Knowledge of the Fairies, cannot be ignorant, that they, as wise as they seem, have not yet found out the Secret of securing themselves from the Misfortune of changing their Shapes some Days in every Month, and assuming that of a Bird, Beast, or Fish.

On these fatal Days, when they are left a Prey to the Cruelty of Men, it is often difficult for them to save themselves from the Danger to which this hard Necessity exposes them.

One of them, who transform'd herself into an Eel, was unluckily taken by some Fishermen, who put her presently into a Cistern of Water in the Middle of a fine Meadow, where they kept the Fish reserved for the King's Table.

Anguiletta, which was the Fairy's Name, found there a great many fine Fish, and heard the Fishermen say one to another, ‘ That the King made that Night a great Entertainment, for which those Fish had been carefully pick'd out.’

What

What dismal News was this for the unhappy Fairy, who accused her Fate a thousand Times, and sigh'd grievously when she got to the Bottom, whether she went, that she might bewail her Misfortune the more privately? The Desire of avoiding the impending Danger, made her look abroad on all Sides, to see if there was any Way to escape, and regain the River, which was but a small Distance from thence; but it proved all in vain, the Cistern was too deep to hope to get out of it without Assistance. And her Fears increased when she saw the Fishermen who took her, approaching, who put in their Nets; and *Anguiletta*, by avoiding them, thought only to defer her Death for some Time.

At that instant, the King's youngest Daughter, who was then walking in the Meadow, came to the Cistern to amuse herself with looking at the Fish; when the Sun, which was then about setting, shining in the Water, *Anguiletta's* Skin, which was streak'd with Gold, appear'd so bright, that the Princess took Notice of it, and finding it very beautiful, bid the Fishermen take that Eel, and give it her.

When the Princess had look'd on *Anguiletta* some Time, moved with Compassion, she ran to the River-Side, and threw her in; which unhop'd for Service touch'd the Fairy's Heart with so lively an Acknowledgment, that she appeared that very Moment on the Top of the Water, and said to the Princess, 'I owe my Life to you, generous *Ploufina*, (which was the Name of the Princess,) which is a great Happiness for you. Be not afraid, *contin'd she*, seeing her going to run away, I am a Fairy, and will satisfy you in the Truth of my Words by what I will do for you.'

As they were used to see Fairies in these Days, *Ploufina* took Courage, and gave great Attention to *Anguiletta's* agreeable Promises, and was about to make some Answer; when the Fairy interrupting her, said, 'Stay till you have received my Favours, before you assure me of your Acknowledgment. Go, young Princess, and come here again Tomorrow.'

‘morrow Morning; with for what you would have, and I will as soon accomplish it: Choose either perfect Beauty, a lively piercing Wit, or vast Riches.’ After these Words, *Anguiletta* dived in the Water, and left *Ploufina* very well satisfied with her Adventure.

She resolved to trust nobody with what had happen’d to her; for she said to herself, ‘If *Anguiletta* should deceive me, my Sisters may think I have invented this Story.’

After this short Reflection she return’d to her Train, which consisted only of a few Women, whom she found looking for her.

All that Night the young *Ploufina* was engaged in the Choice she was to make; that of Beauty had a great Sway with her; but as she had Wit enough to desire more, she resolved to ask the Favour of the Fairy.

She rose next day with the Sun, ran to the Meadow, as she said, to gather Flowers to make a Garland, to present to her Mother when she was up; but at the same Time, while her Women dispersed themselves in the Meadow, which was all enamell’d, to pick out the finest and sweetest Flowers, the young Princess stole to the River’s Side, and found at the Place where she had seen the Fairy, a Pillar of white Marble perfectly fine, which presently open’d, and the Fairy came out of it; who was no longer a Fish, but a beautiful Woman, of a majestic Air, whose Head-dress and other Apparel were covered over with Jewels: ‘I am *Anguiletta*, said she to the young Princess, who look’d at her with great Attention, and come to perform my Promise; you have made Choice of Wit, you shall have from this Moment, enough to deserve the Envy of all those who have hitherto pretended to it.’

The young *Ploufina* after these Words, found herself quite different from what she was an Instant before; she thanked the Fairy with an Eloquence, which till then she had never been Mistress of, the Fairy smiling at the Princess’s Amazement to find so much Ease in expressing herself.

‘I am

‘ I am so well pleased, *continu’d the kind Anguiletta*, at the Choice you have preferably made to Beauty, which People of your Age are so much delighted with, that to recompense you, I will bestow that Beauty on you, which you this Day have so prudently neglected. Come again To-morrow at the same Hour, I give you that Time to chuse how beautiful you would be.’

Then the Fairy disappearing, left the young *Ploufina* more pleased than ever : The Choice of Wit was the Effect of her Reason, but the Promise of Beauty flatter’d her Heart ; and what reaches that, we are generally the most affected with.

The young Princess leaving the River’s Side, went to receive the Flowers her Women presented her with, of which she made a very agreeable Garland, and carried it to the Queen ; but how surprized was that Princess, the King and the whole Court, when they heard the young *Ploufina* speak with a Grace that captivated their Hearts.

The Princesses her Sisters, strove in vain to think her less witty than others ; but were forced to yield even to their Astonishment and Admiration.

At Night the Princess, possess’d with the Hopes of being handsome, instead of going to Bed, sat up in her Closet, which was hung with Pictures, which represented, under the Figures of Goddesses, all the Queens and Princesses of her House ; and as all those Pictures were very fine, she hoped they might be assisting to her in the Choice of a Beauty worthy of being ask’d of the Fairy.

A *Juno* presented herself first to her Eyes, fair, and set off with an Air fit to represent the Queen of the Gods ; *Pallas* and *Venus* were by her ; This Piece being the Judgment of *Paris*.

The young Princess was very much pleased with the Pride and Stateliness of *Pallas* ; but the Beauty of *Venus* inclined her there to fix her Choice : Nevertheless she pass’d on to the next, where she saw *Pomona* leaning on a Bed of Turfs, under Trees loaded with the finest Fruits, who seem’d so charming, that the Princess, who since the Morning knew every

every Thing, was not surprized that a God had assumed so many Shapes to strive to please her.

Diana appeared next, as represented by the Poets, with a Quiver on her Back, and a Bow in her Hand, pursuing a Stag, and follow'd by her Nymphs.

Flora appear'd a little more careful; she seem'd walking in a Parterre, the Flowers of which, tho' admirable, came not up to her Complexion: Next her were the *Graces*, who look'd beautiful and engaging.

But the Princess was most struck with a Picture that hung over the Chimney, which was the Goddess of Youth: A charming Air appear'd through the whole Figure; the Hair was of the finest white, the Turn of her Face admirable, the Mouth delicate, the Shape and Breasts perfectly fine and beautiful, and her Eyes appear'd more formidable to disturb our Reason, than the Nectar she was feign'd to pour out.

'I will, cry'd the young Princess, viewing the lovely Portrait, be as beautiful as *Hebe*, and, if possible, as lasting.'

After this, she went into her Chamber, where the Day she expected seem'd too slow to second her Impatience; but at length appearing, she return'd to the River-Side, where the Fairy kept her Word: And throwing some Water in *Ploufina's* Face, rendered her as beautiful as she wish'd to be.

The first Effect of the fortunate *Ploufina's* Charms, was the Praises of some Sea-Gods that accompanied the Fairy; she saw herself in the Water, and knew not herself, her Silence and Amazement being then the only Marks of Acknowledgment. 'I have fulfilled all your Desires, said the generous Fairy to her; you ought to be satisfied, but I shall not, till I have exceeded your Desires by my Bounty.'

'I give you with Wit and Beauty, all the Treasures in my Disposal, which are inexhaustible; wish only for what Riches you would have, and you shall that Minute obtain them, both for yourself and whoever you think fit.'

The

The Fairy afterwards disappear'd, and the young *Ploufina*, who was then as handsome as *Hebe*, return'd to the Palace. All that met her were charm'd: They told the King of her Arrival, who admir'd her himself, but knew her only by her Voice and Wit. She inform'd him that a Fairy had bestow'd those invaluable Gifts on her; and that she would be called *Hebe*, because she perfectly resembled the Picture of that Goddess.

What new Grounds of Hatred were here for her Sisters! Her Wit gave them less Jealousy than her Beauty now.

All the Princes who had been captivated by their Charms, no longer balanced to become unfaithful; they forsook all the Beauties of that Court, no Tears nor Reproaches could stay those fickle Lovers: And this Proceeding, which at that Time appear'd so surprizing, hath since, they say, become common. In short, they all burnt for *Hebe*, whose Heart remain'd insensible.

Notwithstanding the Hatred of her Sisters, she neglected nothing that might please them; she wish'd for so much Treasure for the Eldest, (for to wish, and give, was with her the same.) that the greatest Monarch of that Country ask'd that Princess in Marriage, and the Wedding was consummated with great Magnificence.

The King, *Hebe's* Father, being inclined to raise a great Army, the Wishes of that fair Princess crown'd all his Enterprizes with Success; his Kingdom and Treasury became thereby very much enrich'd, which render'd him a most formidable Prince.

Nevertheless the divine *Hebe*, wearied with the Hurry of the Court, went to spend some Months in a pretty Box, some Distance from the capital Town, where she laid aside all Magnificence, contenting herself with what was gallant, and of a charming Plainness; Nature there only embellish'd the Walks, since Art was not then used.

A Wood surrounded this pretty Retreat, the Paths of which had something wild in them, di-
vided

vided by Brooks and little Rivulets, which formed natural Cascades.

The young *Hebe* walking often in this solitary Wood, one Day felt a secret Grief and Languishing, which never forsook her; she was ignorant of the Cause of it, and sat herself down on the Grass by the Brook-Side, the purling Noise of which entertained her Thoughts.

‘What Chagrin, *said she to herself*, disturbs the Excess of my good Fortune? What Princess in the World enjoys so perfect an Happiness as myself? I have by the Fairy’s Bounty, all I wish’d for; I can load all about me with Riches; all that see me adore me, and yet my Heart possesses not quiet Thoughts; I cannot imagine whence proceeds the insupportable Disquiet, which hath for some Time oppos’d the Felicity of my Life.’

Thus the young Princess continually reflected, till at length she resolv’d to go to the River, to endeavour to see *Anguilletta*.

The Fairy accustomed to flatter her Desires, appear’d on the Water, for it was one of those Days when she was metamorphos’d into a Fish.

‘I behold you always with Pleasure, young Princess, *said she to Hebe*; I know you are come from a very solitary Abode, and you appear to me languishing, which is no Way agreeable to your Fortune. What ails you, *Hebe*? Tell me.’ ‘I ail nothing, *reply’d the young Princess in Confusion*; you have heap’d too many Favours on me to want any Thing to compleat the Happiness which you have bestow’d upon me.’

‘You sail would deceive me, *answer’d the Fairy*; I know very well you are not content; but what can you desire more? Merit my Bounty by a sincere Confession, and I promise to accomplish your Desires.’ ‘I know not what I would have, *said the charming Hebe*; yet I am sensible, *contin’d she, lowering her Eyes*, I want something that is absolutely necessary to compleat my Happiness.’

‘Oh! *cry’d the Fairy*, ’tis Love you desire; that
‘Passion

‘ Passion only is capable of making you think so fantastically as you do

‘ A dangerous Disposition! *continu'd the young Fairy*: You want Love, you shall have it; Hearts are naturally but too much disposed to it: But let me tell you, you will call to me in vain to put an End to that fatal Passion you think so great an Happiness, my Power extending not so far.’

‘ That matters not, *reply'd the young Princess hastily, blushing and smiling at the same Time*: Alas! what should I do with all the Riches you have given me, if I, in my Turn, might not contribute to another's Felicity?’ At this Discourse the Fairy sigh'd, and shrunk beneath the Water.

Hebe returned to her Solitude, with Hopes that already began to calm her Troubles; the Fairy's Menaces somewhat disturbed her, but those wise Reflections were soon chased away by others more dangerous, but much more delightful.

When she came to her little Box, she found a Messenger from the King, who sent for her to come to Court the next Day. The King and Queen received her with Pleasure, and told her that a strange Prince in his Travels arriving at their Court, they had a Mind to make an Entertainment for him, to shew other Courts the Magnificence of theirs.

The young *Hebe*, in a Trouble she could not account for, ask'd her Sister at first, if the Stranger was handsome. ‘ You never saw any Thing like him,’ *answered the Princess*. ‘ Describe him to me,’ *reply'd Hebe in Disorder*. ‘ He is such as they feign Heroes to be,’ *answer'd Ileria*; his Shape is fine, his Air noble, his Eyes full of Fire, which the Power of one of the most insensible Ladies of the Court has already confess'd; he has a very fine Head of brown Hair, and needs but shew himself to gain the Attention of all that see him.’

‘ You set him off to the best Advantage,’ *reply'd Hebe*; do you not flatter him?’ ‘ No, Sister, *answer'd the Princess Ileria, with a Sigh she could not retain*: Alas! you will find him but too worthy of pleasing.’ At

At Night the Prince paid the Queen a Visit, who presented him to *Hebe*, whom he had not seen; but never were two Hearts so soon, or so sensibly touch'd, or ever had more Reason.

The Conversation was on different Subjects, but bright and agreeable, and supported by all that Vivacity the Desire of pleasing could inspire.

When the Queen retired, and the fair *Hebe* had Time to make some Reflections, she was sensible she had lost that Tranquillity which she knew not the Value of. 'Oh! *Anguiletta*, cry'd she, as soon as alone; what an Object have you permitted me to behold? Your sage Counsels are destroyed by his Presence. Why gave you not me Strength to resist such Charms? But perhaps their Power exceeds that of a Fairy.' *Hebe* slept but little that Night, she rose very early, and the Care of dressing her against the Entertainment at Night, amazed her all that Day with an Attention she was ignorant of till then; she being willing to please, for the first Time, the young Stranger, whose Desires were the same, forgot nothing that might render him amiable in the charming *Hebe's* Eyes. The Princess *Ileria*, on her Part, neglected nothing that might please; she was Mistress of a thousand Beauties, and when *Hebe* was absent, appear'd the most charming Person in the whole World; but that Princess's Presence effaced them all.

At Night there was a noble Entertainment, follow'd by a fine Ball, and the young Stranger had, without Dispute, taken Notice of the Magnificence, could he have regarded any Thing but the beautiful *Hebe*.

After the Repast, there was a fine Illumination, which gave as great a Light in the Gardens of the Palace, as if it had been Day. They went to take a pleasant Walk. The lovely Stranger gave the Queen his Hand; but that Honour did not make Amends for the Chagrin of being separated a Moment from his Princess. The Trees were covered with Festons of Flowers, and the Lamps which gave the Light were disposed in such a Manner, as to represent

present Bows and Arrows, and other Arms of Love, and in some Places form'd Lines of Writing.

They went into a little Wood illuminated like the Gardens, where the Queen sat herself down by an agreeable Fountain, about which there were placed Seats of Turfs, adorn'd with Garlands of Pinks and Roses. While the Queen talked with the King, with a great Croud of Courtiers about them, the Princesses amused themselves with looking at some Characters the little Lamps form'd, the amiable Stranger standing then by the charming *Hebe*; who casting her Eyes on a Place where Arrows were represented, read aloud these Words, which were written under them:

They are invincible.

'Such are the Darts shot from the divine *Hebe's* Eyes,' said the unknown Prince looking on her tenderly. The Princess heard him, and was confus'd; but her Embarrassment seem'd to the Prince a happy Presage to his Love, he having observ'd no Anger.

When the Diversions were over, the Charms of the Stranger had too sensibly touch'd the Heart of *Ileria*, for her not to perceive he loved another. Before *Hebe's* coming to Court, that Prince had render'd her some little Favours; but since that, had been altogether taken up with his Tenderness for *Hebe*.

In the mean Time, this young Stranger endeavoured by his Love to move the Heart of the beautiful Princess: He was in Love, amiable, and his Fate obliged him to love; and the Fairy abandoning her to the Inclination of her Heart, what Excuses were there for her to yield, who could not long hold out against herself?

The charming Stranger told her he was a King's Son, and was called *Atimir*; whose Name was well known to the Princess; for that Prince had done Wonders in a War between the two Kingdoms; and as they had always been Enemies, he went not by his true Name at her Father's Court.

The young Princess, after a Conversation, wherein her Heart had fully received the sweet and dangerous Poiso-

Poison the Fairy had spoke to her of, permitted *Atimir* to discover to the King his Rank and Love; who, transported with Joy, ran to his Majesty, and spoke to him with all the Ardour his Tenderness could inspire.

The King conducted him to the Queen. Before this Marriage, a lasting Peace was made, and the beautiful *Hebe* was promised to her happy Lover, as soon as he had received his Father's Consent. This News being spread abroad, the Princess *Ileria* felt a Grief equal to her Jealousy; she cried and groaned, but was forced to constrain herself, and conceal her useless Grief.

The charming *Hebe* and *Atimir* seeing one another every Day, their Tenderness augmented, and at that happy Time, the Princess could not comprehend why the Fairies, when they would compleat the Happiness of Mortals, should not use all their Art and Knowledge to make them love.

An Ambassador from *Atimir's* Father arrived at Court, who had been expected with great Impatience, and brought with him his Consent; every Thing was prepared for the Marriage, and *Atimir* had nothing to fear: A dangerous State for a Lover one would preserve faithful!

The Prince thus assured of his Happiness, became somewhat less sensible: One Day, as he was looking for *Hebe* in the Gardens of the Palace, he heard the Voices of some Women in a Summer-Box of Honey-suckles; and hearing his Name mentioned, which excited his Curiosity to know more, he drew near to them, and heard the Princess *Ileria* say to a Person that was with her, 'I shall die before that fatal Day, my dear *Cleonice*: The Gods will not permit me to see the ungrateful Man whom I love, united to the too happy *Hebe*: my Torments are too grievous for my Life to endure much longer.' 'But, Madam, answered the Damsel, the Prince *Atimir* is not unfaithful, he never made you any Vows: Fate alone is the Cause of your Misfortunes; and among so many Princes that adore you, you may find more a-

miable

'miable than him, if a fatal Prevention possesses not your Heart.'

'Is there any in the whole World so lovely as him?'
'reply'd Ileria. Powerful Fairy! *added she with a Sigh*, of all the Favours you have bestowed on the fortunate *Hebe*, I only envy *Atimir's* Love.'

This Discourse of the Princess's was interrupted by her Tears. Alas! how happy had she been, had she known how much she touched the Heart of *Atimir*?

She started up to go out of the Box, and the Prince hid himself behind some Trees. The Tears and Passion of *Ileria* had softened his Heart, which he looked upon then, only as Compassion, in favour of a beautiful Princess, whom he, against his Will, had made unhappy. Afterwards he went and found *Hobe*, whose Charms suspended all other Thoughts at that Time.

In crossing the Gardens to return to the Palace, he found something under his Feet, which he took up, and found it to be a fine Pocket-Book. It was not far off the Box where he heard the Conversation of *Ileria*, therefore he feared to shew the Pocket-Book, lest he should give *Hebe* any Knowledge of that Adventure; but hid it from that Princess, who was then employed in doing something to her Head-Dress.

That Night *Ileria* went not to the Queen, who was told she was not very well after walking; and *Atimir* comprehended that she had a Mind to conceal the Disorder he had seen her in at the Box, which Thought redoubled his Compassion.

As soon as he got to his Apartment, he opened the Pocket-Book he had found, and on the first Leaf found a Cypher of a double *A*, crowned with Myrrh, and supported by two Loves, one of which seemed to wipe his Eyes, and the other to break his Arrows.

The Sight of this Cypher moved the young Prince: he knew very well what *Ileria* meant; turned over the next Leaf to know more, and found these Words writ on the Backside:

*Almighty Love, your Charms display'd,
Which did my easy Heart invade:*

*Ab Cruel ! thus your power to prove,
And blefs another with your Love.*

The Hand, which he knew very well, informed him it was the Princess *Ileria's* Book ; he was touched with these tender Sentiments, which, far from being supported by his Love and Care, were not so much as supported by Hope. These Verses put him in Mind, that before *Hebe's* Arrival at the Court, he thought *Ileria* amiable ; he began to look upon himself as false to that Princess, and indeed became too much so to the charming *Hebe*.

However, he opposed the first Emotions ; but his Heart was used to be fickle, and we seldom are capable of breaking ourselves of an ill Habit.

He threw *Ileria's* Pocket-Book upon the Table, resolved never to look into it ; but took it up again in spite of himself a Moment afterwards, and found in it a thousand Things which compleated *Ileria's* Triumph over the divine *Hebe*.

A thousand confused Thoughts possessed the Prince's Heart all Night : In the morning he waited on the King, who appointed the Day of his Marriage with *Hebe*. *Atimir* answered with a Confusion which the King took for a Mark of his Love. How hard it is to know the Hearts of Men, since that Confusion was the Effect of his Infidelity !

The King was going to the Queen, and the Prince was obliged to follow him. He had not been there long, when the Princess *Ileria* appearing with a languishing Look, which the unconstant *Atimir* knowing too well the Cause of, rendered her more lovely in his Eyes ; he made up to her, talked to her a long while, and informed her he was not ignorant of her Sentiments for him, and afterwards explained himself to her with a Tenderness which was an Happiness too great, and but little expected by *Ileria*.

The charming *Hebe* came in at the same Time ; the Sight of her made the Princess *Ileria* and the light *Atimir* blush. ' How handsome she is ! said *Ileria*,
' looking on the Prince with an Emotion she could not
' conceal : Fly hence, Sir, or deprive me quite of
' Life.'

‘ Life.’ To which the Prince could make no Answer : When *Hebe* approached with an Air and Charms which cast a thousand Reproaches on the ungrateful *Atimir*, all which he could not support, he left the Princess, and told her he was going to dispatch a Courier to the King his Father ; and she for her Part, being prepossessed in his Favour, observed not those Looks he sometimes cast on *Ileria*.

While *Ileria* triumph’d secretly, the fair *Hebe* was told by the King and Queen, she was to be married to *Atimir* in three Days. But how unworthy was he then of the Sentiments that News created in the Heart of the lovely *Hebe* ?

The Prince, tho’ possessed with a false Passion, spent Part of the Day with *Hebe* ; and *Ileria*, who knew of it, thought she should have died a thousand Times for Jealousy ; her Love redoubling whenever she had any the least Hope.

As the Prince was going into his Apartment at Night, he receiv’d a Letter from an unknown Man, which he opened in haste, and found these Words in it.

‘ **I** Yield to a Passion a thousand Times more strong
 ‘ than my Reason ; but since it is in vain to conceal those Sentiments from you, which Chance
 ‘ hath discovered, come, Prince, and know the Resolution my tender Love hath made me take. How
 ‘ happy should I be, if it cost me but my Life !’

The Person that brought this Letter, told him, he was order’d to conduct him where the Princess *Ileria* waited for him. *Atimir*, without considering a Moment, followed him. After a great many Turnings and Windings, they came to a small Pavilion full of Lights, which was at the End of a close-shaded Alley ; where he found *Ileria* with only one of her Women, the rest being gone to walk in the Garden.

Ileria was set on a crimson Cushion, embroidered with Gold ; her Dress, which was both gallant and magnificent, was yellow and Silver Tissue ; her fine black Hair was dressed with Ribbons of the same Colour.

lour as her Clothes, intermixed with Diamonds. At the Sight of her, *Atimir*, ashamed at being false, fell on his Knees by her, and *Ileria*, looking on him with a Tenderness that sufficiently betrayed the Sentiments of her Heart, said, 'Prince, I sent for you not to persuade you to break off your Marriage : I know too well 'tis resolved on : But since some Words which you were pleased to flatter my Misfortune and Tenderness with, do not permit me to believe you will leave *Hebe* for me ; yet, continued she with Tears that entirely seduced the Heart of *Atimir*, I will sacrifice to my Love, without Regret, a Life you have rendered so painful to me ; and this Poison, *showing a little Box she held in her Hand*, shall secure me from the frightful Punishment of seeing you *Hebe's* Spouse.'

'No, beautiful *Ileria*, cry'd the fickle Prince, I will not be hers ; I will leave her to please you, whom I love a thousand Times better ; and notwithstanding my Duty and Faith so solemnly given, I am ready to conduct you where nothing shall constrain our Love.' Alas, Prince ! said *Ileria*, sighing, shall I trust myself with one so false ? 'I will never be so to you, reply'd *Atimir* ; and the King your Father, who gave me *Hebe*, will not refuse me the lovely *Ileria*, when she shall be in my Power.' 'Let us go then, *Atimir*, said the Princess, after some Time of Silence, let us go where our Fate hurries us ; whatever I may suffer, nothing can balance in my Heart the sweet Pleasure of being ador'd by the Man I love.'

After these Words they consulted Measures for their Departure ; and having no Time to lose, they resolved on the Night following. They parted with a great deal of Reluctancy : And notwithstanding *Atimir's* Oaths, *Ileria* yet dreaded *Hebe's* Charms : and was the remainder of the Night, and the Day following, continually possessed with that Fear.

In the mean Time the Prince gave all necessary Orders for their secret Departure ; and the next Night, when every body was retired in the Palace, went to *Ileria's* Pavilion in the Garden, where she waited

waited for him, attended only by *Cleanice*. They went away, and with incredible Speed got out of the Kingdom. In the Morning, this News was made known by a Letter *Ileria* writ to the Queen, and one writ by *Atimir* to the King ; which were very moving, and easily discover'd that Love was the Dictator. The King and Queen were in an extreme Rage ; but Words are not capable to express the piercing Grief of the unfortunate and charming *Hebe* : How great was her Despair, and how many her Tears ! What Vows did she not offer to the Fairy *Anguiletta* to put an End to those cruel Calamities she had foretold ! *Hebe* returned in vain to the River-side ; *Anguiletta*, who was as good as her Word, never appear'd, but abandon'd her to the most frightful Despair. The Princes, whom the ungrateful *Atimir's* good Fortune had discarded, took fresh Hopes, and their Cares and Love seem'd new Torments to the faithful *Hebe*.

The King desired her passionately to make Choice of a Spouse, and oftentimes press'd her to it ; but this Duty appeared too cruel to her Tenderness ; she resolv'd to leave her Father's Kingdom, but before her Departure, went once again to find *Anguiletta*.

The Fairy, who this Time could not resist the Tears of the beautiful *Hebe*, appear'd ; at the Sight of her the Princess renew'd her Tears, having no Power to speak to her. ' You know now, said the Fairy, what the fatal Happiness is, which I was always willing to refuse you ; but, *Hebe*, *Atimir* has punish'd you but too well for not following my Advice : Go, and avoid this Place, which calls into your Remembrance all your Tenderness : you will find a Vessel by the Sea-side that will carry you to the only Place in the World, where you may be cured of this unhappy Passion that causes your Despair ; but remember, added *Anguiletta*, raising her Voice, that when your Heart is easy and quiet, you never seek after the fatal Presence of *Atimir*, which will cost you your Life.' *Hebe* with'd more than once, to see that Prince once again, whatever that Pleasure should cost her ; but some Remains of Reason,

Reason, and Value of her Honour, made her resolve to accept of the Fairy's Proposal. She thank'd her for this last Kindness, and went the next Day to the Sea-side, attended by those Women she had the greatest Confidence in.

There she found *Anguiletta's* Vessel, all gilt with Gold, the Masts of inlaid Work, the Sails of Silver and Rose-colour'd Tissue, on which were writ *Liberty*. The Sailors Jackets were of the same Colour as the Sails, and every Thing seem'd to breathe the Sweets of Liberty.

The Princess went into a magnificent Cabin, the Furniture of which was admirable, and the Paintings perfectly fine. She still afflicted herself as much in this new Abode, as in her Father's Court; they endeavour'd to divert her by a thousand Pleasures, but the State she was in would not permit her to give any Attention to them.

One Day as she was amusing herself in looking on some Paintings in the Cabin, in the Place that represented a Landscape, she observed a young Shepherdess with a smiling Air cutting of Nets, to let some Birds at Liberty that were taken; and some of those little Creatures that were escaped, seem'd to fly towards Heaven with a wonderful Swiftnefs. The other Paintings seem'd to represent such like Subjects; nothing seem'd to speak of Love, but all boasted of the Charms of Liberty; which made the Princess, in a melancholy Tone, say, 'Will my Heart be always insensible for so sweet an Happiness, for which my Reason makes such vain Efforts?'

Thus the unhappy *Hebe* lived possess'd with her Tendernefs, and at the same Time with the Desire of forgetting it.

They had been about a Month at Sea, when one Morning, as the Princess was upon Deck, she discern'd at a Distance, a Coast that seem'd very pleasant; the Trees were of a surprizing Height and Beauty, and when they were nearer, she observ'd they were full of Birds, the Plumage of which was of a bright shining Colour; they made a charming Concert, their
Songs

Songs being so sweet, that they seem'd as if they fear'd to make too great a Noise.

When they arrived at this Shore, the Princess and her Women landed ; where she no sooner breathed the Air of that Island, but she felt a perfect Tranquillity in her Breast, and suffered herself to be surprized by an agreeable Sleep, which closed her Eyes for some Time.

This agreeable Country, which was to her unknown, was the *peaceable Island*, which the Fairy *Anguiletta*, who was a near Relation to the Prince that govern'd there, had endow'd for above two thousand Years, with the happy Gift of curing the most unfortunate Passions, and assured them that Gift should still continue ; but the Difficulty was to get to that Island.

While the beautiful *Hebe* enjoy'd a Repose she had not tasted the Sweets of for Six Months before, the Prince of the *peaceable Island* was taking the Air in that Wood which bordered by the Sea-side, in his Chariot, drawn by four white young Elephants, and attended by his Court.

There he saw the Princess asleep ; her Beauty surprized him. He alighted out of his Chariot with a Precipitation and Vivacity he never felt till then. He took at that Sight all the Love the Charms of *Hebe* were worthy of inspiring. The Noise awaken'd her, and she opening her Eyes, discover'd a thousand new Beauties to the young Prince. He was about the same Age of *Hebe*, which was nineteen : His Beauty was perfect ; a thousand Graces were in all his Actions ; his Shape extraordinary, and his Hair, which hung in large Ringlets down to the Middle of his Back, was of the same Colour as *Hebe's*. His Habit was made of Feathers of a thousand different Colours ; he had over it a kind of Cloke, that trailed on the Ground, made of Swan's Feathers, buckled on the Shoulder by very fine Diamonds. His Belt was all of Diamonds, on which hung by Chains of Gold a small Sabre, cover'd over with Rubies. He had a kind of Head-piece, made
of

of Feathers like the rest, on which were button'd, by a very large Diamond, some Heron Feathers, which set it off with greater Splendor.

This Prince was the first Object that presented itself to the young Princess when she awaken'd. He appear'd to her worthy of her Regard; and it was the first Time in all her Life that ever she look'd on any other but *Atimir* with any Attention.

' Every Thing assures me, *said the Prince of the peaceable Island to the Princess*, that you are the divine *Hebe*: Alas, ! who besides could boast so many Charms ?' ' Who could, Sir, so soon inform you, *answer'd the young Princess, getting up, and blushing at the same Time*, that I was in this Island ?' ' A powerful Fairy, *reply'd the young King*, who, willing to make me the happiest of Men, and this Country most fortunate, promised me to conduct you here, and hath permitted me yet more glorious Hopes. But I am very sensible, *added he sighing*, that my Fate depends more upon your Bounty than hers.' After these Words, to which she answer'd with a great deal of Wit, the Prince desired her to go into his Chariot, which should carry her to the Palace, and out of Respect, went not into it himself: But as she understood by his Discourse, and by his Train, that he was the King of that Isle, she obliged him to sit by her.

Never any Thing appear'd so beautiful in one Chariot; all the Princes Court at that Sight could not forbear their Applauses. While they were on the Way, the young Prince entertain'd *Hebe* with a great deal of Wit and Tenderness, and the Princess, satisfied to find her Heart at Ease, resumed all her Vivacity.

They arrived at the Palace, which was some Distance from the Sea, and built all of Ivory, and covered with Agate, all the Avenues to which were encompassed with fine Canals.

The Prince's Guards were drawn out in all the Courts: In the first they were clothed in yellow Feathers,

thers, with Head-pieces, Bows and Arrows, all of Silver: In the second, they were cloathed in Feathers of a Fire-colour, with gilt Sabres, adorn'd with Turquoises. When they came into the third Court, the Guards were cloathed in white Feathers, holding in their Hands gilded and painted Half-pikes, adorn'd with Garlands of Flowers; for in that Country they never were in War, therefore bore no terrible Arms.

The Prince alighted out of his Chariot, and led the amiable *Hebe* into a magnificent Apartment. The Court was numerous, the Ladies beautiful, the Men gallant and handsome: And tho' all the Inhabitants of the Country were cloathed with Feathers, the Art of forming them in Shades made them very agreeable.

That Night the Prince of the *peaceable Island* made a great Entertainment, for the beautiful *Hebe*, which was followed by a Concert of sweet Flutes, Lutes, Theorboes and Harpsichords; for in that Country they loved not noisy Instruments: The Symphony was very fine; and when it had lasted some Time, a delicate fine Voice sung some Words which declared the Prince's Passion, while he gazed on *Hebe*, to persuade her those Words expressed his Thoughts.

As it was late when the Musick left off, the Prince led the Princess into the Apartment appointed for her, which was the finest in the Palace; there she found a great Number of Ladies, whom the Prince had nam'd to have the Honour to be her Attendants.

The Prince left the beautiful *Hebe*, and was the most in Love of all Men. They put her to Bed; the Ladies retired; and only left in the Chamber those she brought along with her. ' Who could believe it, *said she to them, when she was at Liberty*, my Heart ' is at Peace! what God hath calm'd my Troubles? ' I love *Atimir* no longer; I can think, without dying with Grief, that he is, perhaps, *Ileria's* Spouse. ' Is not all I see a Dream? No, *said she, recovering herself a little*, my Dreams used not to be so quiet:

In short, she returned *Anguiletta* a thousand Thanks, and went to sleep.

The next Morning when she awaked, as she open'd the Bed-Curtain, the Fairy appeared to her with a smiling Air, which she had never observ'd in her Face since that fatal Day she asked for Love. 'At last I have happily brought you hither, said the amiable Fairy to her, your Heart is free, therefore will be content. I have cured you of a cruel Passion; but, *Hebe*, can I be assured that these terrible Torments, to which you have been exposed, will make you always avoid the Sight of the ungrateful *Atimir*?'

The young Princess promised the Fairy every Thing, and swore both against Love and her false Lovers. 'Remember your Promises, reply'd *Anguiletta*, with an Air that left an Impression of Respect, you will perish with *Atimir* if ever you seek to see him again. But every Thing here ought to remove a Desire so fatal to your Life.

'I will no longer conceal from you what I have resolved in your Favour: The Prince of this Island is my Relation; I protect his Person and Empire: He is young and amiable, and no Prince in the World is more worthy of being your Husband. Reign then, beautiful *Hebe*, in his Heart and Kingdom: The King your Father gives his Consent; I was Yesterday at his Palace, and acquainted him and the Queen your Mother with the present State of your Fortune, which they have put absolutely under my Care.'

The Princess had a great Mind to have asked the Fairy about *Ileria* and *Atimir*; but durst not, after so many Favours, run the Hazard of displeasing her; therefore she only made use of all the Wit she had bestowed on her to thank her.

Then somebody coming into the Room, the Fairy disappeared. As soon as *Hebe* was up, twelve Children, clothed like Cupids, brought from the Prince twelve Baskets of Crystal, full of the most agreeable Flowers, which only garnish'd some Jewels of a
wonderful

wonderful Beauty. In the first Basket that was presented to her, this Billet was found :

To the Divine Hebe.

‘ Y Esterday I swore a thousand Times how I loved ; the sweet Remembrance of which Oaths will ever remain, since they were dictated by Love, and are supported by your Charms.’

After what the Fairy had order’d the Princess, she comprehended that she ought to accept of her new Lover, as of a Prince that was shortly to be her Husband.

She received the little Loves very favourably ; and had hardly dismiss’d them, when four-and-twenty Dwarfs, fantastically, but magnificently cloath’d, appear’d loaded with new Presents, that consisted of Habits all of Feathers ; the Colours and Work of which, with Jewels, were so fine, that the Princess own’d she had never seen any Thing so gallant.

She made Choice of a Rose-colour to wear that Day ; her Head-dress was adorn’d with a Plume of Feathers of the same Colour, and she appeared so charming with this new Ornament, that the Prince of the *peaceable Island*, who came to see her when she was dress’d, felt his Passion redouble. All the Court crowded to admire the Princess. At Night the Prince propos’d to the beautiful *Hebe* to walk in the Gardens, which were admirable, where the Prince told *Hebe* that the Fairy had fed him for four Years with the Hopes of her Arrival in the *peaceable Island* : ‘ But some Time after, added the Prince, when I press’d her on her Promises, she appeared sad, and told me, the Princess is designed by the King her Father for another, and not for thee : But if my Knowledge deceives me not, she will not be that Prince’s : I will tell you more another Time.’

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G

Some

Some Months after, the Fairy came again : ‘ Fortune favours you, *said she to me*, the Prince that was to have been, will not be *Hebe’s* Spouse, and in a little Time you will see here the most beautiful Princess in the World.’

‘ Indeed, *reply’d Hebe blushing*, I was to have been married to the Son of a neighbouring King ; but after a great many Events, the Love he bore my Sister, made him resolve to go away with her.’

The Prince of the *peaceable Island* said a thousand tender Things to the beautiful *Hebe* on his happy Fate, which according with what the Fairy had told him, had brought her into this Isle ; and she hearken’d to him with so much the more pleasure, because this Discourse interrupted the Recital of her Adventures ; she fearing she should not be able to speak of her faithless Lover, without discovering the Tenderneſs she had for him.

The Prince conducted *Hebe* into a Grotto curiously adorn’d and embellish’d with the Spoutings of Water. The Bottom of the Grotto was dark ; there was a great Number of Niches with Statues, representing Nymphs and Shepherds, which were hard to be distinguish’d. When the Princess had been there some Time, she heard a delightful Sound of Instruments, A noble Illumination that appear’d all on a sudden, discover’d to her, that Part of those Statues form’d that Concert ; when the others came out, and danced fine and gallant Dances, intermix’d with tender and agreeable Songs ; all the Performers in this Diversion being placed at the Bottom of the Grotto, surprized the Princess more agreeably.

After the Dance, Savages came in, and served up a stately Collation under an Arbour of Jessamins and Orange-Flowers.

The Entertainment was just over, when all on a sudden the Fairy *Anguiletta* appear’d in the Air, in a Chariot drawn by four Swans ; and descending, pronounced to the Prince of the *peaceable Island* a charming

charming Happiness, in telling him she would have him marry *Hebe*, and withal, that that Princess had promised her to consent.

The Prince transported with Joy, doubted at first to whom he should return his first Thanks, whether to *Hebe* or *Anguiletta*; and tho' Joy permits not of touching Expressions like Grief, he acquitted himself however with a great deal of Wit, and a good Grace.

The Fairy had no Mind to leave the Prince and Princess till the Day appointed for their Marriage, which was to be in three Days; when she made them both costly Presents, and went with them who were follow'd by all the Court, and a great many of the Inhabitants of the Isle, to the Temple of *Hymen*, which was made of Olive-branches and Palms interlaced together, which by the Fairy's Power never faded.

Hymen was there represented by a Statue of white Marble, crown'd with Roses, and raised on an Altar adorn'd only with Flowers, and supported by a *Cupid* of an extraordinary Beauty, who with a smiling Air presented him with a Crown of Myrtle.

Anguiletta, who built this Temple, was willing every Thing should be plain, to shew that Love alone can render Marriage happy. The difficulty is not to unite them together, but as the Miracle worthy of a Fairy, to join them together for ever in the *peaceable Island*; which, contrary to the Customs of other Countries, can make Man and Wife loving and constant.

In this Temple of *Hymen* the beautiful *Hebe*, led by *Anguiletta*, plighted her Faith to the Prince of the *peaceable Island*, and received his with Pleasure. She had not that involuntary Inclination for him that she felt for *Atimir*; but her Heart, then exempt from Passion, accepted of that Spouse, by the Fairy's Order, as a Prince worthy of her by his Person, and much more by his Love. This Marriage was celebrated by a thousand gallant Entertainments, and *Hebe* lived happy with a Prince that adored her.

In the mean Time, the King, *Hebe's* Father, received Ambassadors from *Atimir*, who asked Leave to marry the Princess *Ileria*, (for his Father was dead, and he left absolute Master of his Kingdom,) which was granted with Joy.

After this Marriage the Queen *Ileria* ask'd, by new Ambassadors, leave of the King her Father, and Queen her Mother, to come to their Court to beg Pardon for a Fault which Love had made her commit, and for which *Atimir's* Merit was a sufficient Excuse.

The King consented, and *Atimir* and his Queen were welcomed on their Arrival with all the Demonstrations of Joy possible.

A little after, the beautiful *Hebe* and her charming Spouse sent their Ambassadors to the King and Queen with the News of their Nuptials, which *Anguiletta* had inform'd them of before; yet, notwithstanding, they were not received with less Pleasure and Magnificence.

Atimir was then with the King when they presented themselves the first Time before him; the lovely Image of *Hebe* was not to be absolutely blot'ted out of an Heart over which she had so great a Sway. *Atimir* could not forbear sighing when he heard of the Happiness of the Prince of the *peaceable Island*; he accused *Hebe* a thousand Times of being unconstant, without thinking at the same Time of the Cause he had given her.

When the Ambassadors of the Prince of the *peaceable Island* return'd crown'd with Honours, and loaded with Presents, they told their Princess the great Joy the King and Queen express'd at their happy Marriage.

But withal, (Oh! too sincere Relation :) they acquainted *Hebe*, that the Princess *Ileria* and *Atimir* were at the Court. These Names; which were so dangerous to their Repose, render'd her again uneasy; she was then happy, but Mortals cannot long preserve a certain Felicity.

She

She was not able to resist her Impatience to return to her Father's Court ; which was as she said, to see the Queen her Mother : nay, she had even persuaded herself to a belief of it ; for how often do they who love deceive themselves in their own Thoughts ?

Notwithstanding the Fairy's Threats to oblige her to avoid the sight of *Atimir*, she proposed that Journey to the Prince of the *peaceable Island*, who at first refused her, for *Anguiletta* had bid him not let her stir out of the Kingdom ; but she continuing her Intreaties, and as he adored her, and knew nothing of her Passion for *Atimir*, he could not deny one he loved so dear any Thing.

He thinking to please the beautiful *Hebe* by a blind Complaisance, gave orders for their Departure ; and never was seen more Magnificence than in their Equipage, and in the Ships.

The wise *Anguiletta*, provoked at the little Regard shewn by *Hebe* and the Prince to her Orders, abandon'd them to their Fate, and never appear'd to give them Advice, which they had made so little Use of.

For the Prince and Princess, they after a pleasant Voyage arriv'd at the Court of *Hebe's* Father, where the King and Queen's Joy to see that fine Prince's again was very great. They were charm'd with the Prince of the *peaceable Island*, and celebrated their Arrival by great Rejoicings throughout the whole Kingdom ; only *Ileria* groan'd when she heard of *Hebe's* Return. And it was decreed, that when they should see one another again, no Mention should be made of what was past.

Atimir ask'd to see *Hebe*, and seem'd to *Ileria* to desire it with too great an Ardour.

The Princess *Hebe* blush'd when she came into her Chamber ; they were both in a Confusion, that all their Wit was not sufficient to extricate them out of. The King, who was then present, observed it, and joining in their Conversation, to make this Visit the

shorter, propos'd walking in the Gardens of the Palace, and as *Atimir* durst not offer his Hand to *Hebe*, he made her only a respectful Bow, and so retired.

But what were the Sentiments and Ideas of his Heart? All that lively and tender Passion he had for *Hebe*, rekindled in his Bosom; he hated *Ileria* and himself and never Infidelity was attended with more Repentance and Grief.

At Night he waited on the Queen, to whom *Hebe* was paying a Visit; and not satisfied with looking at her, endeavour'd to speak to her, which she always avoid'd; but still his Eyes inform'd her too much for her Quiet: He continued to shew, by all his Actions, that hers had again resum'd their Empire over him.

Hebe's Heart was alarm'd; *Atimir* always appear'd to her too lovely: She resolv'd to fly him with as much Care as he endeavour'd to find out her: She never spoke to him but before the Queen, and then never but when she could not absolutely dispence without it; and was determin'd to persuade the Prince her Husband to return soon to their own Dominions: But how difficult a Thing it is to leave what we love!

One Evening as she was engaged in these Thoughts, and had shut herself up in her Closet, that she might think more at her Liberty, she found in her Pocket a Billet, that had been put into it unknown to her, which she open'd, and knew to be *Atimir's* Hand, which gave her an inexpressible Trouble; she thought not to read it, but her Heart over-ruling her Reason, she look'd it over, and found these Words in it.

‘ *Fairest Hebe,*

‘ **Y**OU are too insensible of my violent Passion, and use me with too much Indifference: But since your Heart has, in its Turn, been false, and has follow'd but too close the Example of mine, let it imitate it in its Return. Forgive me, my Princess, and permit me to resume those Chains I once
‘ wore,

‘ wore, when we partook of each other’s Pains and
‘ Pleasures.’

‘ Oh Cruel ! cry’d the Princess ; what have I done,
‘ that you should endeavour to rekindle in my Soul
‘ a Tendernefs that has caus’d me so much Sorrow ?’
And then her Tears interrupted her Discourse.

In the mean Time, *Ileria* languish’d under a Jealousy too justly grounded, and *Atimir*, hurried on by his Love, was unable to constrain himself any longer. The Prince of the *peaceable Island* began to discover his Passion for *Hebe* ; but was willing to examine farther into *Atimir*’s Conduct, before he spoke of it to the Princess, whom he adored constantly, and whom he was afraid of informing of that Prince’s Love.

Some Days after the Receipt of this Letter, there were appointed Courses, when all the Princes and sprightly Youths of the Court, were to break Lances in Honour of the Ladies.

The King and Queen honoured this Diversion with their Presence. The beautiful *Hebe* and the Princess *Ileria* were to bestow their Prizes ; which were a Sword, the Handle and Scabbard of which were cover’d with Diamonds, and a Bracelet of most curious Diamonds.

All the Knights named for the Courses, appear’d with an extraordinary Magnificence, mounted on very fine Horses, bearing the Colours their Mistresses delighted in, with Devices on their Shields, agreeable to the Sentiments of their Hearts.

The Prince of the *peaceable Island* was in a costly Dress, mounted on a most beautiful dappled Horse, with a fine, long, black Tail and Main : In all his Equipage the Rose-colour appear’d, which *Hebe* very much loved ; and on his Head-piece, which was very light, there waved a Plume of Feathers of the same Colour. He gained the Applause of all the Spectators, and appear’d so handsome in his bright Armour, that

Hebe secretly reproach'd herself a thousand Times for the Sentiments she had the Misfortune to have for another. His Train was numerous, cloath'd after the manner of their own Country, very gallant and stately. An Esquire carried his Shield, on which was this Device; An Heart pierced with an Arrow, and a *Cupid* shooting a great Number, to endeavour to make fresh Wounds; but all, except the first, seem'd to have been drawn in vain: These Words were underwritten:

I fear no other.

The Colours and Device of the Prince of the *peaceable Island* soon discover'd that he was *Hebe's* Knight, and that as such he would enter the Lists. Every Body was taken up with his Magnificence, when *Atimir* came forward, mounted on a black fiery Steed, that appeared very stately, His Colour that Day was dark Green, intermix'd neither with Gold, Silver, nor Jewels, only he had a Plume of Rose-colour'd Feathers on his Head-piece; and the other affected a great Carelessness in his Apparel, he had so graceful a Mien, and managed his Horse so well, and withal had so lofty an Air, that nobody could forbear looking at him: on his Shield which he carried himself appear'd a Love, who trampled his Chains under his Feet, and bound himself with others more weighty, with these Words:

Worthy only of me.

Atimir's Train consisted of the principal Lords of his Court, who were clothed in dark Green, laced with Silver, and cover'd over with Jewels; and tho' they were all handsome and well-shaped, yet it was easy to judge by that Prince's Air, he was born to command them.

The different Emotions the Sight of this Prince produced in the Hearts of *Hebe* and *Ileria*, and the Jealousy

Jealousy the Prince of the *peaceable Island* conceiv'd, when he saw the Plume on *Atimir's* Casque of the same Colour with his own, are not to be express'd. The reading of the Device compleated his Rage, the Effects of which he then stifled till a better Opportunity.

The King and Queen soon took Notice, both of the Boldness and Imprudence of *Atimir*, and were very angry; but 'twas not then a Time to shew it. The Courses began with the Soundings of Trumpets, which rended the Air with their Echoes: They were very fine, and all the Knights shewed their Address; and the Prince of the *peaceable Island*, tho' possess'd with an outrageous Jealousy, signalized himself, and was proclaim'd Conqueror.

Atimir, who knew that the first Prize was to be given by *Ileria*, never disputed the Victory with the Prince of the *peaceable Island*: He was declared Victor by the Judges of the Field, and advanced gracefully, with the Acclamations and Praises of all the Spectators, to the Place where the King and Princesses sat, to receive the Bracelet; which the Princess *Ileria* presented to him, and he took with a good Grace; then paying his Respects to the King, Queen and Princesses, he return'd to the Lists.

The melancholy *Ileria* observing but too well the Disdain the light *Atimir* shewed for the Prize she was to give, sigh'd grievously; and the beautiful *Hebe* felt in her Breast a secret Joy, which all her Reason could not resist.

The second Course began with the same Success as the first, wherein the Prince of the *peaceable Island*, animated by the Sight of *Hebe*, did Wonders, and was declared Victor again; when *Atimir*, vex'd to be a Spectator of his Rival's Glory, and flatter'd with the Thought of receiving the Prize from *Hebe's* Hand, went and presented himself at the End of the Lists.

The two Rivals look'd on each other scornfully; and the Course between two so great Princes was celebrated by the new Trouble it caused the two

Princesses. The Princes ran one against the other with equal Advantage, and broke their Lances without any Disorder. The Shouts of the Spectators redoubled, and they, without giving their Horses Time to breathe, return'd to take fresh Lances, and ran with the same Success and Address as at first. The King, who fear'd lest Fortune should declare one of them Victors, sent presently to tell them, that they ought to be satisfied with the Glory they had gained, and to desire them to put an End to the Courses.

When the Person the King sent came to them, they heard him with a great deal of Impatience, especially *Atimir*; who taking upon him to speak, said, 'Go tell the King, I should be unworthy of the Honour he does me, concerning himself with my Glory, if I should suffer a conqueror.' 'Let us see then,' said the Prince of the peaceable Island, *spurring on his Horse with great Ardour*, which merits most the King's Esteem, and the Favours of Fortune.'

The Messenger was not return'd to the King, before the two Rivals, urged on by Sentiments more prevalent than the Prize, began the Course; wherein Fortune favoured the audacious *Atimir*, and pronounced him Victor; the Prince of the peaceable Island's Horse, wearied with the Courses he had made, falling down, and throwing his Master on the Sand: How great was *Atimir's* Joy, and that unfortunate Prince's Rage! He got up quickly, and going up to his Rival before any came to them: 'You have overcome me in Sports, *Atimir*, said he, with an Air sufficient to shew his Passion; but with my Sword I will decide our Differences.' 'I consent,' reply'd the fiery *Atimir*, and will meet you to-morrow at Sun-rise, in the Wood, at the End of the Palace-Gardens.' As they had made an End of these Words, the Judges of the Field came up to them; whereupon they disguised their mutual Rage, lest the King should prevent their Designs.

The

The Prince of the *peaceable Island* mounted his Horse again, and rid with all speed to leave the fatal Place where *Atimir* had vanquish'd him. In the mean Time that Prince went to receive the Prize of the Course from *Hebe*, who presented it to him with a Confusion that discover'd the different Commotions of her Soul; and *Atimir*, in taking it, committed all the Extravagance of a Man very much in Love.

The King and Queen, who had their Eyes fixed on them, observed him all the Time, and returned to their Palace very much dissatisfied with the Ending of that Day. *Atimir*, possessed with his Passion, went out of the Lifts without any Attendants; and *Ileria*, outrageous with Grief and Jealousy, went back to her Apartments.

Various then were the Thoughts of *Hebe*: 'I must go hence, said she to herself since no other Remedy can be found to prevent the Misfortunes that I foresee.'

At the same Time the King and Queen resolved to desire *Atimir* to go Home, to avoid the new Trouble his Love might create; which same Proposition they likewise determined to make to the Prince of the *peaceable Island*, that neither party might take any Umbrage thereat. But the Prince's hasty Resolutions prevented this prudent Foresight; for while they deliberated on their Departure, the others prepared for the Combat.

As soon as *Hebe* came back again from the Courses, she ask'd for the Prince her Spouse, whom they told her was in the Gardens of the Palace very melancholy, and willing to be alone. The beautiful *Hebe* thought it her Duty to go and comfort him after his ill Fortune; so without staying in her Apartment, she went into the Gardens, followed by some of her Women.

She was looking for the Prince, when entering into a shady Walk, she esp'd the amorous *Atimir*, who, transported with his Passion, and regarding nothing

thing else, fell on his Knees some Distance from the Princess, and drawing the Sword he that Day received from her, 'Hear me, charming *Hebe*, said 'be, or let me die at your Feet.'

The Women, frightened at this Action of the Prince, threw themselves upon him, endeavouring to take away his Sword, which he turn'd with great Rage on the other Side. *Hebe*, the unhappy *Hebe*, was for flying; but how great must our Reason be, that can force us from what we love!

The desire of keeping this Adventure a secret, with her Design to intreat *Atimir* to strive to cure a Passion so fatal to them both, and the Compassion so moving an Object created, all contributed to stay the Princess, who made up to the Prince; her presence suspended his Fury, his Sword he let fall at her Feet, and never more Trouble, Love and Grief appear'd at once in so short a Conversation.

Words are not tender enough to express what those two unhappy Lovers then endured: *Hebe*, uneasy to see herself with *Atimir*, and so nigh the Prince of the *peaceable Island*, made a great Effort on herself to leave him, charging him never to see her more. How cruel was this Command! Had not *Atimir* call'd to Mind the Engagement he lay under to fight the Prince of the *peaceable Island*, he had a thousand Times turn'd the Sword upon himself; but, alas! he chose rather to die, revenging himself on his Rival.

The fair *Hebe* retired instantly to her Apartment, the more securely to avoid the Presence of *Atimir*: 'Merciless Fairy, cry'd she, you only told me of Death, if I ever saw this unhappy Prince; but now I feel Torments a thousand Times more grievous!' Then she sending to seek for the Prince in the Gardens and the Palace, and not finding him her Uneasiness increased; they sought him all the Night to no purpose; for he had hid himself in a Hut in the midst of the Wood, that he might not be prevented from meeting at the Place appointed, which

which he repaired to at Sun-rise, where *Atimir* arrived soon after. These two Rivals, impatient to revenge themselves, and to gain the Victory, drew their Swords; which was the first Time the Prince of the *peaceable Island* ever made use of his, since there was never any War in his Dominions.

Nevertheless he appear'd not the less formidable Enemy to *Atimir*, for tho' he had but little Experience, he had Courage, was in Love, and fought like a Man that despised Death; while *Atimir* maintained the great Reputation he had so worthily gained.

These two Princes were animated by Passions too much different, not to render the End of this Duel fatal; for after they had a long Time maintain'd an equal Advantage, they made two such furious Thrusts at each other, that both fell on the Grass, which they dyed with their Blood.

The Prince of the *peaceable Isle* fainted away instantly with the loss of his; and *Atimir*, mortally wounded, pronounced the Name of *Hebe* as he expired.

Some of those Persons who were sent to look for the Prince of the *peaceable Island*, arrived at the fatal Place, and were seiz'd with Horror at so dismal a Sight.

The Princess *Hebe* drawn by her Disquiet, was going into the Gardens, when hearing the Shrieks of People, who pronounced confusedly the Names of the two Princes, she hereupon ran and found those so sad and dismal Objects: She thought that the Prince her Husband was dead as well as *Atimir*, who at that Time were both alike to her; when after having look'd some Time on those unhappy Princes, she cry'd out dolefully, 'Ye precious Lives, which were sacrificed for me, I will revenge you by the Loss of my own.' After these Words, she fell on the fatal Sword *Atimir* received from her, and had pierced her Breast before the People (who were amazed at this cruel Adventure) could hinder her.

Just as she expired, the Fairy *Anguiletta* appear'd,
who

who touch'd with so many Misfortunes which she had oppos'd with all her Power, accused Fate, and could not forbear shedding of Tears. Then thinking of assisting the Prince of the *peaceable Island*, whom she knew was not dead, she cured him of his Wounds, and transported him instantly into his own Isle; where by the wonderful Gift she had bestow'd on it, that Prince was consoled for the Loss he had sustain'd, and forgot his Passion for *Hebe*.

The King and Queen, who had not the like Assistance, gave themselves up entirely to Grief, which was only to be worn off by Time. And as for *Ileria*, her Despair cannot be express'd, who was always both faithful to her Grief, and the ungrateful *Atimir*.

When *Anguiletta* had transported the Prince of the *peaceable Island* into his own Dominions, she touch'd with her Wand the unfortunate Remains of the lovely *Atimir* and the beautiful *Hebe*, who in an Instant were changed into two Trees of an admirable Beauty, which the Fairy named *Charms*, to preserve for ever the Remembrance of those which shone so bright in these unhappy Lovers.



The Story of Don F E R D I N A N D of Toledo.

TH E Count *de Fuentes*, who was a Gentleman that lived for the most Part at *Madrid*, had the Misfortune to have a very troublesome Wife, who, when he was young, tormented him with Jealousies, and when he was in Years persecuted his Children. She had two Daughters and a Nephew; the elder, who was called *Leonora*, was fair and witty, her shape both easy and noble, her Features
all

all regular, and her Wit seem'd so agreeable and judicious, that she gain'd both the Esteem and Friendship of all that knew her. *Matilda*, the younger, had black Hair, a lively Complexion, sparkling Eyes, delicate Teeth, an Air of Gaiety, and so pleasing a Behaviour, that she was no less engaging than her Sister. And for *Don Francisco*, their Cousin, he was valued and esteem'd by all, as a Man of Worth.

Two Gentlemen, who were their Relations, whose Names were *Don James de Casareal*, and *Don Ferdinand de Toledo*, lived so nigh to the Count of *Fuentes*, that they had contracted a great Friendship with *Don Francisco*; and by often coming to visit him, seen his Cousins, and were grown sensible of their Charms: But their Mother's Vigilance was so great, as to disturb these Dispositions, by threatening to put them into religious Houses, if ever they spoke to *Don James* and *Don Ferdinand*; and so these Menaces added two *Dueña's*, more watchful than *Argus*; which new Obstacles only augmented these two Gentlemens Passions. The Mother discover'd every Day some new Piece of Gallantry of theirs, which put her into a great Rage; and knowing that her Nephew gave his Friends a thousand Opportunities to see his Cousins, either in their Balconies, or by walking with them in the Gardens, she was quite tired with continually chiding them: Therefore, to frustrate all their Designs, one Day, when the Count her Husband was gone to Court, she took her Daughters with her in a Coach, and drove away for *Cadix*, hard by which Place the Count had a very considerable Estate; leaving a Letter behind her, wherein she desired him to come to her, and bring her Nephew along with him. But the Count *de Fuentes*, who was wearied out with his Wife's odd Humours, instead of following her, bless'd his Stars that he had got rid of her, and pitied his Daughters.

When

When Don *James* and Don *Ferdinand* were informed by Don *Francisco* of their Mistresses Departure, they were extremely griev'd, and thought of all Ways possible to induce them to come to *Madrid* again; but upon Don *Francisco*'s telling them, that their endeavour that Way would only prevent them, they resolv'd to go for *Cadix*, hoping that they might find there some favourable Opportunity of Discourse with them, and desir'd Don *Francisco*, who could not refuse, to go along with them. The old Countess was overjoy'd to see him; it was some Time before she knew that Don *James* and Don *Ferdinand* were there, who saw her Daughters every Night thro' a grated Window, that look'd into a little Street; where, instead of complaining of their Fate, they swore an eternal Fidelity to each other, and comforted themselves with flattering Hopes. But the *Dueña*'s understood their Business too well, to be long deceived by these Lovers; in short, they surpriz'd them at the Window, and notwithstanding their Prayers and Intreaties, went and told the Countess.

The Mother so was enrag'd at this News, that she arose, tho' it was not Day, had her Coach got ready, and convey'd her Daughters to a Castle about a Day's Journey from *Cadix*, scolding them all the Way; and we may easily imagine that so sudden a Departure put our Lovers into the utmost Disorder. One sigh'd, and the other complained; and whenever Don *Francisco* went to the *Aspegnas*, which was the Name of the Castle, they sent Letters and Presents by him, which he forced his Cousins to accept, because he knew their sincere Intentions to marry them; and whenever he returned from the *Aspegnas*, Don *James* and Don *Ferdinand* press'd him to go again, and conjured him to find out some Way or other to take them along with him; but that was an Affair so nice, that Don *Francisco* seem'd to hesitate at it, thinking it was enough that he could procure them the Means of writing to them.

Don

Don *Francisco* having stay'd some few Days with his Aunt, just when he was going away, the Countess told him, she heard that the *Morocco* Ambassador was arrived at *Cadix*, and that if any thing would incite her to go there, it would be her Desire to see him : Whereupon Don *Francisco* taking this opportunity to be serviceable to his Friends, by procuring them an interview with his Cousins, answer'd, That he was particularly well acquainted with the Ambassador's two Sons, who were Men of Wit and Politeness ; and that if she would promise to receive them with all the Ceremonies of their Country, he would endeavour to bring them to see her : And knowing that his Aunt was very nice upon the Point of Gentility, and that her Closet was hung round with Escutcheons and Achievements, he told her, That as soon as the Ambassador's Sons were inform'd of her Quality, they would be impatient till they had paid their Respects to her ; and withal added, that they might tell of the Greatness of her Birth in their Country ; and that this Visit might be an Embellishment to her Genealogy.

The Countess, who had as much Vanity as Curiosity, thinking that this would make a great Noise in the whole Country, seem'd overjoy'd at this Proposition of her Nephew's, and told him that she was very much obliged to him, bidding him neglect nothing to procure her the Pleasure of a Visit from those polite *Mabometans*.

Don *James* and his Cousin went to meet Don *Francisco*, so eager were they to hear News from their Mistresses ; and after having read their Letters, thank'd Don *Francisco* for all his good Offices, who told them all that had pass'd between him and his Aunt, advised them to provide Habits, and practise their Parts, assuring them that he would act his to the best Advantage. The two Lovers seem'd charm'd with Don *Francisco's* thought, and praised both his Wit and Address. They went about their Clothing with

with all Dispatch, order'd some rich Vests of Cloth of Gold to be made, and Scymitars set with Jewels, Turbants, and whatever was necessary for this Masquerade ; and by good Fortune they met with a Painter who had an Oil that made the Skin as brown as they wanted to have it : and when all Things were ready, Don *Francisco* sent one of his Servants to the Countess to let her know the Day she design'd to bring the Ambassador's Sons. The Countess was in a great Hurry to put every Thing in Order, to receive these illustrious *Moors* ; she order'd her Daughters to neglect nothing to make them appear lovely in their Eyes : And her Severity, which extended over all other Nations, was laid aside with Regard to that of *Morocco*, because she being a great Devotee, look'd upon them as *Barbarians* and Enemies to the Faith ; therefore she thought it impossible for a *Spanish* Women ever to love a Man that had not been baptized, and so fancy'd she ran no Risque by exposing her Daughters to the Sight of those gallant *Africans*.

As it was Evening when they arriv'd, the Castle was full of lights. The Countess received them upon the Stairs, and they saluting her, made such extraordinary low Bows, lifted up their Hand so often, and made so many Hah's and Ho's, that Don *Francisco*, who constrain'd himself as much as possible, could not forbear laughing. The Countess, in her Turn, paid her Compliments ; but could not forbear crossing herself as often as they pronounced *Hala!* And it was not without great Acknowledgments, that she received Pieces of Brocade, Fans, China, carved Stones of curious Workmanship, and other Rarities they brought with them for her and her Daughters, which they said were common Things in their Country ; speaking all the Time such broken *Spanish*, that they could hardly understand them. The good Countess was supported with all these Honours ; but while they entertain'd her with all the Distraction that Love causes when
she

the Object is before the Eyes; whatever Guard they had upon themselves, they could not help looking upon their Mistresses, and fixing their Eyes upon them. Donna *Leonora* felt a secret Uneasiness that flatter'd her Heart, the Reason of which she could not discover; and tho' she knew Don *Ferdinand's* Eyes, and discover'd some of Don *James's* Features in one of the *Moors*, she knew them not in that brown Complexion, and in those Habits.

The Countess carried them into a large Gallery hung with Pictures, and shewed them one she had lately bought, which was a Piece of *Cupids* at play, wherein one, to frighten the rest, had put on a Mask, Don *Ferdinand* commended the Painter's Fancy, and the Excellence of the Work, in Terms that shew'd both his Wit and Judgment; and staying loitering behind, while the Countess was talking with her Nephew, writ with his Pencil these Words under that mask'd *Cupid*:

*Es condito a todos
Por serviso de tus lindos ojos.*

I hide myself from all the World, to see your fair Eyes.

No sooner had *Leonora* read them, but she unfolded the Riddle, and conceived a Trouble intermix'd with Joy. Don *Ferdinand* found that she had discover'd the Mystery, and was glad of it; he appear'd more gay and lively, and in all their Conversation said a thousand pretty Things, wherein *Leonora* had Part; who, whatever Pleasure she might take in hearing them, could not forbear taking her Sister aside, and communicating her Thoughts to her. 'Ah! my dear *Matilda*. said she, are not you
' afraid, as well as me, lest Don *Ferdinand* and Don
' *James* should be known?' 'What do you mean,
' reply'd *Matilda*? I don't understand you.' 'Alas!
' continu'd *Leonora*, your Eyes are but bad Servants
' to your Heart; What, have you not observed
' that

‘ that that *Moore*, who has never left you, is Don
 ‘ *James*, and he who talk’d to me, Don *Ferninand* ?’
 ‘ It is impossible, cry’d *Matilda*, that what you tell
 ‘ me should be true.—But, continu’d she, his
 ‘ Looks and every Action leave me no Room to
 ‘ doubt of it.’ Just as they rejoin’d their Cousin
 and Lovers, they heard the Countess propose taking
 a Walk in the Garden, which was lighted with
 Lamps down to a Wood, which was at the Bottom
 of the Garden, which was a glorious Sight. The
 Company pass’d through a large Walk, on each side
 of which was a Canal to a Bower of Jessamins, C-
 ranges and Honeysuckles ; in the midst of which
 was a Fountain playing, which by its gentle Mur-
 murs, excited the Nightingales to join in Concerts,
 which made it a sweet Abode. They placed them-
 selves on fine enamell’d Banks, in form of Benches,
 and were regaled with Jellies, Chocolate, and all
 Manner of Sweetmeats, till Supper was ready ; and
 as the Countess studied to please and divert the
Moors, and as Stories were very much in Fashion,
 she bid *Leonora* tell one ; which Command that
 beautiful Lady not daring to refuse ; she began as
 follows.



The Story of the Yellow Dwarf.

THERE was a Queen, who, tho’ she had ma-
 ny Children, had but one living, which was
 a beautiful Daughter ; and being left a Widow, and
 without Hopes of having any more, was so much
 afraid of losing her, that she never gave her any
 Correction for what Faults she committed : Inso-
 much that that admirable Person, who knew her
 own Beauty, and as she was born to a Crown, was
 so vain and proud of her growing Charms, that
 she

she despised all the World besides. The Queen her Mother contributed, by her Caresses and Complaisance, to persuade her none were deserving of her. She was dress'd every Day like a *Pallas* or *Diana*. follow'd by her Nymphs : And in short, the Queen, to give the finishing Stroke to her Vanity, call'd her *All-Fair* ; and having had her Picture drawn by the best Painters, sent it to all the Kings with whom she was in Alliance, who, when they saw it, were not able to resist the inevitable Power of her Charms : Some fell sick : others run mad ; and those who escaped either Sickness or Madness, came to her Court, and as soon as they saw her, became her Slaves.

Never was any Court more gallant and polite ; twenty Kings studied to please her, who after they had spent immense Sums upon an Entertainment upon her, thought themselves fully recompens'd if she said any Thing that was pretty to them. The Adorations that were paid her, overjoy'd the Queen her Mother ; not a Day pass'd over her Head but she had thousands of Songs and fine Copies of Verses sent by the most famous Poets in the World. In short, *All-Fair* was the only Subject of the most renown'd Authors, both in Prose and Verse. The Princess was about fifteen. There were none who did not desire to marry her ; but they durst not pretend to that Honour, it was so difficult a Task to touch a Heart of that Stamp. Her Lovers murmur'd very much against her Cruelty ; and the Queen, who wanted to have her married, knew not how to gain her Consent : Sometimes she would say to her, ' Will you not abate somewhat of that intolerable Pride that makes you condemn all the Kings that come to our Court ? I will chuse one for you ; shew me in this some Complacency.' ' I am already happy, *reply'd* All Fair, in the easy Indifference I now live in ; if I should once lose that, you would perhaps be angry.' ' I should be angry if you loved any one beneath you, *answer'd*

she

'*the Queen* ; but you cannot have more deserving Princes than those that now ask you.' In short, the Princess was so prepossess'd of her own Merit, that she thought it greater than what it was ; and by this Resolution of hers to live a Maid, began to grieve her Mother so much, that she repented, but too late, that she had humour'd her so much.

The Queen, uncertain what to do, goes all alone to find a celebrated Fairy, that was call'd the *Desart Fairy* ; but as it was an hard Thing to see her, because she was guarded by two Lions, unless she made a Cake for them of Millet, Sugarcandy, and Crocodiles Eggs, she prepar'd one herself, and put it into a little Basket, which she hung upon her Arm: But being wearied with walking farther than she was us'd to, she laid herself down under the Shade of a Tree to rest herself, and there insensibly fell asleep, and when she awaked, found only her Basket and her Cake gone ; and to compleat her Misfortune heard the Lyons coming. 'Alas ! cry'd *she*, what will become of me ? I shall be devour'd.' And having no Power to stir, she lean'd against the Tree she had slept under, when hearing somebody say, *Hem ! Hem !* she look'd about on all Sides, and raising her Eyes, perceiv'd a little Man in the Tree about half a Yard in Height, eating Oranges, who said to her, 'O Queen, I know you, and the Fear you are in lest these Lions should devour you ; I cannot blame you, they have devoured a great many, and to your Misfortune you want a Cake.' 'I must resolve on Death, reply'd *the Queen* sighing ; but alas ! I could not be so much grieved was my dear Girl but married !' What, have you a Daughter ? said the *Yellow Dwarf*, who was call'd so from his Complexion and the Orange-tree he lived in : Indeed I am very glad of that, for I have sought after a Wife both by Sea and Land : Now if you will promise me I shall have her, I will secure you both from Lions, Tygers and Bears.' The Queen look'd at him as much frightened at his horrible little

little Figure as at the Lions, and musing some Time, return'd no Answer. 'What, do you hesitate, Madam, *cry'd he*, it seems you are not very 'fond of Life.' At the same Time the Lions appear'd on the Top of a small Hill, running towards her; at which Sight the Queen, who trembled like a Dove when she sees a Kite, cry'd out with all her Might, 'Good Sir Dwarf, *All-Fair*, is yours,' 'Oh! *said he, with an Air of Disdain*, *All-Fair*, is too 'fair; I will not have her.' 'O Sir, *continued the afflicted Queen*, don't refuse her, she is the most 'charming Princess in the World.' 'Well, *said he*, I will take her out of Charity; but remember 'the Gift you make me.' And thereupon the Orange-tree open'd, and the Queen was let into it, and so escaped from the Lions. She was vex'd she could not find no Door to that Tree, when at last she perceived one that open'd into the Field full of Nettles and Thistles, surrounded with a muddy Ditch; in the Middle thereof stood a little thatch'd House, out of which the Yellow Dwarf came in a pleasant Air, wooden Shoes, a coarse yellow Stuff Jacket, and without any Hair to hide his large Ears. 'I am glad, good Mother-in-law, *said he to the Queen*, to see you in this my Abode, where 'your Daughter is to live with me; she may keep 'an Ass to ride on within these Nettles and Thistles, and may secure herself from the Injuries of 'the Weather under this rustick Roof; she will 'have this Water to drink, and may eat some of 'these Frogs that are fatten'd in it: Besides I always shall bear her Company, and never shall 'leave her.'

When the unfortunate Queen came to consider on the deplorable Life the Dwarf promised her dear Child, she was not able to support the terrible Idea, but fell into a Swoon, and had not the Power to say one Word; and while she was in that Condition, was convey'd to her own Bed, in a fine Suit of Night-Clothes of the newest Fashion. As soon

as

as the Queen came to herself, she remembered what had happen'd, but knew not how to believe it, seeing she was in her own Palace in the midst of all the Ladies of her Court, and her Daughter by her Bed side : But the fine Night Clothes, which were of a curious Lace, amaz'd her as much as the Dream she fancied she had had ; and thro' the Excess of her Disquiet she fell into such an extraordinary Fit of Melancholy, that she hardly either spoke, eat, or slept. The Princess, who loved her at her Heart, was very much grieved, and often ask'd her what was the Matter ; when the Queen, to deceive her, told her sometimes it proceeded from her ill state of Health, and at other Times from some of the neighbouring Princes Threatnings to make War against her. Tho' *All-Fair* found these Answers very plausible, however she knew there was something more in the Bottom, which the Queen endeavour'd to hide from her ; and being no longer able to endure her Uneasiness, resolv'd to go to the Desert Fairy to ask her Advice, whether or no, she should marry, since she was so much press'd to it : She took Care to make a Cake to appease the Lions, and pretending to go to Bed earlier then ordinary, went down a Pair of Back-Stairs, in a white Veil that reach'd down to her Feet, then set forward on her Journey.

When the Princess came to the fatal Orange-tree, she saw it so loaded with Fruit, that she had a great Mind to gather some ; whereupon she set down her Basket, and pluck'd some and eat them ; but when she went to look for her Basket and Cake, and found them taken away, her Grief was inexpressible, and turning about, espy'd the little frightful Dwarf, who said to her, ' What makes you cry, Child ? ' ' Alas ! who can forbear ? *reply'd she* ; I have lost ' my Basket and Cake, which were so very necessary ' in my Journey to the Desert Fairy. ' What ' want you with her ? *answer'd this little Monkey* : ' I am her Relation and Friend, and am as knowing to the full as she. ' The Queen my Mother, ' *reply'd*

‘ *reply’d the Princess*, is grown very melancholy, which makes me fear for her Life; I fancy I may be the Cause of it, since she has desired me to marry, and I must own to you, I have not yet found any one that I think deserving enough of me: These are the Reasons that have engaged me to speak with the Fairy.’ ‘ *Princess give yourself no further Trouble, said the Dwarf*, I am more proper to inform you about these Things: The Queen your Mother is vex’d that she has promised you in Marriage.’ ‘ *The Queen promised me in Marriage! said she, interrupting him*; undoubtedly you are mistaken, she would certainly have told me of it; I am too much concern’d in that Affair, to be engaged without my own Consent.’ ‘ *Beautiful Princess, said the Dwarf, throwing himself at her Feet*; I flatter myself this Choice will not be displeasing to you, when I tell you I am destin’d to that Happiness.’ ‘ *My Mother chose you for a Son-in-Law! cry’d All fair, falling back some Steps*; was ever any Folly like yours? ‘ *I am not very fond of the Honour, said he, in a Passion*; but here are the Lions, who will revenge my Affront.’ At the same Time the Princess heard the Lions roaring: ‘ *What will become of me? said she*; must I thus end my Days?’ The wicked Dwarf look’d at her, and with a malicious Smile, said, ‘ You shall have the Glory of dying, and not bestowing your shining Merit on a poor miserable Dwarf, such as I am.’ ‘ *Pray be not angry, said the Princess, lifting up her Hands*; I’d rather marry all the Dwarfs in the World, than die after so frightful a Manner.’ ‘ *Observe me well, Princess, said he, before you give me your Word*; for I do not pretend to surprize you.’ ‘ *I have already, reply’d she*; but the Lions approach towards me; save me, or I shall die with Fear.’ In short, she fell into a Swoon, and, without knowing how she got there, found herself in her own Bed, in the

finest Linen and Ribbons possible, with a Ring of one single red Hair, so fast upon her Finger that she could not get it off.

When the Princess saw all this, and remembered what had pass'd before, she grew so melancholy, that all the Court were surprized and uneasy at it: The Queen was most alarm'd of all, and ask'd a thousand Times what was the Matter; but she was determin'd in herself to conceal her Adventure from her. At last the States of the Kingdom, impatient to have their Princess married, assembled, and address'd the Queen to make Choice of an Husband for her out of Hand. The Queen told them, it was what she had most at Heart; but that her Daughter was very much against it. However she advis'd them to go to her, and talk with her about it; which they did immediately. *All-Fair*, whose Pride was somewhat abated, since her Adventure with the Yellow-Dwarf, thought it would be the best Way to marry some potent Prince, with whom that little Ape would not dare to dispute so glorious a Conquest; and gave them a favourable Answer, and consented to marry the King of the Golden Mines, who was a powerful and handsome Prince, who loved her with a violent Passion, and who never till then durst entertain any Hopes. We may easily guess at the Excess of his Joy, and his Rival's Rage, when the News was declared. There were great Preparations made against the Nuptials, and the King of the Golden Mines launch'd out such prodigious Sums of Money, that the Sea was full of Ships, that were sent to the remotest Parts for the greatest Rarities. In short, that Prince discover'd such lively and delicate Sentiments, that she began to have some Passion for him. Thus were they both happy; when one Day the King, who was both gallant and in Love, took the Liberty to discover his Tenderneſs to her in the Garden, in Verses of his own making, among which, he repeated these Lines:

The

*The Verdant Leaves bud out when you appear,
And all the Trees their brightest Liveries wear;
The Flow'rs spring forth by your indulgent Hears;
And our Birds their little Songs repeat:
In this bless'd Place, distant from Care and Grouns,
All Nature smiles, and you her Goddess obins.*

In the Midst of all this Joy, the King's Rivals, who were in the utmost Despair at his good Fortune, and sensible of the most piercing Grief, left the Court, and returned to their own Dominions, not being able to be Eye-witnesses to the Princess's Marriage; but before they went, they took their Leaves of her in so obliging a Manner, that she could not but pity them. O! Madam, said the King of the Gold Mines, what do you rob me of, by granting your Pity to Lovers, who are over and above recompens'd for their Pains by one single Look from you! I should be angry, replied the Princess, if you were insensible of the Compassion I have shown these Princes, to whom I am lost for ever; it is a Proof of your Delicacy, which I approve of; But, Sir, their Conditions are far different from yours; you ought to be pleas'd with what I have done for you; they have no Reason to be so, therefore you should restrain your Jealousy. The King of the Golden Mines was so confounded at the obliging Manner that the Princess took a Thing that might very well have displeas'd her, that he throw himself at her Feet, kiss'd her Hands, and ask'd a thousand Pardons.

At last the long wish'd-for Day came, and the Nuptials were proclaim'd, by sounding of Trumpets, and all other Ceremonies; the Balconies were all adorn'd with Tapestries, and the Houses bedeck'd with Flowers. The Queen was so overjoy'd, that she was hardly in Bed, and got to Sleep, but she rose again to give the necessary Orders, and to chuse out the Jewels the Princess was to wear that Day.

She was cover'd almost over with Diamonds, and on her Gown, which was a Silver Brocade, were twelve Suns form'd with Diamonds. But nothing appear'd so bright as that Princess's natural Charms; a rich Crown was set upon her Head, her Hair hung down almost to her Feet, and the Majesty of her Shape distinguish'd her from all the Ladies that attended on her. The King of the Gold Mines shew'd himself no less accomplish'd and magnificent; Joy and Cheerfulness appear'd in all his Actions: None approach'd him, but he loaded them with his Gifts and Presents; for he had order'd some Thousands of Tons of Gold, and Velvet Sacks, embroider'd with Pearls, full of Guineas, to be placed in the Hall, where all that put forth their Hands, received Handfuls of Gold; insomuch that this Part of the Ceremony drew there great Crowds of People, that would have been insensible of all the other Pleasures.

As the Queen, King, and Princess were going out into a long Gallery, they saw a Box move towards them, in which there sat a large old Woman, at whose Age and Decrepidness they were not so much surprized, as at her Ugliness: She lean'd upon a Crutch, had a black Taffety Ruff on, a red Velvet Hood, and a Fardingale all in Rags; and after having taken two or three Turns about, without speaking a Word, she stopp'd in the Middle of the Gallery, and shaking her Crutch in a threatening Manner, cry'd out, 'Ho, ho! you Queen and Princess, do you think to falsify unpunish'd your Words, which you gave my Friend the Yellow Dwarf? I am the Desert Fairy; and don't you know, that if it had not been for him and his Orange-tree, you had been devoured by my Lions? These Insults to Fairies shall not be allow'd; think presently on what you design; for I swear by my Coif you shall marry him, or I will burn my Crutch.' 'Ah! Princess, said the Queen in Tears, what is this that I hear? What have you promised?' 'Ah, Mother, reply'd the Princess, full

' full of Grief, what have you promised ?' The King of the Gold Mines, enraged at what had pass'd, and that this wicked old Woman should come to oppose his Happiness, drew his Sword, and going up towards her, pointed it to her Throat : ' Wretch, *said he*, be gone from hence, or I'll revenge thy Malice on thy Life.' He had no sooner pronounced these Words, but the upper Part of the Box flew off with great Noise, and out came the Yellow Dwarf, mounted on a large *Spanish* Cat, and placed himself between the Desart-Fairy and the King of the Gold Mines : ' Rash Youth, *said he*, think not to commit this Violence on the illustrious Fairy, thy Rage shall light on me : I am thy Rival and thy Enemy : The false Princess who was going to bestow herself on thee, has given me her Word, and received mine ; see if she has not a Ring of my Hair upon her Finger, by that you may judge of my Right to her.' ' Hideous Monster, *said the King*, hast thou the Boldness to call thyself the Adorer of this divine Princess, and to pretend to so glorious a Possession ? Thou art such a Baboon, such an odious Figure, that I had sacrificed thee before now, hadst thou been worthy of so honourable a Death.' The Dwarf, piqued to the very Soul at these Words, clapp'd his Spurs in the Cat's Sides, which made such a Mewing, and flying about, as frighten'd all but the King, who hemm'd in the Dwarf so close, that he drew a large Cutlass, with which he was arm'd, and defying the King to a Combat, went down into the Court of the Palace, making a terrible Noise. The enraged King follow'd him as fast as possible ; and when they stood opposite to each other, ready to begin the Combat, the Sun on a sudden turn'd as red as Blood, and it grew as dark as Pitch ; it thunder'd and lightened, and by the Flashes of the Lightning, the King and all the Court, who were got into the Balconies, perceived two Giants waiting Fire on each Side of the

Dwarf; all which was not capable of daunting the magnanimous Heart of this young Monarch, who shew'd a wonderful Intrepidity in his Looks and Actions, that encouraged all who were concern'd for his Safety, and gave the Dwarf and his Enemies some Confusion. But all his Courage was not Proof against what he saw the Princess endure; when the Desert Fairy, with her Head cover'd with Snakes, like *Tisfbons*, and mounted on a winged Griffin, struck her so hard with a Lance she carried in her Hand, that she fell into the Queen's Arms all over Blood. This tender Mother, who was touch'd to the very Soul to see her Daughter in this Condition, made most sad Complaints; and for the King, he lost both all his Reason and Courage, left the Combat, and ran to the Princess, to succour her, or die with her; but the Yellow Dwarf would not give him Time to go to her, but flew on his *Spanish* Cat into the Balcony where she was, and took her out of her Mother's Arms, and from all the Ladies, and then leaping upon the Top of the Palace, disappear'd with his Prey.

The King, confus'd and motionless, look'd on such an extraordinary Adventure with the utmost Despair, since it was not in his Power to help it; when to complete his Misfortunes, he found a Mist before his Eyes, and himself lifted up by some extraordinary Power in the Air; for the wicked Fairy, who came to assist the Yellow Dwarf in taking away the Princess, had no sooner set her Eyes on the King of the Gold Mines, but her Heart grew sensible of that young Prince's Merit; and that he might be her Prey, she therefore carried him to the Bottom of a frightful Cavern, and there loaded him with Chains fix'd to a Rock, hoping that the Dread of an approaching Death might make him forget *All-Fair*, and engage him to do as she would have him. As soon as he arriv'd there, she restored him his Sight, and borrowing, by the Fairy-Art, all those Charms and Graces that Nature had deny'd her,

her, appear'd to him like a lovely Nymph, that was come that Way by Chance. 'What is this that my Eyes behold! said she: What have you done, charming Prince, that you are kept here!' Whereupon, the King, deceiv'd by these false Appearances, reply'd; 'Alas! fair Nymph, I know not what the infernal Fury that brought me hither would have; for though, when she took me away, she deprived me of my Sight, and has not since appear'd, yet I know by her Voice, that she was the Desert-Fairy.' 'Oh! Sir, cry'd the false Nymph, you are in the Hands of a Woman, who will never let you go till you marry her; 'tis what she has done by several Heroes: She is the most obstinate Woman in the World in these Affairs.' But while she pretended to bear a Share in the King's Affliction, he perceived her Griffin Feet, which was always a Mark by which the Fairy was known in all her Metamorphoses, and which she could not change: and seeming to take no Notice of it, but speaking in an Air of Confidence, said, 'Indeed I have no Aversion for the Desert-Fairy; but I cannot bear that she should protect the Yellow Dwarf, and keep me chain'd thus like a Criminal: What have I done? I love, 'tis true, a charming Princess; and had I my Liberty, it would engage me to love the Fairy.' 'Do you use Sincerity?' said the pretended Nymph, 'Doubt you of it?' reply'd the King: I am a Novice in the Art of Dissembling; and I must own to you a Fairy has much more to flatter my Vanity with, than a Princess; but if I loved her to Destruction, and she confined me, I should hate her.'

Deceived by these Words, the Desert-Fairy resolved to transport him to a Place as agreeable as this was horrible; and to that End, obliged him to get into her Chariot, which was then drawn by Swans, whereas it was generally drawn by Bats. But in what a Condition was this Prince, when as he was traversing the waste Space of Air, he saw

his dear Princess in a Castle of polish'd Steel, the Walls of which cast such a Reflection when the Sun shined, that there was no going near it; she was laid in a Grove by a Brook-Side, leaning her Head on one Hand, and wiping away her Tears with the other: And as she was looking up to Heaven to ask Relief, she saw the King pass along with the Desart-Fairy, who, as she had made use of her Art to seem handsome to that young Monarch, she appear'd to the Princess the most charming Person in the World. 'What, *cry'd she*, am not I unfortunate enough, to be in this inaccessible Castle, whither this ugly Dwarf has brought me; but, to add to my Misfortunes, I must be tormented with Jealousies? Must I be inform'd, by such an extraordinary Adventure, of the Infidelity of the King of the Gold Mines, who has certainly thought that by losing the Sight of me, he was freed from his Oaths? But who can this formidable Rival be, whose fatal Beauty surpasses mine?' While she was saying these Words, the amorous King felt a mortal Pain, in being carried away with such Swiftneſs from the dear Object of his Vows: Had he not known the Fairy's Power, he would certainly have try'd to have got from her, either by killing her or some other Means that his Love and Courage would have suggested to him; but how could he attempt any Thing at that Time?

The Fairy also perceived the Princess, and sought in the King's Eyes to penetrate into the Effect that Sight might produce in his Heart. 'None can inform you so well as myself, of what you want to know, *said he to her*; the unexpected meeting with that unhappy Princess, for whom I had once some Respect, before I was acquainted with your Charms, gave me some small Disturbance; but you have so much a greater Sway over me, that I would sooner die than be false to you.' 'Ah! Prince, *said she*, may I flatter myself with having inspired you with such favourable Sentiments
for

‘ for me ? ’ ‘ Time shall convince you, Madam, *reply’d he*; but if you would make me sensible that I have any Part in your Esteem, deny not *All-Fair* your Assistance. ’ ‘ Do you know what you ask ? *answer’d the Fairy, knitting her Brow and frowning* : What, would you have me make use of my Knowledge against the Yellow-Dwarf, who is my best Friend, to force a proud Princess, whom I must look upon as my Rival, out of his Hands ? No, I cannot bear the Thoughts of it. ’ At that the King sigh’d inwardly, but durst return no Answer. At last, they came to a large Meadow, enamel’d with various Flowers, and surrounded by a deep River, into which there ran several small Brooks, which formed Meanders about little Holts of Trees, where there was always a fresh Air : At a small Distance stood a stately Palace, the Walls of which were of transparent Emeralds, and as soon as the Swans that drew them, alighted, thousands of beautiful Persons came to receive the Fairy with Acclamations of Joy, and Songs in Praise of her Charms and her Choice ; which overjoy’d the Fairy to hear them mention her Amours. She led the King into the most magnificent Apartment that had ever been seen in the Memory of Fairies, and leaving him there, and thinking she was not sure she had captivated him, she got into an obscure Place, from whence she might observe all his Actions ; and he fancying she would watch him, went to a large Glass, and said to it, ‘ Faithful Adviser, permit me to study out Ways to render myself agreeable to the charming Fairy, whom I adore ; for great is my Desire to please. ’ And, thereupon, he painted, powder’d and patch’d, put on a magnificent Suit of Clothes that lay ready for him, and adjust’d himself the best he could.

Upon this, the Fairy went in unto him so much transported with Joy, that she could not moderate it : ‘ I shall not forget, *said she*, the Care you have taken

' to please me; you have found out the true and
 ' only Way: You see, Sir, it is not so difficult
 ' when People please.' The King, who thought
 that saying fine Things to the Fairy was the best
 Card he could play, spared no soft Expressions at
 this Juncture, and by that Means got Leave to take
 a Walk on the Sea-Shore, which the Fairy, by her
 Art, had render'd so dangerous and boisterous, that
 no Pilots were so bold as to venture to sail on it; so
 that she was under no Apprehensions of her Priso-
 ner's escaping who thought it a great Assignment
 to his Pains to muse alone, and think of his dearest
 Princess, without being interrupted by his hateful
 Gaoles. When he had walk'd there some Time,
 kiss'd the Sand, and invoked the Powers of the Sea,
 he heard a Voice which made him give great At-
 tention, and observing the Waves to swell, and re-
 garding them steadfastly, he perceived a beautiful
 Mermaid arise with a Looking-glass in one Hand,
 and combing her Hair, which was greatly agitated
 by the Winds, with the other. At this Sight the
 King was very much surpris'd; but much more
 when she came and said to him; ' I know the sad
 ' Condition you are reduced to, by your Separa-
 ' tion from your Princess, and the Desert-Fairy's
 ' Passion for you; if you approve of it, I will
 ' carry you away from this fatal Place, where, per-
 ' haps, you may languish out thirty or forty Years.'
 The King knew not what Answer to return; not
 hint he desired to be deliver'd from his Captivity,
 but for fear the Fairy had assumed a new Form to
 deceive him: And as he hesitated, the Syren, who
 guess'd at his Thoughts, said, ' Fear not, this is
 ' no Snare laid for you; I am too much an Enemy
 ' to the Desert-Fairy and the Yellow-Dwarf, to
 ' serve them: I see your unfortunate Princess eve-
 ' ry Day, her Beauty and Merit raise my Pity;
 ' and I tell you again, if you have any Confidence
 ' in me, I will assist you to get away.' ' I have
 ' as much in you, cry'd the King, that I will do
 whatever

‘ whatever you bid me; but since you have seen my Princess, tell me some News of her.’ ‘ We shall lose too much Time in talking, *reply’d the Syren*: ‘ Come along with me, and I will carry you to the steel-Castle, and leave on this Shore a Figure so like you, that the Fairy shall be deceived by it.’

She presently cut down some Sea-Rushes, and bundling them together, and blowing upon them, said, ‘ My good Friends, I order you not to stir off from this Beach, till the Desert-Fairy comes and takes you away.’ Whereupon a Skin grew soon over the Rushes, and they became so like the King of the Gold Mines, that it was surprising; they were chained like the King, and look’d pale and dead, as if he had been drown’d. After this the Syren made the King sit upon her Fish’s Tail, and both sail’d away in a rolling sea, with all imaginable Satisfaction. When they were at some Distance from the Shore, the Syren said, ‘ I will now tell you how the wicked Dwarf carried the Princess away: He set her behind him on his Spanish Cat; and notwithstanding the Blood she lost by the Wound she received from the Desert-Fairy, which made her swoon away, he never stopp’d to give her Assistance till he had her safe in the steel-Castle, where he was received by some of the most beautiful Persons in the World, which he had transported thither, who all shew’d a great Desire to serve the Princess, who was put into a Bed of Cloth of Gold, embroider’d with large Pearls.’ ‘ O! *pry’d the King of the Gold Mines*, he has married her; I swoon and die away.’ ‘ No, *said she*, assure yourself the Princess’s Conscience is too firm to admit of that.’ ‘ Then go on,’ *reply’d he*. ‘ What I have more to tell you, is,’ *continued the Syren*, she was in the Grove you pass’d over, and saw you with the Desert-Fairy, who was so painted, that she seem’d to her of a much superior Beauty to herself, and her Despair is not to be comprehended; since she fancies

‘ you

' you love her.' ' I love her! *cry'd the King* : Just Heavens! how much is she deceived? What ought I not to do, to make her sensible how much she is mistaken?' ' Consult your own Heart,' *answer'd the Syren, with a gracious Smile* ; People that are deeply engaged have no Need of Advice on that Account.' And just as she made an End of these Words, they arrived at the Steel-Castle, which on the Sea-Side the Dwarf had not fortify'd with those burning Walls.

' I know, *said the Syren*, the Princess is by the same Brook-Side, where you saw her as you pass'd by; but as you will have a great many Enemies to fight with before you can come to her, take this Sword, with which you may undertake any Thing, and face the greatest Dangers, provided you never let it go out of your Hand. Farewell, I shall retire under that Rock you see there; if you have any Need of me, to conduct you farther with your Princess, I shall not fail you: for the Queen her Mother is my best Friend, and 'twas on her Account that I have thus served you.' After these Words she gave him the Sword, which was made of one certain Diamond, that gave as great a Lustre as the Sun: upon the receiving it, he could use no Words expressive enough for an Acknowledgment; but desired her to make it up in thinking all that a generous Mind was capable of.

But to return to the Desert-Fairy: When she saw that her Lover did not return, she hasten'd after to find him, running all along the Shore attended with a hundred young Damsels, loaded with Presents for him; some brought great Baskets full of Diamonds, some golden Vessels of admirable Work, some Ambergrease, Coral and Pearls, and some carried great Pieces of Stuffs upon their Heads of prodigious Richness; others Flowers, Fruits, and Birds: In short, every Thing that might be acceptable. But in what a sad Condition was the Fairy, when following this noble Troop, she saw the

the Rushes in the Shape of the King of the Gold Mines; she was so amazed and grieved, that she gave a terrible Shriek, that made the Hills echo again, and seem'd more furious than *Megara*, *Alesto* and *Tisiphone* together: She threw herself upon the Body, cry'd, howl'd, and tore fifty of the Persons that were with her in Pieces, as a Sacrifice to the *Manes* of the dear deceased. Then she called Eleven of her Sister-Fairies, to help her to erect a stately Mausoleum to this young Hero; who were all as much deceived as herself by the *Syren*, who was more powerful than they. But while they were providing Porphyry, Jasper, Agate, Marble, Statues and Devices in Gold and Brass, to immortalize the Memory of the King, whom they thought to be dead, he thank'd the lovely *Syren*, conjuring her to grant him her Protection; which she engaging him she would, he had nothing to do but to advance towards the Steel-Castle.

Thus guided by his Love, he went forward, and looking carefully about, perceived his adorable Princess; but was not long without Employment; for four terrible *Sphinxes* flew at him, and had torn him into a thousand Pieces, had it not been for the *Syren's* Sword, which glitter'd so in their Eyes, that they fell down at his Feet without any Strength; and he gave each a mortal Wound, and so proceeded on, till he met with six Dragons, whose scaled Skins were harder than Iron. Whatever Fear such Creatures might have put some into, he was intrepid, and with his Sword cut them all asunder, and thought he had surmounted the utmost Difficulties, when he met with the greatest of all; which was four-and-twenty Nymphs, holding in their Hands long Garlands of Flowers, with which they stopp'd his Passage: 'Whither are you going, Sir? said they: We are appointed to guard this Place, and if we let you pass, it will be bad both for you and us; therefore pray be not obstinate: Sure you would not imbrue your victorious Arm

‘in the Blood of so many innocent young Damsels, who have done you no Wrong.’ At these Words, the King, who was a great Admirer of the Fair Sex, and had profess’d himself always their Protector, was so confounded to think he must force his Passage through them, that he knew not what to resolve on; when he heard a Voice say, ‘Strike, strike, or you lose your Princess for ever.’ Whereupon, without making any Reply, he threw himself into the Midst of the Nymphs, and gave them no Quarter, and soon dispers’d them. This being the last Obstacle he had to meet with, he went into the Grove, where the Princess lay pale and languishing by a Brook-Side; and upon his approaching trembling towards her, she flew from him with as much Indignation, as if he had been the Yellow-Dwarf. ‘Condemn me not, Madam, *said he*, before you hear me; I am neither false nor guilty of what you imagine; but only an unfortunate Wretch, that has displeased you with Repugnance to himself.’ ‘Ah! barbarous Man, *cry’d she*, I saw you traversing the Air with a beautiful Person; was that against your Consent?’ ‘Yes, Princess, *said he*, it was: The wicked Defiant-Fairy, not satisfied with chaining me to a Rock, took me with her in her Chariot, and convey’d me to a distant Part of the World, where I should have languish’d out my Days, without hope of any Succour, had it not been for a kind Syren, that brought me hither. I come, my Princess, to deliver you out of the Hands of those that detain you here; refuse not the Assistance of the most faithful of Lovers.’ Thereupon he threw himself at her Feet, and catching hold of her Gown, unfortunately let fall the formidable Sword, which the Yellow Dwarf, who lay behind some small Shrub, no sooner saw out of the King’s Hand, but knowing its Power, he ran and seized it.

The Princess, at the Sight of the Dwarf, gave a terrible Shriek; but all her Complaints serv’d only

to exasperate the little Monster, who, by two cabalistical Words, conjured up two large Giants, that loaded the King with Irons. 'I am now, *said the Dwarf, Master of my Rival's Fate*; however, I will grant him his Life and Liberty, on Condition he consents to my Marriage.' 'No, I will die a thousand Deaths first, *cry'd the amorous King, in a Rage.*' Alas! *reply'd the Princess, the Thoughts of that is the most terrible of all.* 'Nothing shocks me so much, *answer'd the King, as that you should become a Victim to this Monster.*' 'Then, *said the Princess, let us die together.*' 'No, my Princess, *said the King, let me have the Satisfaction of dying for you.*' 'I'd sooner consent, *said she, to the Dwarf's Desires.*' 'Oh! cruel Princess, *interrupted the King, should you marry him before my Face, my Life would ever after be odious to me.*' 'No, it shall not be before thy Face, *reply'd the Dwarf; for a beloved Rival I cannot bear.*' And at these Words he stabb'd the King to the Heart; whose Death the Princess was not able to survive, but she fell on that dear Prince's Body, and poured out her Soul with his. Thus died these two illustrious but unfortunate Lovers, before the *Siren* could apply any Remedy, all her Power lying in the fatal Sword.

The wicked Dwarf was better pleased to see his Princess void of Life, than in the Arms of another; and the Desert-Fairy being inform'd of this Adventure, conceived as great an Hatred against the Memory of the King of the Gold Mines, as Love for his Person, and destroy'd the Mausoleum she had erected. And for the kind Mermaid, who was grieved at this Misfortune, she could obtain no other Favour of Fate, but to change them into two Palm-Trees; which preserving a faithful and lasting Passion for each other, caress and unite their Branches together.

*The Continuation of the Story of Don FERDINAND
of Toledo.*

WHEN *Leonora* had made an End of her Story, all the Company returned her their Thanks for the Pleasure she had done them, and rose, seeming to desire to walk and take the fresh Air; and as they divided into different Sets, it was no hard Matter for Don *Ferdinand* to find an Opportunity of Discourse with *Leonora*, whom he met after he had been walking with the old Countess, crossing a *Jessamine Walk*, where he stopp'd her with Respect; and seeing he was alone with her, threw himself at her Feet, and said, 'What Man, Madam, can be more happy, since I am at your Feet, and can let you know how much I adore you?' 'I don't find, reply'd the beautiful Lady, with an Air of Modesty and Confusion, that this Liberty is so well establish'd as you think for; I think I ought to deprive you of it.' 'Oh, Madam! answer'd he, you are too amiable and good, to punish, with so much Cruelty, an Offence I could not help committing; therefore, since you have made a Captive of my Heart, I hope I may be allow'd to entertain you with your Conquest: But, alas! Madam, if I durst, I should speak of some Return.' 'I never in my Life, said she, knew any one proceed so far in so short a Time: I know not yet whether I ought to give you Leave to speak to me—But alas! how can I refuse your Merit, the Sincerity of your Intentions, my own Inclination, and the Proofs you have given me of your Passion; since nothing can exceed your Perseverance?' 'I shall never be failing there, Madam, answer'd he, the Countess's ill Temper shall never

• never dismay me; and I think myself overpaid
• for my Disguise, and the Complaisance I have
• shew'd her, since I have the Happiness of being
• at your Feet, and you have permitted me to de-
• clare my Passion, and that I may flatter myself
• that my Respect and Constancy may some Time
• affect you.' 'I do not forbid you to hope, *said*
• Leonora; think but of rendering your Senti-
• ments as agreeable to my Father as to me, and
• ———' Here she made a Pause, being unable
to pursue a Conversation which began to be so ten-
der; but by her Trouble alone explain'd her
Thoughts. At which Don *Ferdinand* was so much
overjoy'd, he took hold of one of her fair Hands,
and was just going to kiss it, when all on a sudden
he felt somebody pull him so hard by one Leg, that
he had much ado to avoid falling upon his Nose:
But what Confusion was he in, when rising up sud-
denly to revenge himself on the Person that offer'd
him such an Insult before his Mistress's Face, he
perceived it was the Countess, who had stood be-
hind him, and heard all he said, without being seen
either by himself or *Leonora*? For this distrustful
old Lady having observed that this pretended *Moor*
had soon left her to return to the Bower, and fear-
ing lest he should meet with either of her Daugh-
ters, follow'd him softly, and saw, by the Light of
the Lamps, that he was at *Leonora's* Feet: How-
ever, though she was very much enraged yet had
she Patience enough to hear the tender Conversa-
tion of these two Lovers; but when he catch'd hold
of her Daughter's Hand, she thought it improper
to be any longer only a Spectator. 'Ha! Don
' *Ferdinand*, cry'd she, is it you who have taken all
' this Pains to disguise yourself like a *Moor*, to
' continue your Addresses to *Leonora*? And is she
' so imprudent and void of Reason to hear you,
' and suffer you to kiss her Hand?' *Leonora* and
Don *Ferdinand* were so confounded, that it is more
easy to imagine the Condition they were in, than

to describe it: However, as he flatter'd himself that the Countess had not heard all they said, he soon recover'd himself, and with some Boldness reply'd, 'What, Madam, is it a Crime in Spain, to speak to a Fair Lady, and to kiss her Hand? In my Country, 'tis a Sign of Respect.' And in mine, *said the Countess in a Passion*, 'tis a fair Broof of a Person's being undone; but whether you are a *Moor*, or a *Castilian*, I tell you, I am no longer to be deceived.' Therefore, loading her Daughter with the most cruel Reproaches, she oblig'd her to go into the House with *Matilda*, where she put them both under Lock and Key.

Don Ferdinand and Don James were so much enraged, that, had it not been for Don *Francoise*, they had return'd the Violence she did them, by taking away their Mistresses. The Lights and Entertainment vanish'd away like an Enchantment; the Countess said the most severe Things in the World to her Nephew, and told him, 'That if he went not away immediately with his two Devils, (as she call'd these two Gentlemen,) she would have Recourse to whatever Rage and Passion could induce her to.' Never any Entertainment ended so dismally; the two Lovers and their Friends were in Despair, to leave the two young Ladies in such cruel Hands; for when we are really in Love, we are more concern'd for the Person we love, than our own particular Satisfaction. But, however, they were oblig'd to go without their Supper, half dead with Rage and Hunger; and what vex'd them most, was, that they had but very little Talk with their Mistresses, and had left them exposed in the Hands of an enraged Mother, who doubted some Time whether these Sparks were Don Ferdinand and Don James; for they were very well disguised: But at last was persuaded within herself that they were two *Spaniards*, who, according to all Appearances, came only to see and speak to her Daughters.

As these Gentlemen return'd back to Cadix, they abandoned themselves so much to their different Reflections, that they went a great Way before they were able to exchange a Word with one another; when Don *Francisco*, whose Concern was not so great as his two Friends, breaking the Ice first, said, 'Though I should not insult you on your Misfortunes with unseasonable Reproaches, I cannot forbear asking you, my dear Don *Ferdinand*, if it was the greatest Piece of Prudence in you to throw yourself at *Leonora's* Feet, in a Garden where her Mother might surprize you.' 'Had it not been for that unlucky Transport of his, added Don *James*, all had gone well, and I had entertain'd *Matilda*, without having been seen.' 'Alas! you talk like cold Lovers, reply'd Don *Ferdinand*; if you had loved like me, you would find it an hard Matter to be with *Leonora*, without discovering some Transports of your Soul.' 'What do you pretend, reply'd Don *James*, (who waited impatiently to say something as severe) to love *Leonora* better than I do *Matilda*?' 'Yes I do, answer'd the other, and will maintain it.' At that Don *James*, who was all Life and Vigour, open'd one of the Coach Doors, and jumped out; and clapping his Hand to his Sword, said, 'Come then and maintain it.' Whereupon Don *Ferdinand* jumped after him, and Don *Francisco* followed with all imaginable Precipitation: 'What Fury possesses you? cry'd he; would you cut each other's Throats on this Account? Live for the Persons you love, who alone are those you should persuade of the Greatness of your Passions, without undertaking a Duel, which they would be very angry at, should they hear of it.' Notwithstanding these good Reasons, the two Lovers had a great Mind to be thrusting, to revenge on each other the Injury the Countess of *Fuentes* had done them; but at last were appeased by the Intreaties of their Friends, and got into the Coach again, both ashamed of a Rea-

dinefs

diness that wounded so much the sincere Friendship they had sworn to each other. On the other Hand, Don *Francisco* was so uneasy at his quarrelling with his Aunt, (for he could think of no Ways to appease her, and feared lest she should oblige her Husband to resent it) that Don *Ferdinand* observed it, and told him, ' That he should be in the utmost Despair at all the Accidents that had befallen them ; but that he flattered himself that his Father's Return would calm this Tempest.' When they got to *Cadix*, they were informed of the Marquis of *Toledo's* Arrival ; at which Don *Ferdinand* and Don *James* were overjoy'd, and renew'd their Promises to their Friend to marry his Cousins, if the Count of *Fuentes* would give his Consent : And thereupon Don *Ferdinand* desired him to trust him with *Leonora's* Picture, to convince his Father how lovely she was ; which Don *Francisco*, who was as desirous of the Match as himself, made no Difficulty to grant, knowing that his Cousin would be made the most happy Person in the World, by marrying a Man of so great Quality and Merit. Don *Ferdinand* thank'd him for the Favour, and retir'd with Don *James* full of the most pleasing Hopes, they both resolving to ask at the same Time for *Matilda*.

Soon after, meeting with a Friend of theirs and talking of the Agreeableness of their Marriage, they pray'd him to speak to the Marquis *de Toledo* about it, and to contribute as much as possible towards the compleating of their Desires. Don *Ferdinand* added withal, ' That he must acquaint his Father that he never could meet with a more virtuous and charming Lady ; and thinking it proper to convince him of her Beauty, gave his Friend her Picture to shew him.' For their Parts they failed not to go and pay their Respects to the Marquis *de Toledo* ; and for Don *Ferdinand*, who had his Reasons to endeavour to please him, he never seem'd so glad of his Return, nor so complaisant

fant and diligent before. Their Friend, to gratify them in their Request, waited on the Marquis, and informed him of the Advantage that might accrue from an Alliance with the Count of *Fuentes*; moreover, he shewed him that charming Lady's Picture, and told him, ' He was persuaded that, without mentioning her other Beauties, which were all perfect, he must approve of her Face.' With which the Marquis was so much pleased, that he desired him to leave the Picture with him.

When he was alone, he looked on it with an extraordinary Attention, and began to envy his Son's good Fortune: ' How happy is he, said the old Gentleman to himself, to please so lovely a Person.' But, (continued he) why am I thinking of marrying my Son? I am not too old myself to renounce Matrimony yet; I'll inform myself first of her Temper, and then resolve.' Whereupon sending for Don *Ferdinand*, and after having commended his Choice, he enquired after her Humour and Disposition: To all which his amorous Son answered, with all the Exaggerations of a Lover, employing all his Eloquence; insomuch that the Father was no ways tired with asking Questions, nor the Son with answering them; and not thinking what Pains and Trouble he had prepared for himself, observed with Pleasure the Attention his Father gave, and from hence drew such happy Presages, that he no longer disputed his own Happiness, knowing that the Count *de Fuentes* would not refuse him; and therefore he continued to speak Wonders of his Mistress, to engage his Father to favour the Marriage; which the Father promised him to do, and to bring him some good News. Don *Ferdinand*, transported with Joy, returned Thanks proportionate to the Happiness he hoped for; and as soon as he retired, writ to *Leonora*, to inform her how Affairs went; which Letter she received by her Cousin's Management, notwithstanding the Vigilance of the Countess.

While

While Don Ferdinand and his Mistress each other with these flattering Hopes; the *de Fuentes*, continually tormented with her I came to the *Aspernas*, to remove those Sentin Jealousy which began to kindle again in her which as soon as Don Ferdinand knew, he in his Father of: Who being particularly acqu with the Count, writ a Letter to him, to ap Place of meeting; which being agreed: o they meeting accordingly, after the first C ments, 'I come, said the Marquis of Told Count, to ask a Mark of your Friendship; give you a Proof of mine, which may fi you: In short, I come to demand the a *Leonora*, whose Beauty and Youth may ma so young again, as not to be also together di able: And, Sir, that a stricter Tie of I ship may be between our two Families, I lovely *Matilda* for my Son.' The Co *Fuentes* answer'd with all the Civility and of Joy the Marquis could promise himself then embracing, they gave each other their and having thus agreed on the Business b themselves, resolved to keep it private. The *de Fuentes* could not avoid speaking of it to h to get her Consent; but at the same Time her to say nothing of it to her Daughters, th his Approbation sufficient. The Marquis o do; when he returned to *Cadix*, told Don Fer 'That every Thing went well, and that in Time he should be happy.' Without ei into any further Particulars, so that he cou

to do it effectually: But fearing lest the Cheat should be found out before every Thing was made sure, he pressed for *Leonora's* and *Matilda's* Return to *Cádiz*; which Pretext the Count *de Montes*, who could not endure the Country, was glad of, to bring his Family to a more agreeable Place.

But, as to such discerning Men as *Don Ferdinand* and *Don James* were not long to be deceived, when they found out the Perfidy they were treated with, they abandon'd themselves to whatever Rage and Despair could inspire, and for *Don Ferdinand*, the Condition he was in, when he knew his own Father to be the Object of his Revenge, is not to be represented. 'Alas! *said he to Don Francisco*, I ought not to punish him; but myself, who shew'd him my Mistress's Picture, and took so much Pains to inform him of all her good Qualities: How could I think him capable of seeing it with Indifference? Has not Love Arrows to wound the Old, as well as Young? Where were my Thoughts, when I shew'd him that charming Person? Then falling from these Reflections into others more violent; 'How can I, *said he*, excuse him for taking from me the Person I love? I can hearken to no Considerations of Respect, therefore no one can be assured of the Possession of my Mistress but by my Death.' For *Don James*, he had no such Lies to bind his Revenge, so he promised one proportionate to the Injury received; but as they both knew that *Leonora* and *Matilda* were to come to Town the next Day, they desired *Don Francisco* to go and meet them, and inform them of all that had pass'd. Which Request he acquiesced with, notwithstanding his Aunt's Anger, to whom he had often writ in vain, to endeavour to justify himself on the Adventure of the *Moors*, and deliver a Letter from *Don Ferdinand* to *Leonora*, in these Words:

Beautiful

‘ *Beautiful Leonora,*

‘ **T**HE Excess of my Grief is not to be expressed by any Words I can use : My Father would destroy all my Hopes, rob me of your Heart, and marry you : I have not enjoy’d myself since this frightful News reach’d my Ears. I no longer know what I am, nor what I do ; you alone can prevent all the Misfortunes of my Life : Suffer me to conduct you to some Place, that may serve for a Sanctuary to our Loves, which is the only Remedy against such pressing Misfortunes : Which, Madam, if you refuse, I shall no longer seek to live.’

Don *Francisco* arrived at the *Aspegnas* just as the Countess was coming away ; and the Hurry they were in at their Removal, gave him an Opportunity of Discourse with his Cousins. But, O Heavens ! how great was their Grief at this fatal and unexpected News, which surprized them like a Thunder-Clap ? However, Don *Francisco* comforted them the best he could, and told them, that if they would but give their Consents, Don *Ferdinand* and Don *James* would secure them against that detested Marriage ; but that to succeed, they must play their Parts well, and seem gay and pleased when at *Cadix*, and then he would warrant all Things would fall out according to their Wishes. ‘ Oh ! dear Cousin, *said Leonora*, you flatter us too much ; after this Misfortune our Fears are great, and Hopes but small : However, I am resolved to follow your Advice, and will conceal my Sorrow as well as I am able when at *Cadix* : But I beg of you to assure Don *Ferdinand*, that I am ready to do what he desires.’ ‘ And tell Don *James* the same Thing from me, *said Matilda*, who had also received a very kind and tender Letter from him, and assure him that my Heart and Hand shall be given to none but him.’ ‘ That’s not enough, interrupted Don *Francisco*, you must write ; I will carry your Letters.’ Whereupon *Leonora* sat down, and writ these Lines :

‘ DON

• **D**ON *Francisco* can tell you the Condition I
• am in, and I sincerely believe I should not
• have been able to have overcome the Violence of
• my Trouble, had I not flatter'd myself with see-
• ing your Design succeed: Which I not only ap-
• prove of, Sir, but will follow you with Pleasure,
• on terms agreeable to my Honour and Virtue.

Matilda was as follows:

• **E**XPECT not from me eloquent Com-
• plaints: The Stroke that wounds you destroys
• me, and the greatest Sorrow is sometimes best
• express'd by Silence, but as it often proceeds to
• the utmost Extremities, depend on it, I will se-
• cond you in your Design, to unite our Fates for
• ever.

Don Francisco return'd to *Cadix*, where the two
Lovers waited for him with Impatience, and were
overjoy'd at their Mistress's generous Resolutions;
who, while they were giving the necessary Orders,
arriv'd, and dissembled their Grief to Admiration.
No sooner were they got to Town, but the Marquis
came to see them without *Don Ferdinand*, whom he
told, with an Air of Confusion, of his Intentions;
assuring him, that if he readily conform'd, there
was nothing he might not expect from him: To
which, *Don Ferdinand*, who with Force constrain'd
himself, reply'd only, that he should obey his Or-
ders. The Marquis neglected nothing to disguise
his Years to *Leonora*; but made use of Powder and
Perfumes, Diamonds and Embroidery, and said all
the obliging Things to her he could think on;
which she reply'd to with Modesty. The Visit he
made was short; and as soon as he got home, he
sent both *Leonora* and *Matilda* some very fine Jew-
els, which they look'd over with Sorrow; when
Leonora observ'd, in a little Box of Emeralds, a

VOL. I. I Billet,

Billet, which she open'd, and which contain'd these Words :

‘ Fair Leonora,

‘ **W**E shall come To-night at Ten into your
 ‘ Garden : Be there with Donna *Matilda*,
 ‘ provided with Veils, that you may not be known;
 ‘ every Thing is ready for your Safety.’

They undress'd themselves, in the evening, and fail'd not to be in the Garden at the Time appointed, accompanied by Don *Francisco*, who let in the two Lovers muffled up in their Cloaks, by a Door he kept a Key of; who seeing their Mistresses veil'd, conducted them, with great deal of Silence, to the End of a Street where a Coach waited for them, and carried them to the Port, where a Sloop attended to row them to the Ship. As soon as they were aboard, the Master led them into his Cabbin, weigh'd Anchor, and with a fresh Gale sail'd for *Venice*. Our Lovers, plac'd by their Mistresses, express'd an extraordinary Joy and Acknowledgment; but finding them a little surprized at, and reflecting on what they had done, which seem'd extraordinary to them, who had been educated under so rigid a Mother, Don *Ferdinand* penetrating into their Thoughts, and not being able to see them uneasy, in his amusing Temper, propos'd to divert them from their Spleen, by telling them a Story, since they were not so lying down; at which they seem'd very much pleas'd, and going upon the Deck, because it was a clear Moon-shine Night, and the Sea smooth and calm, the Captain asking Leave to sit by them, Don *Ferdinand* began as follows.

The



The Story of Young and Handsome.

HERETOFORE there lived a Fairy, who strove as much as possible to resist the Force of Love: But all in vain; for that little God, without employing the utmost of his Power, render'd her sensible of it. A young Prince arriv'd at her Court, who was both amiable and renown'd for the great Actions he had done, which were not unknown to the Fairy.

This young Prince's Person answer'd so well the great Reputation he had gain'd, that the Fairy, who was not proof against so many Charms, in a short Time accepted his Vows. The Fairy was beautiful, and he really in Love. She married him, and by that Marriage made him a rich and most powerful Monarch. After this Union, they liv'd a long Time happy; but the Fairy growing old, the King's Love, tho' he was as much in Years himself, began to fall off, and he was captivated with some of the Young Beauties of the Court: At which the Fairy conceiv'd a Jealousy, that prov'd fatal to many of her Rivals.

The Fairy, by this Marriage, had only one Daughter, who was the Object of her Tenderness, and in all Respects deserving of it. The Fairies her Relations, at her Birth, endow'd her with a sprightly Wit, a most bewitching Beauty, and Graces more engaging than both, with a Voice that captivated all that heard it. Her Shape was perfectly fine, and her Air noble; her Hair was a curious black, her Mouth little, but always graced with Smiles; her Teeth were of a surprizing Whiteness, her Eyes black, lively and sparkling; and her Looks so tender and piercing, that they created

Love in all Hearts: Whereupon the Fairy named her *Young and Handsome*, suspending all other Gifts, that she might judge in the End what sort of Happiness she might promise a Daughter so dear to her.

The Infidelity of the King was a continual Affliction to the Fairy; the Misfortune of ~~not~~ being beloved, made her think that the greatest of all Blessings was to be always amiable. This Happiness, after a thousand Reflections, she endow'd *Young and Handsome* with, who was then about sixteen Years old, when the Fairy us'd all her Knowledge, that she should always remain the same as she was at that Time. What Blessing could she bestow more valuable?

The Fairy buried the King her Husband, and tho' he had been false to her a long Time, was so sensibly grieved at his Death, that she resolv'd to leave her Dominions, and retire to a Castle she had built in a desert Country, which she had surrounded with a vast Forest, so that only she herself could find the Way to it.

This Resolution afflicted *Young and Handsome*, who was loth to part with the Fairy, who commanded her absolutely to stay; but before her Departure, she recall'd into her Palace, which was very fine, all the Pleasures and Diversions she had banish'd so long, and therewith compos'd the Court of *Young and Handsome*; who in that agreeable Company was comforted some Time after, for the Absence of the Fairy. All the Kings and Princes, who thought themselves worthy of pleasing her, came in Crowds to the Court of *Young and Handsome*, to endeavour, by their Seductions and Love; to touch the Heart of so lovely a Princess.

Nothing ever equal'd the Magnificence and Charms of her Palace; there were every Day some new Entertainments, every body was happy, but these Lovers who adored without Hope, for she look'd favourably on none: But as they had the
Happiness

Happiness to see her often, the most indifferent Looks were sufficient to stay them for ever.

One Day *Young and Handsome*, content with the Happiness and Sweetness of her Reign, was walking in a pleasant Wood, attended only by some of her Nymphs, to taste the Delights of Solitude; where she amused herself with pleasing Thoughts, which brought her insensibly into a delicate Meadow, enamell'd with Flowers of various Colours.

Her Eyes were engaged with a thousand different and agreeable Objects, when perceiving a Flock of Sheep feeding in the Meadow, by the Side of a Brook, which by its Waters rolling amongst the Pebbles, made soft Murmuring, she discover'd a young Shepherd. Shaded by an Holt of Trees, laid asleep by the Brook side, with his Crook set against a Tree, and a pretty little Dog, which seem'd to be rather his Master's Favourite, than the Keeper of the Flock, by his side.

Young and Handsome went to the Brook, and look'd on the Shepherd; but how faral was that Sight! for Love sleeping in the Arms of *Psycho*, never appear'd with so many Charms. The young Fairy stoop'd, being unable to resist some Emotions of Admiration, which were soon follow'd by the more tender Sentiments. The young Shepherd seem'd to be about eighteen Years of Age, very proper and well shaped, and his Hair, which was brown, and curled naturally in large flowing Rings, adorn'd a most beautiful Face. His Eyes, which were then closed, conceal'd from the Fairy new Darts, which Love preserv'd to redouble her Tenderness.

Young and Handsome felt an unusual Disturbance in her Breast, and had not Power to leave the Place, but took too much Pleasure in those her Sentiments, to seek to oppose them; she loved tenderly, and thought at that Time only of being loved again: she durst not awake the Shepherd, for fear of discovering her Disorder, but taking a Pleasure in
 1 3 revealing

revealing her Passion in a more gallant and agreeable Manner, render'd herself invisible, to divert herself with the Amazement she design'd to put him into. Some charming Musick was presently heard, with a Symphony that struck the Heart itself. These delightful Sounds awaken'd *Alidorus*, which was the Shepherd's Name, who then thought it only an agreeable Dream : But how great was his Surprize, when rising off the Grass where he was laid, he found himself in a fine and magnificent Habit, of yellow Velvet trimm'd with Silver ; his Scrip embroider'd with Cyphers of *Young and Handsome*, and tied with a Scarf of Flowers ; his Crook of curious Work ; adorn'd with Jewels of several Colours, which form'd nice Devices ; and his Hat made of Jonquils and blue Hyacinths, interwoven with great Art.

Pleased and surprized with his new Dress, he view'd himself in the Brook, while *Young and Handsome* was in a thousand Apprehensions, lest he should undergo the same hard Fate with the beautiful *Narcissus*. But how much greater was his Astonishment, when he saw his Sheep fleeced with Silk as white as Snow, instead of their ordinary Wool, and bedeck'd with Branches of Ribbons of various Colours ; and his favourite Ewe, set off like the rest, come skipping over the Grass, at if she was proud of her Attire ; and his little Dog with a Collar of Gold, set with small Emeralds, which composed these Verses :

*How pants the Heart, seiz'd with an am'rous Fire,
When it is scorcb'd with lasting Flames of Love ?
Tho' to be handsome can create Desire,
Yet, to be happy, we must constant prove.*

The young Shepherd judged, by these Verses, that he was oblig'd to Love for this agreeable Adventure. The Sun was then set, and *Alidorus*, possess'd with most pleasing Thoughts, return'd to his Cabbin,

Cabbin, in which he observed no Change without ; but was hardly enter'd before a delicious Odour inform'd him there was something new. He found his little Hut hung with a Tissue of Jessamine and Orange Flowers, the Curtains of his Bed the same, raised up with Garlands of Lilies and Roses, supported in their Beauty by an agreeable Freshness.

The Floor was China, whereon were represented the Stories of all the Goddesses who fell in Love with Shepherds ; *Alidorus*, who had a great deal of Wit, observed it : For the Shepherds in that Country were not common Shepherds, some of them being descended from Kings and great Princes ; as *Alidorus* derived his Origin from a Prince that govern'd those People before they were subject to the Fairies.

Till then the young Shepherd had been insensible : but now he began to perceive that his young Heart, tho' he could fix on no Object, burnt to surrender : he almost died with Impatience to know the Goddess or Fairy that shew'd him such favourable Marks of her Tendernefs. He walk'd about with the greatest uneasiness imaginable and knew not what to think. Night came on, a fine Illumination appear'd in his Cabbin, and his Musings were interrupted by a delicious and stately Supper that was set before him : ' What, *said the Shepherd, smiling,* always ' new Pleasures and, nobody to partake of them ' with me ! ' His little Dog would have play'd with him, but he was too much taken up to answer his Careffes ; when sitting down, a little *Cupid* presented him Drink in a Cup made of one little Diamond. He ask'd the little Love some Questions, who, instead of answering them, drew some Arrows, which, as soon as they reached the Shepherd, were changed into a sweet-smelling Water. *Alidorus* comprehended by these little Tricks, that the little Rogue was order'd not to explain this Mystry. As soon as *Alidorus* had done, the little *Cupid* flew away, and the Table vanish'd.

Afterwards he heard a charming Symphony, which creating a thousand tender Sentiments in his Heart, his Impatience to know to whom he was oblig'd for so much Pleasure, continually increased; when with a great deal of Satisfaction he heard these Words sang :

*Tell me, Capid, what bright Form
Will reward the Swain I love ;
Say what Charms I must put on,
That may his Passion move.*

*My constant Love, let him not doubt,
Tho' that won't always please ;
Great God, increase my Stock of Charms,
My Truth will give me Ease.*

' Come then, charming Object, cry'd the Shepherd, and by your Presence compleat my Felicity : ' I believe you too lovely ever to be capable of being unfaithful to your Charms.' No Answer was return'd, the Musick ceased soon after, and a profound Silence reign'd, which invited the Shepherd to take a sweet Repose.

He threw himself upon his Bed, where he slept but little, agitated by his Impatience and growing Passion. At Day break he awaken'd by the harmonious Warblings of the Birds, arose, and drove his Flock to the same Place where the Day before his good Fortune began. He was no sooner sat down by the Brook side, but a Pavillion of a bright green and Gold-colour'd Stuff was fasten'd to the Boughs of the Trees to secure him from the Scorplings of the Sun. His Pavillion, Flock and Habit, surprized all the young Shepherds and Shepherdesses about him ; they came in great Haste, and ask'd him, with Earnestness, the Reason of those strange Alterations : And *Alidorus* smiling, told them all that had happen'd. There was not a Shepherd but what was jealous, nor Shepherdess but blush'd with
Rage

Rage and Envy, since there was scarce one of the latter, who had not form'd Designs of gaining the Heart of this lovely Shepherd; and a Goddess, or a Fairy, were either of them too dangerous Rivals.

Young and Handsome, who never lost Sight of her Shepherd, suffer'd the Conversation of the Shepherdesses with Impatience; some of them were charming, and a lovely Shepherdess may prove a formidable Rival to a Goddess herself. But *Alidurus's* Indifference, and their being obliged to leave that Shepherd, and drive their Flocks further on the Meadow, encouraged the young Fairy.

Some Time after, when none but Shepherds were with *Alidurus*, a delicious Entertainment appear'd on a white Marble Table, with Seats of Greens around it, of which *Alidurus* and those Shepherds partook; when sitting down at the Table, they found themselves cloathed in magnificent Habits, but not so fine as *Alidurus*, who shined again with Jewels. A rustick Musick, but very fine, echoed all around, and these Words were sung:

Alidurus's Happiness confess,
By whom Love his Power has shewn;
Swains that know his killing Charms,
Regard the Choice my Heart does own.

The Shepherds Amusement increas'd every Minute, and some Shepherdesses, drawn by the Musick coming to the Brook-side, they began a very agreeable Country Dance. The Young Fairy, who was always present, but invisible, assumed, with six of her Nymphs, the Habits of Shepherdesses, dress'd with Garlands of Flowers, with their Crooks very prettily wrought; at which Time *Young and Handsome*, who had on an Head-dress of Jettiquils, which had the most agreeable Effect imaginable on her fine black Hair, appear'd the most beautiful Person in the World.

The

The Arrival of these charming Shepherdesses surprized all the Assembly; all the Beauties there conceiving Jealousies, and the Shepherds seeking with great earnestness to pay them the utmost respect.

Young and Handsome, who was not known to be a Fairy, received all the Honours, and like the Loadstone, attracted all their Hearts; for there the most sincere Homages were paid to Beauty alone, which flatter'd *Young and Handsome* with the Effect of hers, since there her Rank had not the least Share.

For *Alidorus*, as soon as she appear'd, forgetting the Love a Goddess, or a Fairy, had for him, flew to *Young and Handsome*, and approach'd her with the best Grace in the World: Come, charming Shepherdess, *said he*, accept of a Place more worthy of you: so delicate a Person is too much superior to the other Beauties, to stay intermix'd with them.' Then offering his Hand, *Young and Handsome*, pleas'd with the Sentiments she had inspired the young Shepherd with, suffer'd herself to be led by him. *Alidorus* conducted her under the Pavillion, where some young Shepherds, by *Alidorus's* Orders, brought Bundles of Flowers and Greens, and rais'd a kind of Throne, whereon they plac'd *Young and Handsome*. The lovely young Shepherd laid himself at her Feet, the Nymphs sat by her, and the rest of the Company made a Ring, where every one seated themselves according to their Inclinations.

The Circle of Beauties was a most agreeable Sight; where the purling Streams and harmonious Symphony, intermix'd with the Warblings of the Birds, which flock'd about them, made a compleat Concert. Shepherds came in Troops to make their Court to *Young and Handsome*; and one among them, who, was call'd *Iphis*, going up to the young Fairy, 'Tho' this Seat whereon you are plac'd by *Alidorus*, *said he to her*, is very agreeable, yet notwithstanding it is very dangerous.' 'I believe, *reply'd*

the

' the Fairy with a Smilecapable of captivating all
 ' Hearts, the Shepherdesses of this Hamlet will hardly
 ' pardon in me the Preference which *Alidorus* seems
 ' to give me, before so many Beauties much more
 ' deserving.' ' No, *said Iphis*, our Shepherdesses are
 ' more just, but a Goddess loves *Alidorus*. ' Then he
 telling her the whole Adventure of that lovely Shep-
 herd, and having made an End of that Relation,
 the young Fairy turning herself towards *Alidorus*,
 said, with a gracious Smile, ' I will not create my-
 ' self so formidable an Enemy as the Goddess, by
 ' whom you are beloved: Without Doubt, she hath
 ' not destined me the Place I possess, therefore I shall
 ' surrender it up to her;' and in saying these Words
 she got up. ' Stay, *said Alidorus*, *looking on her*
 ' tenderly, and stopping her; stay, beautiful Shepher-
 ' dess, there is no Goddess, whose Tendernefs I
 ' would not sacrifice to the Pleasure of adoring you :
 ' And that Goddess *Iphis* hath told you of, is not
 ' very subtle, at least in Love-Affairs, to permit
 ' me the Sight of you.' *Young and Handsome* could
 not then return any Answer; for they took her out
 just at the very Moment to dance. Never any Per-
 son acquitted herself with so good a Grace. And for
 the lovely Shepherd, he even surpass'd himself.
 None of all the magnificent Entertainments at the
 Court of *Young and Handsome* ever gave her so much
 Pleasure as this rural Assembly; for Love embel-
 lishes all Places, where we can see the Persons we
 desire.

Alidorus found his Love increase every Moment,
 and swore a thousand Times to sacrifice all the God-
 desses and Fairies in the World to the tender Passion
 his Shepherdess inspired in him. *Young and Hand-
 some* was charm'd with these Sentiments of her be-
 loved Shepherd; but was willing to make farther
 Trial of his Passion. *Iphis* was amiable, and if *Alido-
 rus* had not been there, without Doubt had had the
 Preference. The Young Fairy spoke to him twice
 or thrice in a favourable Manner, and danced of-
 ten with him.

At which *Alidorus* conceived a Jealousy as violent as his Love, which was not unobserv'd by *Young-and Handsome*; who, thinking herself sure of her Shepherd's Heart, forbore to torment him, and spoke no more to *Iphis* all that Day; but cast most favourable Looks on *Alidorus*, which of themselves were able to vanquish the most Insensible.

At Night this fair Assembly broke up with Regret, when *Young and Handsome* would not permit any of the Shepherds to accompany her, but was follow'd by a thousand Sighs: However, she promised *Alidorus* to meet him the next Day in the Meadow, and then went away with her Nymphs. The Shepherds let them go, hoping, by following at a Distance, to know what Hamlet those divine Persons belong'd to; but as soon as they had gain'd a little Wood, which deprived their Followers of the Sight of them, she and her Nymphs disappear'd, and amused themselves some Time to see the Shepherds searching out the Path they believed they had gone. *Young and Handsome* observed with Pleasure that *Alidorus* seem'd the most earnest. *Iphis* was in Despair that they stay'd so long before they pursu'd them; and a great many other Shepherds, whose Hearts the Nymphs had captivated, spent most of the Night to find them out.

Young and Handsome return'd to her Palace, where (tho' a Fairy may have many Occasions to be absent) she found all her Lovers very uneasy, that they had not seen her all the Day; but none of them durst reproach her; for those who were her Lovers were forced to be submissive and respectful, or leave her Court: So severe was she, that they durst not tell her of their Tenderness; but hoped only to gain her by their Assiduities, Respect, and Constancy.

Young and Handsome seem'd to take very little Notice of any Thing; she eat but little, was often musing, and the Princes her Admirers, who were Observers of all her Actions, thought they heard her
often

often sigh. She took Leave of her Court betimes, and retired to her Apartment ; for when we are to see again those we love, every Thing that obstructs that Happiness seems cold and troublesome.

The young Fairy, with her Nymphs, were instantly at her beloved Shepherd's Cabin, conceal'd in a Cloud. He seem'd very melancholy for not finding out the Way his divine Shepherdess had taken, but found his Cottage as charming as when he left it ; only casting his Eyes on the Floor, he perceived it was changed, and instead of the Histories of Goddeses who were in Love with Shepherds, he saw terrible Examples of unfortunate Lovers, who were not deserving of the Tenderness of those Divinities.

' You are in the right, cry'd the lovely Shepherdess ; you are in the right, Goddess ; I deserve your Anger : But why suffer'd you my Eyes to behold a Shepherdess so lovely ? Alas ! what Deity was able to withstand her Charms ?'

Young and Handsome, who was then in the Cottage when *Alidorus* pronounced these Words, felt all her Softness and Tenderness redoubled. There appear'd another magnificent Supper, which *Alidorus* made not so good a Use of as that of the Night before : He was too much in love, and at the same Time jealous ; he often recall'd in his Mind his Shepherdess, her speaking to *Iphis* ; but the Promise she made him, that he should see her again the next Day, somewhat mitigated his Pain.

The little Love waited on him all the Time ; but *Alidorus*, wholly taken up with his Disquiet, said not one Word to him. The Table disappear'd, and a young Child making up to *Alidorus*, presented him with two Boxes, in which were magnificent Pictures, and then flew away.

The Shepherd immediately open'd one of them, wherein was the Picture of a young Lady of a transcendent Beauty ; under which these Words were written in Letters of Gold :

Thy

The Happiness consists in his Tendernefs.

' Who but he who hath seen my Shepherdess, said Alidorus, *looking on the Picture*, could resist these Charms ?' Then shutting the Box, he laid it carelessly on the Table, and afterwards he open'd the other Box : But how great was his Surprise, when he saw the Picture of his Shepherdess, shining with all those Charms that had so lively an Impression on his Heart !

She was painted in the Dress he saw her in that Day, with her Head-dress of Flowers ; and so transported was he with his Love, that 'twas a long while before he perceived these Words, which were written under it :

Forget her Charms, or thy Love will be fatal to thee.

' Alas ' cry'd Alidorus, what Happiness is there without my Shepherdess ?' This Transport charm'd *Young and Handsome*. That fine Picture Alidorus despised, was an imaginary one, by which the young Fairy had a Mind to try whether her Shepherd would prefer her to so beautiful a Person, who seem'd to be a Goddess, or a Fairy ; but satisfied with his Love, she returned to her Palace, after she had, by a Signal, call'd her Nymphs together, who were gone to see after their Lovers.

Some of them were very well pleased with theirs, having found them thinking and speaking of them with Passion ; others again were dissatisfied with the Effects of their Beauty, having found their Shepherds asleep, who in the Day-time appear'd very amorous, but were not in love enough to keep them waking all Night.

The Young Shepherdess went to Bed when she arrived at her Palace, pleased with the Love of her Shepherd, and agitated only with the sweet Impatience of seeing him again. For Alidorus, he slept a
little,

little ; and without disquieting himself with the Menaces he read under the Pictures, thought of nothing but the Meadow, where he hoped to see his Shepherdess the next Day, which he thought approached too slow.

He drove his Flock to the fortunate Place where he first saw *Young and Handsome*, his little Dog watching them, while his Master dream'd of his Shepherdess.

Young and Handsome was that Day, against her Will, obliged to give Audience to several Ambassadors that came from neighbouring Princes. Never were Audiences more short ; yet best Part of that Day was spent in those troublesome Ceremonies, and the young Fairy suffer'd as much as her Shepherd, who languish'd under a most cruel Impatience. The Sun set, and *Alidorus*, who thought he should not see his divine Shepherdess that Day, was in the greatest Grief imaginable : he sigh'd and bewail'd his ill Fortune a thousand Times, made these Verses on her Absence, and with the Iron of his Crook engrav'd them on a young Elm.

*Thou bright Beauty of the Day,
Whom Love's Goddess can't survey,
Without Envy of thy Charms :
Shining Beauty, fairest Face,
Waited on by every Grace,
That the loveliest Female arms.*

*How prodigal has Love bestow'd
All the Artillery of the God,
You are made so charming Fair ;
'Tis by you he wounds all Hearts,
And no longer by his Darts,
Nymph, your Absence brings Despair.*

*Fated to pass my Days alone,
My Sorrows now are constant grown,
Yet my Love and they are one.*

He had hardly done, before *Young and Handsome* appear'd with her Nymphs at a Distance, all cloathed like Shepherdessees. *Alidorus* knowing them presently, ran or rather flew towards *Young and Handsome*, who received him with a charming Smile, capable to create a Happiness in Gods themselves.

He spoke to her of his Love with an Ardour that might have perswaded any Heart less affected than that of the young Fairy, who would see what he had engraved on the Tree, and was delighted both with the Wit and Tenderneſs of her young Shepherd. He told her all that happen'd the Night before, and offer'd a thousand Times to follow her to the End of the World, to avoid the Love of Goddesses or Fairies had unhappily conceived for him. 'I shall lose too much,' reply'd *Young and Handsome*, if you fly that Fairy; for 'tis Time I discover to you my Sentiments, since I am satisfy'd with yours. 'Twas I myself, *Alidorus*, continued the Shepherdesse; 'twas I that gave you those Marks of my Tenderneſs, which, if you are faithful, shall last for ever, and make us happy.'

The lovely Shepherd, transported with Joy, cast himself at her Feet, and, by his Silence inform'd the Fairy more, than if he had used the most pathetic Eloquence. *Young and Handsome* rais'd him up, and he found himself cloathed in a stately Habit; then the Fairy touching the Ground with her Crook, there appear'd a magnificent Chariot, drawn by twelve white Horses, very beautiful, and harness'd four a-breast. *Young and Handsome* got into the Chariot, and made her lovely Shepherd sit by her; and as soon as the Nymphs had taken their Places, the Horses, which had no need of any Guide to obey the Fairy's Intentions, carried them presently to a Castle *Young and Handsome* took great Delight in, which she had embellish'd with all her Art, and call'd the Castle of Flowers.

The young Fairy and her happy Lover arrived in a great

great Court, surrounded by Palisadoes Breast-high, cover'd over with Jessamines and Citrons, by which there ran a fine River, on the other side of which were Meadows almost out of Sight, where the same River sported in several Meanders, as if loth to leave so charming an Abode.

The Castle was much more to be admired for its Architecture, than Extent: There were twelve Apartments in it, each of which had its different Excellency, they being large, but not capable of containing the whole Court of *Young and Handsome*, which was both numerous and magnificent.

The young Fairy always came to this Castle when she had a Mind to be retired, attended only by favourite Nymphs, and some of the Officers of her Household. She conducted her Shepherd into the Apartment of Myrtles, where all the Furniture consisted of Myrtle, always in Flower, interwoven with so much Art, as shew'd the Fairy's delicate Taste in the most simple Things. Thus all the Apartments were furnish'd with Flowers, which perfumed the Air with their Fragrancy.

Young and Handsome had banish'd thence Winter, and never permitted the Heats of Summer to intrude on so agreeable a Place, but to enjoy with more Pleasure the Beauty of the Baths; which Apartment was made of Blue and white Porphyry finely wrought, with Baths of different Sizes and Forms: That which *Young and Handsome* bathed in, was one intire Topaz of exquisite Beauty, over which was a Canopy of yellow and Silver Brocade, adorn'd with Pearls, supported by four Pillars of Amethyst. *Alidorus*, who was intirely taken up with the Happiness of looking on his lovely Fairy, and seeing her sensible of his Passion, observed hardly any of these Wonders. A tender and pleasant Conversation enchanted these happy Lovers a long Time in the Apartment of Myrtles; a magnificent Supper was served up in the Hall of Jonquils, which was follow'd by an Entertainment, wherein

wherein the Nymphs represented in Musick the Loves of *Diana* and *Endymion*.

Young and Handsome, who forgot to return to her Palace, pass'd the Remainder of the Night in the Apartment of *Narcissus*; and *Alidorus*, transported with Love, was a long while before, he could taste the Sweets of Sleep in the Apartment of Myrtles, where the Nymphs conduct'd him after Supper: And that Night the Fairy, who was not willing to use her Power to calm an agreeable Disorder, slept not till Day break,

Alidorus, who long'd with Impatience to see the charming Fairy again, waited some Time for that happy Moment in the Hall of Jonquills: he had neglected nothing in his Dress that could add to his natural Graces and Beauties; And *Young and Handsome* who appear'd more charming than *Venus*, spent Part of that Day with *Alidorus* and her Nymphs in the Gardens of the Castle, the Beauties of which surpass'd Description.

They had a small Regale in a delightful Wood, where *Alidorus* for some Time enjoy'd the Pleasure of declaring his Passion for *Young and Handsome*, who returning that Night to her Palace, promised *Alidorus* to come again the next Day. Never was any Absence of so short a Time so much regretted; the Shepherd wish'd passionately to have follow'd the Fairy: she being willing to conceal her Tenderness from her Court, desir'd him to stay in the Garden of Flowers. None ever enter'd this Castle without her Order; and for her Nymphs, the fear'd nor their discovering her Secrets; for those of Fairies are always safe, and never divulged. She ask'd *Alidorus* for his little Dog, to take him along with her; for what pleases those we love is always dear to us.

After the young Fairy was gone, the Shepherd, to entertain his Disquiet, rather than divert it, went farther into the Wood, to dream on his adorable Fairy; and in a little Mead, that was in the midst of the Wood,

Wood, enamel'd with Flowers, and water'd by a delicate Spring, he saw his Flock skipping on the Grass, and guarded by six young Slaves of good Mein, clothed in Habits of Blue and Gold, with Collars and Chains of the same. His favourite Ewe soon knew her Master, and came to him; *Alidorus* caress'd her, and was sensibly touch'd at the Care *Young and Handsome* had for him.

The young Slaves shew'd *Alidorus* their Hut, which was just by, at the End of a shady Alley, which little Abode was built all of Cedar, in which there appear'd the Cyphers of *Young and Handsome* and *Alidorus* mix'd together, with this Inscription in Letters of Gold on a large Turquoise :

*How pleasant is the sweet Abode,
Where my Charmer's Flock doth feed !
By the Shepherd I'm below'd,
In Bliss no God can me exceed.*

The lovely Shepherd return'd to the Castle of Flowers, charm'd with the Bounties of the young Fairy ; who the next Day came again to her happy Lover, as she promised. How great was his Joy to see her again ! All that the young Fairy had done before, never gave him so great a Pleasure. She spent almost all her Time in the Castle of Flowers, and seldom appear'd at her Court ; where the Princes her Lovers felt a mortal Grief, since all was sacrificed to the happy *Alidorus*.

But it was impossible for so great a Felicity to last long without some Disaster. Another Fairy had seen the lovely Shepherd, and found her Heart sensible of his Charms.

One Evening, when *Young and Handsome* was gone to her Court, *Alidorus*, taken up with his Love, sat musing in the Hall of Jonquils ; when hearing a little Noise at one of the Windows, and looking that Way, he perceiv'd a great Light, and soon after saw on a Table just by where he sat, a little Woman, about
half

half a Yard high, very old, with Hair as white as Snow, and an old fashion'd Ruff and Fardingale.

'I am the Fairy Mordicant, said she to the Shepherd; and come to pronounce to you a Happiness, greater than that of being lov'd by *Young and Handsome*.' 'What Happiness can that be?' said *Alidorus* to her, in a disdainful manner: 'The Gods themselves enjoy not a greater Blessing?' 'Tis that of pleasing me, answer'd the old Fairy, haughtily: 'I love you, and my Power is greater than that of *Young and Handsome*, and almost equal to the Gods. Leave this young Fairy for me; I will revenge you of your Enemies, and on those you would pre-judice.'

'Your Favours are of no Use to me, reply'd the charming Shepherd, smiling; I have no Enemies, and would hurt no body: I am too well satisfied with my good Fortune, and if the beautiful Fairy, whom I adore, had been only a Shepherdess, I had been as happy with her in a Cottage, as I am in the most delightful Palace.'

After these Words, the wicked Fairy seem'd all on a sudden as large, as she seem'd at first little, and in disappearing made a terrible Noise. The next Day *Young and Handsome* came again to the Castle of Flowers: *Alidorus* told her his Adventure; they both knew the Fairy Mordicant to be both old and ugly, and very sensible of Love. The two Lovers pass'd a thousand Jest on her Passion, and never made themselves a Moment uneasy at the Effects of her Revenge; for to be a successful Lover, and think of Misfortunes to come, is a Thing unusual.

Eight Days after, *Young and Handsome* and the lovely Shepherd went to take the Air in a fine gilt Boat on that River, which surrounded the Castle of Flowers, follow'd by their small Court, in very fine Boats; *Young and Handsome's* was cover'd with a Canopy of a light Blue and Silver stuff, with Oars of the same, attended by others full of Musicians.

Alidorus,

Alidorus, more in Love than ever, regarded nothing but *Young and Handsome*, whose Beauty that Day appear'd more charming to him than ever.

In the midst of their Pleasures, twelve *Syrans* arose out of the Water, follow'd soon after by as many *Tritons*; who ranging themselves by the Boatside which *Young and Handsome* was in, the *Tritons* with their concave Shells, perform'd a most agreeable Symphony, and the *Syrans* sang most alluring Airs, which amused the young *Fairy* and *Shepherd* some Time. *Young and Handsome*, who was used to such like Diversions, thought it had been prepared by those whom she entrusted with that Care; when those pernicious *Tritons* and *Syrans*, laying their Hands on the Boat, sunk down with it suddenly.

All that *Alidorus* fear'd, was the Danger the young *Fairy* ran, and would have ran towards her, but the *Tritons* carried him away; while *Young and Handsome*, forced away by the *Syrans*, was put into her own Palace.

As one *Fairy* has no Power over another, the jealous *Mordicant* limited her Revenge, in making *Young and Handsome* endure all the Torments a cruel Absence could create. In the mean Time *Alidorus* was convey'd by the *Tritons* into a terrible Castle, guarded by winged *Dragons*, where *Mordicant*, resolv'd to make the *Shepherd* answer her Love, or revenge herself on his Disdain. They put him into a dark Room, where *Mordicant*, all shining with Jewels, came to him, and spoke of her Tenderness, whom the *Shepherd*, in Despair for being separated from *Young and Handsome*, treated with the unsoft Contempt and Disdain.

Mordicant's Rage was inexpressible, and her Love too violent to destroy the Person who was the Cause of it. She resolv'd, after keeping *Alidorus* some Time in this most dismal Prison, to vanquish his Fidelity by new Artifices; and to that End transported him suddenly into a magnificent Palace, where he was served with a Pomp no way inferior to what he had
seen

seen in the Castle of Flowers. She endeavour'd to dissipate his Grief by a thousand agreeable Entertainments; and the most beautiful Nymphs in the World, which compos'd her Court, seem'd to strive which should have the Honour of pleasing him. They never spoke to *Alidorus* of the wicked Fairy's Love; that faithful Shepherd languish'd in the midst of Pleasures, and was as much in Despair for his Absence from *Young and Handsome*, at all the most gallant Entertainments, as when in his dismal Prison.

In the mean Time, *Mordicant* hoped that the Absence of *Young and Handsome*, the continual Pleasures she endeavour'd to amuse him with, and the Sight of so many charming Persons, might in the End render the Heart of the Shepherd unfaithful: Her Design, by presenting so many beautiful Nymphs to his View, was to find out what Sort of Beauty he liked best, that she might assume a Form accordingly; sometimes she appeared a charming Brown, and sometimes a most delicate Fair.

Love, who can do every Thing, then suspended her natural Cruelty; but her Despair of not being able to shake the Constancy of *Alidorus*, rekindled her Rage so much, that she resolv'd to destroy that charming Shepherd, and to make him a Victim to that unshaken Love he preserv'd for *Young and Handsome*.

One Day as she was watching undiscover'd, she heard *Alidorus*, who was leaning over the Banisters of a Gallery that look'd towards the Sea, sighing grievously, and making such tender and piercing Complaints, as shew'd the lively Passion he had for the young Fairy; when transported with Rage, she appear'd to him in her own natural Shape, and after having cast a thousand Reproaches on him, confin'd him in a Prison, and told him, that in three Days he should be sacrific'd to her Hatred, by the most cruel Punishments a despis'd Lover could inflict.

Alidorus, for his Part, valued not his Life, which was insupportable to him when absent from *Young and*
and

and Handsome ; and as he was satisfied he had nothing to apprehend on her Part from *Mordicant's* Anger, he expected, with Firmness of Mind, the Death which had been pronounced.

In the mean Time *Young and Handsome*, who was as faithful as her Shepherd, groan'd under her Grief of losing him. The *Syrens*, as soon as they had carried her to the Palace, disappear'd, and the young Fairy, not doubting but that it was the cruel *Mordicant* that had carried *Alidorus* away, could not disguise from her Court the Grief which her Tendernefs, for her Shepherd, and her Loss of him created.

How many Kings were there jealous of the Misfortunes to which the wicked Fairy precipitated *Alidorus* ! What a Rage were the Princes her Admirers in, when they understood that they had a Rival beloved, and saw her shed Tears for him ! Yet their Hopes revived at the losing of him, for they were sensible that *Young and Handsome* knew as well how to love as to please : They redoubled their Importunities, and every one flatter'd himself with the pleasing Hope of succeeding that happy Lover ; when *Young and Handsome*, equally afflicted with the Absence of *Alidorus*, and wearied with the Love of his Rivals, left the Court, and retired to the Castle of Flowers.

The Sight of that charming Abode, where every Thing reminded her of her lovely Shepherd, augmented her Grief and Tendernefs ; when one Day as she was walking in those pleasant Gardens, ' Alas ! ' said she, looking on the Ornaments that embellish'd it, ' I once took a Pleasure in you, but am now too much taken up with my Grief, to think of adding to your Beauties.'

As she made an End of these Words, she perceived the Flowers moved by a gentle Wind, and saw them ranged in a different Manner : At first they represented the Cyphers of *Young and Handsome*,

some, then other Cyphers, which she knew not, and presently afterwards they form'd distinct Letters, by which *Young and Handsome* read these Verses.

*To grace this Place bid gentle Zeph'ir wait,
With springing Gales the Flow'rs to consecrate;
For Flora every Day, Excess he shows,
And does his Cave luxuriously expose:
Ambitious more under your Pow'r to live,
If you but smile, much greater he will give.*

When she had read these Verses, she saw in the Air a God, who came to declare his Love to her, drawn in a Chariot of Roses by white Vapours. As soon as the Chariot alighted on the Earth, the God *Zephirus* got out of it, and approach'd the young Fairy: He spoke to her with all the Grace and Gallantry of a Deity, while the young Fairy, tho' pleas'd with so glorious a Conquest, answer'd him like a faithful Lover. *Zephirus*, not at all dismay'd at the rigorous Answers of *Young and Handsome*, but flattering himself with the Hopes of softening her Heart by his gentle Approaches, made constant Court to her, and neglected nothing that might please her: Which contributed much to the Glory of *Alidorus*, thus to have a God for his Rival, and to be preferr'd before him.

All this while *Alidorus*, that happy Mortal, was ready to expire by the Fury of *Mordant*; he had been almost a Year in that Condition, when *Zephirus*, who had no Hopes of overcoming the Constancy of *Young and Handsome*, touch'd with the Tears she shed, and finding her one Day more melancholy than ordinary, said to her, ' Since I am no longer permitted, charming Fairy, to flatter myself with the Happiness of pleasing you, I will however contribute to your Felicity. Tell me what I shall do, continued he, to accomplish it.' ' Restore me *Alidorus*, reply'd the young Fairy, with a Smile that
' created

‘ created new Love in Zephirus ; I have no Power
 ‘ over another Fairy : But you, *Zephirus*, are a
 ‘ God, and your Power can reach that cruel Ri-
 ‘ val.’ ‘ I will endeavour, *answer’d Zephirus*, to
 ‘ overcome the Love you have inspired me with,
 ‘ to do you an agreeable Service.’ After these
 Words he flew away, leaving *Young-and-Handsome*
 full of pleasing Expectations.

Zephirus, fully convinced of the young Fairy’s
 Constancy, and having no Hopes left, flew to the
 horrible Prison where *Alidorus* was kept, attended
 by six impetuous Western Winds, which open’d the
 Prison Doors, and afterwards carried the lovely
 Shepherd in a bright Cloud to the Castle of Flow-
 ers ; where, after he had survey’d him, his Aston-
 ishment was not so great at the Fidelity of *Young-
 and-Handsome*.

Alidorus and *Young-and-Handsome*, overjoy’d to
 see one another again, thought each other more
 amiable, and loved more tenderly. These two Lo-
 vers return’d the God a thousand Thanks, who af-
 terwards left them, and return’d to *Flora*.

Young-and-Handsome, willing that all her Court
 should partake of her Happiness, celebrated her
 Marriage by a thousand Sports throughout the Ex-
 tent of her Empire, notwithstanding the Grief of
 the Princes her Lovers, who were Spectators of the
 Triumph of the lovely Shepherd : And that she
 might be under no Apprehensions for the future of
Mordicant’s Rage against *Alidorus*, learnt him the
 Fairy Art, and presented him with the Gift of per-
 petual Youth. After having bestow’d so great a
 Blessing on her happy Lover, mindful of his Glory,
 she gave him the Castle of Flowers, and made him
 to be acknowledged Sovereign of that Country,
 where his Ancestors had formerly reign’d ; so that
 he became the greatest of Kings, where he had been
 the most charming of Shepherds :

*The Continuation of the Story of Don FERDINAND
of Toledo.*

DON *Ferdinand* had gain'd so much the Attention of his Hearers, that Day came insensibly upon them, when *Leonora* and *Matilda*, who seem'd no ways inclin'd to sleep, were desired by their Lovers to go into their Cabbin, to take some Rest in the Midst of all their Troubles. They were just entering into the Gulph of *Venice*, when the Weather changing suddenly, put them in some Fear for their Lives; and being tois'd by the Winds and Waves some Time, they found themselves drove above an hundred Leagues from the Gulph; and upon the Weather's changing, and the Sea's growing calm again, were attack'd by two Brigantines, commanded by *Zoromy*, a famous Corsair, who came upon them so soon after the Tempest, that they had hardly Time to think of defending themselves. After the first Broadside, the *Spanish* Captain struck, and the young Lovers saw themselves reduced to the hard Necessity of acknowledging a Corsair for their Master. I don't pretend to represent the Excess of their Grief, which is much more easy to comprehend; the Ship was soon crowded with *Turks*, who not only robb'd them of their Effects, but also of their Liberty: However, as they might judge, by the Respect that was shew'd those Ladies, and the Magnificence of their Clothes, that they were of considerable Quality, they treated them with more Civility than they could expect from *Barbarians*.

Zoromy took the two Lovers and their Mistresses on board him, and bid *Leonora* and *Matilda*, in *French*, not afflict themselves; for that he would sweeten the Bitterness of their Captivity as much as possible.

possible. To which they answer'd only with their Tears, that discover'd the Greatness of their Sorrow; which went to the very Hearts of the two *Spaniards*, though they supported it with a great deal of Courage. When *Leonora* had an Opportunity to speak to *Don Ferdinand*, she said to him, ' Since we could not foresee our Fate, I think it ' would be most proper you should pass for my Brother; and if we are separated, you may comfort ' yourself with this, That I'll sooner cease to live, ' than change.' ' Oh! Madam, cry'd *she* *amorous* ' *Don Ferdinand*, what is this you tell me of? Can ' I possibly undergo the Misfortune of parting with ' you?' ' We must provide against every Thing, ' reply'd *she*, in the miserable Condition we are in, ' and prepare ourselves without Weakness.' ' You ' have too much Courage, said *he*, which I am ' afraid proceeds from your Indifference.' ' How ' can you form to yourself such Suspicions, reply'd ' *she*, with a melancholy Look, since what I have done ' for you, in leaving my Father's House, is a sufficient Proof of my Friendship?' ' I am not ungrateful, Madam, answer'd *Don Ferdinand*, but ' a miserable Wretch, oppress'd with the most fatal ' Strokes of Fortune, therefore pardon my Fears; ' were you not so dear to me, I should be less unjust.' Such tender Sentiments afforded the lovely *Leonora* great Comfort, who express'd hers in Terms more proper to assuage his Grief. They agreed to go to speak to *Zeromy*, to know his Intentions, and what Sum he ask'd for their Ransom; but as soon as that Proposition was made, the proud Corsair imposed Silence. ' These Ladies must think, said *he*, ' to please the Grand Visier *Achmet*, to whom I ' determine to make a Present of them, for the ' many Obligations I have received.'

What News was this to Persons that loved so well, and flatter'd themselves with being set at Liberty! When *Don Ferdinand* told *Leonora* of it, she was struck with the most lively Grief; but thinking

it too great a Weakness to abandon herself intirely to her Sorrows, and seeing the Pain she gave her generous Lover, she resolved to have Recourse to her Courage, to stifle one Part, and to conceal the other as much as possible. And for Don *James* and *Matilda*, their Sentiments and Resolutions were no less generous; they swore to each other an eternal Love, which was at that Time their only Comfort. The Wind proving favourable, they arrived in a short Time at *Constantinople*, where the Ladies disembark'd, and were conducted to *Zoromy's* House, where they staid some Time to rest themselves after the Fatigue of their Voyage, that they might recover the natural Vivacity of their Eyes, and the Freshness of their Complexions; he clothed them, after the *Turkish* Manner, in Cloth of Gold, and had their Jewels set in Chains of Gold, fastening them to their Arms. Don *Ferdinand* and Don *James* had Slaves Habits of the same Stuff; but their good Mien set them off more than *Zoromy's* Jewels. Thus dress'd they were all Four carried to a Country-Seat of the Grand Visier's, nigh *Constantinople*, which he used to retire to with a small Court to divert himself. *Achmet* received *Zoromy* after an obliging Manner, admired the good Mien of his Slaves, and told him he had never beheld any Thing so beautiful as *Leonora*. As he spoke very good *Spanish*, looking on *Leonora* with an Air of Tenderness and Compassion, he said to her, ' Throw off, Madam, those Chains, Heaven has made you to give to all that see you.' To which Gallantry *Leonora* return'd no Answer, but louring, fell a crying. ' What, are you grieved to be amongst us? ' continued the Visier; I can assure you, you had not more Power in your own Country than here.' ' I ought always, Sir, reply'd she, whatever Bounty you so generously promise me, to distrust my Fortune for the future, since what has beset me; therefore I beg of you not to think me ungrateful, if I shew not all the Sensibility I owe to your
' Favour:

‘ Favour : But, Sir, *added she, throwing herself at his Feet*, if you would dry up my Tears, be pleased to set a Price on our Liberty, that we may see our Friends and Relations again.’ To which he answer’d, ‘ Since that fair Damsel is thy Sister, and these Slaves thy Brothers, I will grant you what you ask for them ; but for yourself, I must take some Time to think of it.’ By this Answer they knew that *Achmet* gave them their Liberty, only to separate them from *Leonora* ; and being resolved not to leave her, they made the *Vizier* this Answer, with a great Deal of Respect : ‘ We deserve not, Sir, the Favour you are pleased to grant us, if we make use of it before we have shew’d ourselves worthy of it ; therefore we make bold to beg of you to suffer us to remain some Time in the Number of your Slaves to pay our Acknowledgments.’ Which *Achmet* consented to ; and after having told the *Corfsair*, that he should always remember the Present he had made, he conducted *Leonora* and *Matilda* into the Apartment of his Women, where he kept some of the finest in the World ; he being a Man given up intirely to his Pleasures, but not so much as to neglect any ways the Affairs of the Publick. He was both handsome, generous, and gallant, since he had seen several other Courts, besides that of *Constantinople*.

These two *Spanish* Ladies he lodged in an Apartment of surprizing Beauty and Magnificence, and came constantly every Day to see *Leonora* ; besides the considerable Presents he sent, which were sufficient to inform that beautiful Lady what terrible Circumstances she was in, and that he would not wait long for Favours he might command : Therefore she sometimes told him, that whatever was possess’d by Force, always in the End had some fatal Consequence, and that an Heart that yielded thro’ Inclination, and not Violence, was by far most preferable. And whenever he press’d her hard, she always conjured him to give her Liberty to ask herself,

self, whether her Esteem for him proceeded from Authority or Tenderness; in which Proposition he discover'd so much Delicacy, that he promised to do every Thing that might please her.

He us'd *Matilda* with all the Civilities imaginable; and to engage her in his Interests, made her very considerable Presents; and for *Don Ferdinand* and *Don James*, he treated them so generously, that they seem'd more like Friends than Slaves. But, alas! what a melancholy Living was this for *Don Ferdinand*, never to see his Mistress, and to know she was in the Power of an absolute Rival! His Soul was in continual Alarms, first, for the Weakness of the Sex, and next, on Account of the Visier's Power. *Don James*, whose Uneasiness upon *Matilda's* Account was not so great, comforted him the best he could, and endeavour'd to mitigate his Pains. *Leonora* prolong'd the Time the Visier had prescribed for her to pledge her Faith, and receive his, as long as she could; and though she had great Reason to commend her own Proceedings, yet was she no less afflicted than *Don Ferdinand*. In short, the Visier press'd her at last to determine on what she intended to do, telling her, that he intended to marry her, and make her happy, and that he should expect her Answer the first Time he came; at which *Leonora* appear'd melancholy and thoughtful. After he was gone, *Matilda* came in, and seeing the Tears trickling down her Cheeks, ask'd what new Subject she had for that Grief. Whereupon she told her all that had pass'd, and spoke of *Don Ferdinand* with a great deal of Tenderness; but perceiving the Visier listening behind the Closet-Door that belong'd to another Room, but open'd into that, and seeming not to know he was there, continued the Discourse, and said: 'I am sensible, that if *Don Ferdinand* had been faithful, I should not have been
' able to have dispensed with the Oaths we made,
' but should have lost my Life to have preserved my
' *Hea t his*; nay, no Separation should have alter'd

‘ my Sentiments: But the ungrateful Wretch has
‘ been false; you know, Sister, how basely he has
‘ used me; I am resolved to forget him, for my
‘ own Quiet Sake, and never to speak to him more.’

The Visier retired very much concern’d, and could not forbear asking *Matilda* several Questions, who knew too well what Answers to return; and *Leonora* being inform’d by her of what pass’d between them, and knowing that she ought to manage a Lover, in whose Power she was, with a great deal of Art, she sent for him into her Chamber, who when he came in, discover’d by her Looks the Grief she was oppress’d with. ‘ Complain not, Sir, *said she*, that my Heart was engaged before I knew you, which I could not resolve to own; but since you are inform’d of it, you know also how false he has proved to me; and if you will allow me some Time to calm my Troubles, I can promise you all the Marks of the Acknowledgment I owe to your Goodness.’ ‘ I confess, *said he*, my Love and Honour were both offended, to find there was a Competitor with me for your Heart; I was not surprized at thy Indifference, which I attributed to thy Youth; nay, I flatter’d myself with the Hopes that I might be the first that might touch thy Heart with some Tenderness; but, alas! cruel Fair, I dare not now hope for it.’ As he made an End of these Words, he cast his Eyes on *Leonora*, to seek some Ease in hers; and she, at that very Time, looking favourably at him, pleased him as well as if she had said the most obliging Things in the World. Thus she managed while she meditated on her Flight; to bring which about, she neglected nothing to gain Time, and make use of the first Opportunity that offer’d; to which End Fortune was not slow at this Time.

The Grand Seignior return’d to *Constantinople*, where the Visier was obliged to attend; and as *Leonora* was not then in a perfect State of Health, he would not put her to the Fatigue of a Journey;

when going into her Chamber to take his Leave, he said, ' My charming *Leonora*, I am going from you for two or three Days, and seem as if I left my better Part behind me, since nothing but the Remembrance of thy Promises could make me resolve on it. Alas! what will become of me, if you should not keep them, and I should lose thee? O Heavens! if———' And stopping there, he stood some Time musing, which put *Leonora* into a terrible Fright, lest he should have discover'd her Design; but resuming the Discourse again, he cry'd out, ' No, I will not alarm myself with any groundless Fears; *Leonora* has granted me her Love.' ' Yes, you possess it intirely, interrupted *Leonora*; I should think myself unfit to live, if I answer'd your Passion with Indifference: Go whither your Duty calls you, and fear not but your Return back will be acceptable to me.' *Achmet* was so much affected with what she said, that he gave her a thousand Assurances of an everlasting Passion; and when he bid her adieu, it was in so touching a Manner, that one would have thought him in the most inexpressible Agonies.

Don Ferdinand and *Don James* having been inform'd of their Mistresses Designs, seconded them with so happy a Success, as to find out the Means to hire a Vessel: *Leonora* having gain'd some *Christian* Slaves intirely devoted to her, who, upon a Signal given, set the Seraglio on Fire in several Parts at once; the Confusion and Disorder that generally attend those Sorts of Accidents, facilitated our Lovers Entry into the Womens Apartments, and gave them an Opportunity to carry off *Leonora*, *Matilda*, and some trusty Slaves: And as the Palace was situated by the Sea-side, Sloops waited for to carry them on board the Vessel; which, as soon as they came, weigh'd Anchor, and sail'd away with a favourable Wind for the Gulph of *Venice*. Never was any Voyage more agreeable and pleasant, wherein these tender Lovers had the Happi-
ness

ness of being together, and entertaining each other with the Transports of their Joy. *Leonora* and *Martilda* intended, when they came there, to go into a Convent, till *Don Ferdinand* and *Don James* had got the Count *de Fuentes*'s and the Marquis of *Toledo*'s Consent; but upon more serious Reflections, they both thought, that if they should defer their Marriage, their enraged Relations might prevent it, and if it was consummated, it would be out of their Power, and that after some Time their Anger might be over; if not, the Jewels that the Visier had given *Leonora* would keep an Equipage suitable to their Birth: Therefore they agreed upon it, and this Resolution render'd the two Lovers Joys inexpressible.

But to return to the Marquis of *Toledo*: He no sooner knew of *Leonora*'s being gone, but he prepared to follow after her; and the Count *de Fuentes*, who was very much afflicted, went with him, and neglected no Means to overtake these run-away Children; but, as it happen'd, took the wrong Route. Though the Count *de Fuentes*'s Concern was extraordinary, yet it became not so extravagant as the Marquis's Grief, who threaten'd to disinherit his Son; and was so much disorder'd thereby, that his Physicians thought him in so great Danger, that *Don Ferdinand*'s Friends endeavour'd, by the respectful Letters he sent, to appease him. At last, when he perceived he would die, he forgave him; as likewise did the Count *de Fuentes* his Daughters, who were not only married, but their Choice proved beyond what any of their Family could have propos'd for them. When the Marquis was dead, and when *Don Ferdinand* had paid all the Honours due to his Memory, he and *Don James* came to *Cadix* with their Brides, where they were complimented by all that knew them; and among the rest, their generous Friend and Relation *Don Francisco*, whose Services had appear'd throughout so eminent, that *Don James*, who was never ungrateful, ask'd him how

he should acquit himself of the Obligations he lay under. Don *Francisco* told him he might easily do that, by giving him his^s beautiful Sister, whose Charms he had so long adored; acquainting him withal, that she had no Aversion to his Passion, and it lay intirely in his Breast to make them happy. Don *James* embraced him with all the Marks of Friendship, and said to him in an obliging Manner: 'I only complain that you should keep a Secret from me, in whose Power it was to serve you: My Sister shall certainly be no other's but yours; and for her Fortune, I will make it worth your Acceptance.' Don *Francisco*, whose Joy was beyond Description, said all the most engaging Things he could think of, and then went with Don *James* to the Convent where his Sister was brought up; who not only discover'd in their Conversation a great Share of Wit, but could not disguise her Sentiments so well, but that her Brother penetrated into them. In short, he took her out of this Religious House, the Wedding was solemnized at his own, with great Magnificence; and thus these three Lovers and their Mistresses became happy.

THE HISTORY
OF THE
NEW GENTLEMAN-CITIZEN.

A Young Man, whose Father was a substantial Tradesman in *Paris*, and had left him a plentiful Fortune, having Vanity enough to set up for a Man of Fashion, because he was rich; and thinking that he might not have Respect paid to his new-assumed Quality in a Place where he had been known to have served behind a Counter, bethought himself of going into the Country, and making himself distinguish'd, by setting up for a Man of Learning and Judgment; and to that End bought a Closet of Books that were a young Student's, who was lately dead, not doubting in the least but he should be as good a Scholar, since he had the same Books: And likewise that he might pass for a Man of Bravery, learned to fence; but in the main was a mere Braggadocio. After this, he was in Dispute what Country to pitch upon; when at last, bending his Thoughts towards *Normandy*, he fix'd there, and set out for *Rouen*, where he found many of his Father's Correspondents, who strove who should entertain him best; but all to no Purpose: He was a Man of Quality, and so no Company for Tradesmen; and to persuade the World he was really one, told the most ridiculous Stories imaginable. After having enquired what Estates there were to be disposed of thereabouts, and being told of one that lay by the Sea-side, the Description of it pleased him so well, that he went

to see it; and bought it: But the House not being fine enough, he pull'd it down, and built another, in which, as he pretended to every Thing, he acted as chief Architect. The Situation of this Estate was very pleasant, it being along the Sea-side, where a large River disembogued itself; over which he built a great strong Bridge, and on that his House, or Castle, as we shall sometimes call it, to which you must ascend, on either Side, sixty Stone Steps with Iron Nails; so that if it either rain'd hard, or the Sun shone hot, you run the Risque of being drown'd or burnt: And to complain was an unpardonable Fault.

But, that our Gentleman Cit might not be known, he resolved to lay aside his paternal Name, and call himself *Monsieur de la Dandinardiere*; the Length of which Name he thought would conduce very much towards the imposing on his Neighbours, who were for the most Part Country Gentlemen of moderate Estates, and little acquainted with the Court. And to make them yield the sooner to his Imposition, always had his Pockets full of Letters from Persons of the first Quality, of his own Writing; but in what Stile, Heaven knows. However, they were always full of what News was most remarkable in that Province, and among the rest, the King was always in Pain for his Health. To support the Rank assumed, he kept a Pack of Dogs, and a Valet call'd *Alain*, who answer'd to as many Titles as his Master pleased to employ him in Offices, either as Secretary, Hostler, Cook, Steward, or Valet. One Day, as his Valet was hunting in some neighbouring Grounds, and had kill'd some Game, a Gentleman of a passionate Temper meeting with him in his, beat him heartily; and upon *Alain's* threatening that his Master would make him answer it at the Sessions, told him, that since he thought to frighten him, he would let him see that he knew who *Monsieur de la Dandinardiere* was, and desired him to carry him four or five Strokes on
the

the Face from him, and ask him if he had ever measured such with his Yard.

The Valet went home with swell'd Eyes, and a bloody Face, without any Game, tho' his Master depended on having some, to treat the next day two or three honest Curates of the adjacent Villages.

When *Alain* had told him his Misfortunes, and that *Villeville*, which was the Gentleman's Name, was the Person who put this Affront upon him, he flew into a terrible Passion; for he was very choleric, and very much offended at any Disrespect shewn to him. 'I'll be revenged, said he, pulling
' his Hat over his Eyes; was I not now busy, he
' should find the Difference between my being his
' Friend and Foe. I have a River that runs under
' my House, and the Sea ebbing and flowing before my Windows, my House covered with Slates;
' and this sorry Fellow's nought but Mud-Walls,
' and thatch'd with Straw.' While he was walking about in this Heat with his Hands about him, in came the Baron de *St. Thomas*, who was a Gentleman, beloved by all thereabouts for the good Offices he did his Neighbours; since there was no Quarrel, but he made them up, nor any Marriage, or Affair of Consequence concluded, before his Advice was taken. He was of a good Family, but had little or no Fortune, which made him submit to marry a very homely Woman, who was resolved to lay out what she could to make herself handsome, notwithstanding their Circumstances would not allow it. She had two beautiful Daughters, whom she could not endure, because they were grown up too soon, and all People of Understanding paid a great Deference to them; for which Reason she kept them lock'd up in a Summer-House at the End of the Garden. In this Solitude they read as many Romances as they pleased, and knowing themselves handsome, and that Fortune was unkind to them, they fancied themselves to be unfortunate Princesses, who liv'd in Expectation of some Knight's coming to deliver them out of this enchanted Castle.

The

The little Acquaintance they had with the World, together with these Chimera's, made them so much out of the Way, though they wanted no Sense; yet their Education render'd them singular, which their Mother was not insensible of, but was very easy on that Score: Provided they put her to no Expence, and that all was laid out on herself, their Imaginations might be as extravagant as they pleased. Monsieur *de St. Thomas* was not a little concerned at the Extravagance of his Daughters, and if he had enjoy'd a more plentiful Fortune, would have endeavour'd to make them sensible of them; but since they could be no otherwise happy than in their Imagination, he was forced to let them please themselves that Way.

The Baron *de St. Thomas* was very much surprized at the Outrage he observed Monsieur *Dandinardiere* was in, and smiling said to him, 'I hardly know you to-day; what is the Matter with you?' 'What is the Matter! Neighbour, *reply'd the other*; should I tell you, you would die away in Amazement: The *Sieur Villeville* has affronted me, kill'd my Dogs, assassinated my Huntsmen, and call'd me Scoundrel; but———Well, I'll say no more, you shall see———' 'What, interrupted Monsieur *de St. Thomas*, do you design to measure Swords?' 'Yes I do, *answer'd Dandinardiere*, and will kill him at the first Thrust, or else I shall not be satisfied.' 'You must moderate your Passion, *said the Baron*; you know the cruel Fate of all Duelists, should your Design be known to any of your Enemies, you would be obliged to quit the Kingdom immediately.' 'My Honour, *answer'd Dandinardiere*, has always been dearer to me than my Life; should I bear those Insults, I might leave my House: These *Norman Dogs* treat me ill; not that I call them Dogs, Sir, *said he*, to affront you, but only out of Excess of my Passion to *Villeville*.' 'Sir, *reply'd Monsieur de St. Thomas*, I don't take Things so literally; but to let you see how much I am

devoted

‘ devoted to your Service, if you are resolv’d to fight, I am ready to carry the Challenge.’ This Proposition surpriz’d *Dandinardiere*; the Danger he was in abated his Passion, and his Friend’s Zeal at this Time seem’d the most insupportable Thing in the World. After some musing, he reply’d, ‘ Do you think in your Conscience, that if I should fight with this Clown, the Court will not take Notice of it ? ’ ‘ You need but appoint the Place,’ reply’d *the Baron*; I know *Villeville* will not refuse you.’ ‘ Is he then a Man of Bravery ? ’ answer’d *Dandinardiere*, somewhat disorder’d. ‘ Yes,’ to Rashness, reply’d *the Baron*; he has kill’d more Men in his Life-time, than some have Flies.’ ‘ I am glad at my very Soul of that,’ said he, putting the best Face he could on the Matter; I remember the sixteenth Duel I fought, I kill’d my Antagonist before he well knew where he was.’ ‘ Oh! I never question’d your Abilities,’ added *the Baron*; ‘ but do you intend me the Pleasure of being serviceable to you ? ’ ‘ I am determin’d on it, but will do nothing rashly,’ said *Dandinardiere*; I shall have the Honour to see you again in two or three Days Time.’ Then changing the Discourse, they talk’d of what News there was from *Paris* and the Army.

Monſieur de St. Thomas had much ado to forbear laughing before our Cit’s Face, and therefore got away as fast as he could, being naturally gay, and of a quick and ready Apprehension; and seeing the Perplexity *Dandinardiere* was in, and that he was more vexed at himself for boasting so much, than at *Villeville* for his Affront, was resolv’d to carry on the Matter to make Sport; and having a Valet, a notable Fellow, who was a *Gasconiard*, and no ways wanting in all the natural Qualifications of his Country, whom instructing in what he should do, he sent, two or three Days afterwards, to *Dandinardiere*, in a Buff-Coat, a black Crape Neckcloth, a large brim’d Hat, a great leathern Belt, in which hung the most terrible Sword that

had

had ever been seen since the Time of *William* the Conqueror. *Dandinardi*ere was walking along by the Sea-Shore, when all on a sudden he saw this Bullyhuff so nigh him, that notwithstanding his great Desire to shun him, yet he could not well do it. 'Are not you, *said the other, Monsieur Dandinardi*ere?' 'How?' replied he, trembling. 'How!' continu'd the other, what do you mean by that Answer?' 'I mean, *said Dandinardi*ere, that I don't know you, and am not very fond of any new Acquaintance; therefore I answer in two Words, that I am call'd perhaps *Dandinardi*ere, and perhaps not.' 'Then your How is explain'd, *said our Bravo*; for my Part, I must tell you, without Ceremony, that *Monsieur Villeville* being inform'd of your Behaviour, desires you to meet him three Days hence, in the next Wood; I am to be his Second, therefore it is proper you provide one.'

*Dandinardi*ere was so surprized, that this *Hector* had Time to get away, and hide himself behind a Bank the Sea had thrown up, before he could recover out of his Fright; and *Dandinardi*ere, who in such a Case as this would rather have to do with a Devil than a Man, persuaded himself that it was an Apparition, and that some evil Spirit had put on this fantastical Form to disturb his Repose: And upon this Supposition deceived himself in his Conjectures, that he might make the World believe it, and come off with Honour. When he came home, all pale and trembling, he found the Prior *Richesour* and the Viscount *Berginville*, who were come to pay him a Visit, but saw him not because they were busy, looking at some old Heroes which *Dandinardi*ere had adorn'd his Hall with; but their Names and principal Actions were writ in so small a Character, that the Prior and Viscount were disputing thereupon, one saying it was *Giller*, and the other *Gillot*: Whereupon our Gentleman Cit stepping up, said it was *Gille de Dandinardi*ere, his Grandfather, who was bred up by *Lewis* the Eleventh,
King

King of France, in the Castle of *Amboise*, with *Charles* the Eighth, his Son. 'Now, *said he*, this little Prince was a fine Child, and endow'd with great Sense, and lov'd my Grandfather *Gille* to Distraction; and *Lewis* fearing, as the History says, that his Son might some Time or other dethrone him, to secure himself, brought him up very indifferently, and fed him with gross Meats: But *Gille*, his Favourite, had always Dainties, which he never failed to let his Master partake of, insomuch that to recompense him, he made him I know not what, but I believe it was Constable.' I am sure there never was any of that Name,' *said the Prior*. 'That's no Matter, *reply'd* Dandiniere, at least if he was not Constable, he was Admiral of the Horse; for 'tis certain, the Truncheon he holds in his Hand signifies no small Post.' Thus he explain'd to them all that he had caused to be writ of his Ancestors, which he had all by Heart, and had continu'd therein a long Time, notwithstanding the Apparition he had seen, if the Viscount, casting his Eyes on him, and seeing him as pale as Death, had not said, 'Alas! Sir, you are going to die, you are strangely changed?' Nay, after what has happen'd, 'tis a Mercy I'm alive, *said he*; for if I had not had good Courage, I should have died away immediately: Think with yourselves, Gentlemen, what Condition a Man must be in, to see a Devil in a human Shape, with Eyes full of infernal Malice, and cloven Feet.' Then he told them all that happen'd by the Sea-shore; but as serious as the Prior and Viscount affected to be, they could not help laughing at this chimerical Fright of his, but wink'd and signify'd their Thoughts to each other by their Smiles: Then, after some Exclamations upon such an extraordinary Adventure, they advis'd him to let Blood, which he consented to with a great deal of Pleasure, because, let Things go as they would, he would gain thereby some Respite.

A Sur-

A Surgeon was immediately sent for, but before he could come, Dinner was ready, and *Dandinardiere* would eat nothing, though he was very hungry, and the fresh Breezes from off the Sea had got him a good Stomach, had not his Friends told him he must, to get Strength to resist both Men and Devils; which Advice he not only approved. but follow'd, and eat more than both his Guests. But as the Surgeon lived a great Way off, the Prior and Viscount were gone before he came, each admiring at his Folly of boasting he was descended from a Favourite of *Charles* the Eighth, and his pretending he was frighten'd by a Devil; both agreeing that there was somewhat very pleasant in what he had told them, and thereupon resolved to go to the Baron *St. Thomas* to unriddle the Matter. When they came there, they found him in his usual Gaiety of Temper, though he had no great Reason for it; since his Wife and Daughters, as I have said before, intermixed some Gall with his Sweets. He told his Friends the Trick he had put upon *Dandinardiere*, and shew'd them the Man that had put him into such a terrible Fright, desiring them to keep the Secret, and he would go and offer his Service against *Villeville*, and give them an exact Account of *Dandinardiere's* Behaviour, when the Duel should be propos'd; with which they were both so very well pleas'd, that they desired the Baron it might be the next Day.

When the Surgeon came, *Dandinardiere* was not willing to lose one Drop of his Blood, but paid him liberally to say he had, and order'd his Servants to say the same. The Baron went early the next Morning, when the faithful *Alain* told him he could not awake his Master, because he was very sick. 'Oh! said the Baron, I have Business of the utmost Importance; therefore, good Friend *Alain*, open his Door, for I must speak with him.' *Alain* could not deny the Baron Admittance any longer, who found *Dandinardiere* in Bed, in a black Waistcoat,

and

and a red woollen Cap on his Head, with a Toilet answerable thereunto, ‘ How can you sleep, *said* Monsieur de St. Thomas, while *Villeville* is waiting for you at the Place appointed ? He told me Yesterday he sent you a Challenge, and that he is resolved to fight you, whatever comes on it ; and I cannot believe you will refuse him that Satisfaction.’ At this *Dandinardiere* trembled so much with Fear, that he could not disguise it : ‘ I needs must own, *said he*, that I came not here to cut Throats ; had I any such Designs, I should have stay’d in *Paris*, which is a murdering Place, where some People take a Pleasure in tormenting others. I came into this Province to live peaceably, and I have enough to render my Life pleasant ; why then should you advise me to risque what is so dear to me ?’ ‘ I advise you as a Friend, *reply’d the Baron*, you ought to follow the Steps of your glorious Ancestors ; would you lose your Honour for two or three Thrusts with a Sword ? If the Word Duell seems harsh in your Ears, we will change it, and call it a Rencounter ; I intend to serve you, and will be your Second, though I hazard much more than you ; for I have a Wife and two Daughters ; but for a Friend I will venture all.’

Dandinardiere seeing himself thus closely press’d, had Recourse to a Feint, which had but ill Success. He fell back on his Pillow, and cry’d out with all his Might, ‘ I shall die, I shall die ; I bled so much in the Night ; for my Bandage unbound, and I lost two Pails full of Blood, that I faint.’ Whereupon closing his Eyes, he stretch’d himself out, and resolv’d not to open them till the Baron was gone, who pulled him about, shook him heartily, and gave him two or three Fillips on the Nose ; all which he took with a great deal of Patience : Then running to a Basin of Water that stood by, he threw so much in his Face, that *Dandinardiere*, fearing a second Inundation, open’d his Eyes, and turn’d red
again

again with Anger ; ‘ I beg of you, Sir, *said he*,
 ‘ if you see me faint, to let me die, rather than
 ‘ use me thus.’ ‘ I see my Zeal is taken ill, re-
 ‘ *ply’d the Baron* ; but no Matter for that, I am
 ‘ your Friend, and ready to serve you : If you
 ‘ would but fight, I should be satisfied.’ ‘ For
 ‘ God’s sake, Sir, *answer’d Dandinardiere*, let me
 ‘ alone, for you are more troublesome than *Ville-*
 ‘ *ville*’ ‘ Would you be assassinated ? *added the*
 ‘ *Baron* ; for that is the Fate of those who keep
 ‘ not the Assignations they make.’ At this Menace
 he began to be uneasy, and said, ‘ Let me think a
 ‘ little, and then I will give you a positive Answer.’
 Whereupon *Monfieur de St. Thomas*, thinking he
 should tire him too much, if he should urge him
 any more, took his Leave, and went Home, tho’
Dandinardiere press’d him hard to stay at Dinner.

When he was alone, he thought very seriously of
 the Engagements he in Honour laid under, and at
 the same Time believed he had found out a Way to
 preserve his Reputation, and to sleep in a whole
 Skin ; and that was to make *Alain*, arm’d cap-a-
 pee, fight *Villeville*, and for himself to appear in
 the same Arms to the Baron and others ; so that
 they would not know but that it was himself that
 should fight. Then calling his faithful *Alain*, he
 said, ‘ I do not doubt of thy Affection, but there
 ‘ are some Things that do not absolutely depend
 ‘ on ourselves ; for Example, no Man can be brave,
 ‘ who in the Bottom is a Coward, since all his En-
 ‘ deavours to be so, are in vain : For my part, I
 ‘ was born with a Princely Heart, full of Courage
 ‘ and Resolution ; but my only Fault is, I have too
 ‘ much. Now thou knowest, *Alain*, that that pi-
 ‘ tiful Fellow, *Villeville*, would fight me ; if I should
 ‘ resolve on it, he is a dead Man at the first Thrust ;
 ‘ but I have Riches, and should be sorry to lose
 ‘ them, if he, as he is hasty, should kill me before
 ‘ I have put myself in a Posture to prevent him :
 ‘ Therefore the only Remedy that I can think of in
 ‘ this

‘ this Business, is for you to fight in my stead,
‘ while I pray for you.’

This Proposition seem’d very hard and unreasonable to *Alain*, who was of a very mild and peaceable Temper; who, after he had mus’d some Time to make a plausible Excuse, said, ‘ Unless you
‘ could give me your Face, Shape, and Air, how
‘ do you think I shall resemble you, but Monsieur
‘ *Villeville* will discover the Cheat?’ ‘ If I remove
‘ this Difficulty, *reply’d* *Dandinardiere*, will you
‘ promise me to fight?’ Yes, Sir, *said* *Alain*,
‘ *thinking it impossible*; and if you don’t, what shall
‘ I do to you?’ ‘ What you please,’ *answer’d*
Alain. ‘ Well then, *said* *Dandinardiere*, we shall
‘ soon see whether you have any Honour or Cou-
‘ rage.’ These Words put *Alain* into such a Fit of
Trembling, that he could not hold a Joint still;
and it coming into his Head, that the same Devil
that his Master saw by the Sea-side, had taught him
some extraordinary Secret, ‘ Be pleas’d, Sir, to
‘ hear me, *said* *he*, let us have nothing to do with
‘ the Devil, I beseech you; for I would not damn
‘ myself for any one. I hate Sorcery and all its
‘ Ways, I renounce the Bargain, if so, and will
‘ not fight if I was sure to get an hundred Pieces by
‘ it.’ This Cowardice of *Alain’s* enraged *Dandi-
nardiere* so much, that he took his Cane, and laid
it smartly over his Shoulders, telling him that he
might expect as much every Day if he did not re-
solve to obey him; which Usage so vex’d *Alain*,
that he was in an hundred Minds to leave his Mas-
ter.

Dandinardiere, for his Part, was full of Cares :
The appointed Time drew nigh, and he had found
out no Way to avoid it : However, he resolv’d to
put *Alain* into Armour, he having bought two old
Head-Pieces and Gantlets, and all Things fitting
for a Warrior. and searching after him for that End,
found him set in a little dark Cellar, by a Runlet of
Wine; the Balsam of which Liquor, he thought
might ease the smarting of his Shoulders. ‘ Come
‘ up.

‘ up, you sneaking Dog, *cry’d* Dandinardiere on
‘ *the Top of the Stairs*, come and see whether I am
‘ a Sorcerer, or thou art a Fool.’ Upon which
Alain made haste to drink off his Can of Liquor,
and came up more brisk than he went, the Wine
having put a little Courage in him; and follow’d
his Master into his Chamber, but was terribly
frighten’d at the Sight of the Armour, but much
more when *Dandinardiere* bid him put it on. ‘ What
‘ must I put on first, Sir? *said he*, for ’tis Logic to
‘ me.’ ‘ I’ll shew you, you great Booby, *said*
‘ *Dundinardiere*, for if I am not your Valet-de-
‘ Chambre, you won’t have Courage enough to
‘ equip yourself’ Whereupon he put on the Cui-
rafs, which was so straight, that poor *Alain* was
forced to strip off his Waistcoat and Doublet, and
expose his Sides to hard Iron. ‘ This is the Habit
‘ of the greatest Kings when they go to War,’ *said*
Dandinardiere. ‘ Ah, *reply’d* *Alain*, these Kings
‘ were certainly great Fools to wear such a scoun-
drel Habit, when they might have what Velvet
‘ and Satin they pleased; for my Part, I am sure,
‘ I like a good Feather-bed much better.’ ‘ O
‘ Rascal! *cry’d* *Dandinardiere*. you will never come
‘ to be a great Man; for such Wretches as thou,
‘ are easily distinguish’d from People of Quality,
‘ by their Inclinations: Now I, who am a Man of
‘ Fashion, I would eat, drink, and sleep in Armour.’
‘ Yes, *said* *Alain*; but yet you won’t meet Mon-
‘ sieur *Villeville*, which, thank you, you reserve
‘ for me to do.’ This unseasonable Reproach of
Alain’s made his Master so angry, that without re-
turning any Answer, he clapp’d on the Head-piece
with so much Force and so little Skill, that he had
like to have kill’d him: For, being as unexpert at
it as his Man, he put the hind Part before; which
made poor *Alain*. who could hardly fetch his Breath,
stamp and tear like a Man mad; while *Dandinar-
diere*, who fancy’d it proceeded from his Ill-will,
and being not us’d to such Apparel, almost split his
Sides with laughing; but at last perceiving his
Mistake,

Mistake, took it off presently, and found *Alain* changed as black as his Hat. After giving him some Time to recover, he put it on again, and arm'd himself likewise, and drawing his Man to a great Glass that stood in his Room, said to him, ' Now in thy own Opinion who dost thou take thyself to be ? ' ' Why *Alain*, Sir ; who should I be ? ' ' Go, you Blockhead, *reply'd his Master*, you are ' *Monfieur de la Dandinardiere* ; for when the Victors of our Head-pieces are down, there's no Difference ; and I am sure *Villeville* can never distinguish us. Have a good Heart, honest Lad, I don't intend you shall fight for Nothing ; I promise you a Reward alive or dead : If you are kill'd, you shall be buried as great as any Lord of the Land ; and if you come off safe, I'll marry you to *Kate*, for whom I am sure you have a great Respect. Hold, there's Half-a-crown and some Farthings by way of Advance : You know your Fortune will be made ' Whereupon, *Alain* being flush'd with Wine, and seeing the Money, and relying on his Master's Promise to gain him his Mistress, cry'd out, ' I'll fight, since Riches and my *Kitty* are the Prize.' Which Words pleased *Dandinardiere* so well, that he embraced him for Joy.

In the mean Time, the Prior and the Viscount waited full of Expectation at the Baron's ; and when he came, were very much diverted with *Dandinardiere's* Fears, and resolv'd it should cost him something to make Peace. Not long after, *Dandinardiere*, who depended on *Alain*, arriv'd arm'd Cap-à-pee, with a large Plume of Feathers on his Head-piece, a long Sword ; and, to look the more terrible, had cut off the Tail of a fine Horse, and fasten'd it to his Shoulders for a Shoulder-knot. In this strange Equipage, he might very well be taken for Don *Quixote* the Second, tho' not half so valiant, follow'd by his worthy Imitator of *Sancho Pancho*. Nevertheless he could not help being afraid of meet-

ing

ing with *Villeville*, notwithstanding he had great Confidence in his Vifor. 'It is impossible,' said he 'to *Alain*, for my Enemy to know me, if he should meet me; for I can tell him he is mistaken, and that I am not *Dandinardiere*: And after such a Declaration, it would be very impertinent in him to ask any more Questions.' The Man approved of his Prudence: But as they were thus talking, he began to fear lest *Alain* should find out that their Arms were not alike; and should alledge, that *Villeville* might easily discover who he was. Thereupon, stopping all on a sudden, he bid *Alain* go Home, and not be uneasy if he did not come that Night, for he might probably be at the Baron's; and withal, charged him to exercise himself in his Arms, because it might be of Service to him. This Order surprized *Alain* again, who now began to cool upon it, and fall off from that Gaiety of Temper he acquired in the Cellar; and answer'd with a Shrug of his Shoulders, 'That he did not care to fight; that he knew not what belong'd to it.' Happy was it for him, that his Master heard him not; for if he had, his Shoulders must have paid for it.

Dandinardiere follow'd the Road by the Sea-side, till he came to a little Garden-House, at the End of a Garden; from whence he heard somebody say, Make haste, Sister *Marthonida*, and come and see a Knight in Arms; and not doubting but he was the Person that was so call'd, lifted up his Eyes, pleas'd to think he had excited so much Curiosity. But how great was his Surprize to see two beautiful young Ladies at a great Window, who were the Baron *de St. Thomas's* Daughters, whom *Dandinardiere* had never seen, though he had been a visiting there several Times! He made them so low a Bow, that had not the Vifor stood his Nose's Friend, he had certainly broke it against the Pommel of the Saddle; which Salute they return'd with
Usury,

Usury; and as both Parties were Strangers to each, their Admiration was reciprocal.

As *Dandinardiere* was capable enough of any Impression of Tendernefs, he was so gallant as to be overjoy'd at so unexpected and agreeable a Sight; and for the Ladies, their Heads were full of such a number of great Actions and Adventures of Knights Errants, Heroes, and Princes, that they were nothing nigh so much surprized to see *Dandinardiere* in that comical Dress, as he was at two such beautiful Persons living retired from all the World in a little Box by the Sea Side. *Virginia*, who was the eldest of the two Sisters, and who call'd herself *Virginia* instead of *Maria*, which was her true Name (as likewise did her Sister *Mariba* assume that of *Marthonida*) was the first who broke Silence. 'Tho', my Lord, said she, you may have Affairs of the greatest Importance that may call you away, yet give us Leave to ask you how you came to go by our Window.' Whereupon, *Dandinardiere*, who was mightily pleased with the Title of Lord, that he might not be behind-hand in Point of Civility, reply'd, 'Since, divine Highnesses, you vouchsafe to cast your Eyes on so unfortunate a Wretch, know that an Affair of Honour obliged me to it' 'What, noble Knight, interrupted Marthonida, are you going then to fight? Who can be that hardy Man that dare meet you?' *Dandinardiere* was so much transported with these fine Things that he thought he had never discover'd in all his Life so much Wit in any Person before; and thereupon reply'd, 'I cannot, Ladies, tell you who the Gentleman is, having some Reasons to the contrary; but I can assure you, as soon as I have cut off his Head, I will come and hang it at your Window as an Homage due to your Beauty.' 'Oh, my Lord,' cry'd *Virginia*, if you do so, we shall die away with Fear.' To which he reply'd, That rather than displease them, he would die himself; that his

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L

Sentiments

Sentiments were so nice and delicate, that never any Passion made so great a Progress in so short a Time, and that he was in the utmost Despair: that his Affairs should oblige him to leave them: but having a Mind, before he took his Leave, to shew himself and Horse, and spurring and checking him at the same Time, the poor Horse, not knowing what he would be at, reared up an End, and *Dandinardiere* seeing himself in Danger, out of Fear, gave the Horse another Jerk with the Bridle, and pull'd him upon himself; the Sight of which made the two confined Princesses shriek out; for lying under his Horse upon sharp Flint Stones, he sadly bruised his Side, and his Head-piece, as he fell, unfortunately flying off, he cut his Head-cruelly. *Marthonida* seeing him bleed, lost all Patience, and bid her Sister stay at the Window, while she went and acquainted the Family with the Disaster that had befallen this Knight.

Away she ran to her Father's Study, where the Viscount and Prior were drinking of Coffee with him: 'Make Haste, Sir, *said she*, and come away to the Sea-side: A Knight arm'd Cap-a-pee is dangerously wounded, and stands in need of your Assistance.' 'What, *said the Baron, smiling, who was used to these Sallies of his Daughters*, is he a Knight of the Round-Table, or one of the twelve Peers of France?' 'I can't tell, *said she, with a serious and melancholy Countenance*, who he is; but his Horse is grey, with his Mane and Tail tied up with Ribbons, and his Right Ear is cut off.' The Baron and Viscount, knowing, by this Description, that it was *Dandinardiere*, and looking at one another, amazed at what *Marthonida* had told them, without staying to ask any more Questions, made all the Haste they could to get to the Place she directed them to, where they found our unfortunate Cit, in a real Swoon; but were very much surprized at his Equipage and Metamorphosis. After they had rubb'd his Temples with Hungary-Water, and used the most proper Means they could think of, they brought him to himself again, and

and led him to the Baron's House, frighten'd almost out of his Wits. *Virginia* and *Marbonida*, who were all the Time at their Window, were at a great Loss to know how their Father came to be acquainted with this valiant Knight, and to inform themselves, went into their Mother's Chamber, whither the Baron was gone to tell her of the Adventure of their Neighbour *Dandinardiere*. Whereupon, being very sparing by way of Hospitality, tho' profuse enough in what related to herself, she ask'd, if he design'd to stay long, and thought to be cured at their Expence? To which he made Answer, That she had no need to trouble herself about that, he was very rich, and would make them amends. Then taking her aside into his Closet, 'The Viscount *Berginville*, said he, has just now communicated to me a Thought of his, which I very much approve of; and that is, to persuade *Dandinardiere* to marry one of our Daughters which I should be very glad of, since you know I have not much to give them.' 'But, reply'd Madam *de St. Thomas*, (who was full of her Whims) you know our Family, and shall we marry them below their Rank, and disgrace ourselves by so unequal a Match?' 'Believe me, Madam, said the Baron, Quality, without a Fortune answerable, is but grinning Honour; I wish with all my Heart that this Citizen, as much beneath them as you imagine, was so mad: But don't you now go and set your Daughters against it; for I know you are likely enough to undo what I have taken so much Pains about.' 'What cry'd she, changing Colour, am not I as much their Mother, as you their Father? Ought not I to have been consulted, and my Advice taken as well as yours?' 'No, Sir, my Daughters shall marry none but a Marquis, or an Earl.' 'Right, Madam, said Monsieur *de St. Thomas*, coldly, keep up the Dignity of your Birth and your Daughters fifty years longer.' Upon this, the Baroness was so enraged, that she rung such a Peal in his Ears, as brought the Vis-

count and Prior into the Closet. ‘ I appeal to these
 ‘ Gentlemen,’ said the Baron. ‘ And for my Part, I
 ‘ refuse them to be Judges, answer’d the Baroness;
 ‘ since I look upon them to be more your Friends
 ‘ than mine, and as Advisers to this fine Marriage.’
 But these Gentlemen having Sense enough to enter
 into this Dispute without aggravating her, desired her
 to moderate her Passion in an Affair so easy to be re-
 gulated, since she gave her Consent, provided her
 Son-in-law was a Man of a good Family; telling her,
 that they could assure her his Hall was full of the
 Pictures of his Grandfathers, and that they had ob-
 served, among the rest, one call’d *Gille de la Dandin-
 ardiére*, who was at least Constable in the Reign of
Charles VIII. At these Words the Baroness began to
 be a little calm; and gave her Word, that if it was
 so, she would not be against it. Thereupon they ad-
 vised her to go and see him, and offer him her As-
 sistance; which she could not consent to, till she had
 seen and adjusted her Dress, and spent some Hours at
 her Toilet. Afterwards she went into *Dandinardiére’s*
 Chamber, who had been just dress’d by a Surgeon of
 the Village, who was a great Blockhead, and said al-
 ways he was afraid of curing but by Halves; and to
 perfect his Cure, was very ready at cutting off Legs
 and Arms, and, upon Occasion, the Head too: And
 having a Mind to exercise his Incision Knife on our
 wounded Knight, he no sooner perceived it in his
 Hand, but he cry’d out with all his Might, ‘ Mon-
 ‘ sieur de *St. Thomas*, I put myself under your Pro-
 ‘ tection, let me not endure any more.’ Upon which
 Words, the Baron put a Stop to Mr. *Robert’s* further
 Proceedings.

When Madam de *St. Thomas* came, she found him
 more vex’d than sick, and his Wound not to be so
 great as she expected from so terrible a Fall. She of-
 fer’d civilly to take Care of him till he was well, to
 keep him Company, and also to bring her Daughters
 to divert him. ‘ I can say, added she, without Va-
 nity,

' nity, that they have both Wit and a nice Taste.
 ' They are besides great Readers, and make 'as good
 ' a Use of it; for they can say *Amadis of Gaul* by
 ' Heart.' ' I believe, Madam, *answer'd Dandinardiere*, all you say is true: But having had the good
 ' Fortune to meet with two young Princesses of an
 ' incomparable Beauty, my Thoughts are so full of
 ' them, that I should be very glad of their Company
 ' to blot them out of my Remembrance: Not that
 ' what I say proceeds from any Want of Respect to
 ' the Ladies your Daughters; but rather from my
 ' Fears of finding them too charming.' At this the
 Baroneſs bluſh'd again with Anger, and bridling to
 ſhew her Reſentment, ſaid, ' You are at your own
 ' Liberty, Sir; I thought to have done you a Plea-
 ' ſure, but there is no neceſſity for my Daughters
 ' coming.' Then riſing up, ſhe took her Leave, but
 in ſo ill an Humour, that ſhe could almoſt have hang'd
 her Huſband and the Viſcount, reproaching them with
 their uſeleſs Endeavours. ' I foreſee, *ſaid ſhe*, and
 ' I am ſeldom miſtaken, that I ſhall have no Reaſon
 ' to be pleaſed with this Viſit: This Man is in love
 ' with two or three Princesses, and cannot think of
 ' *Virginia*.' *Monſieur de St. Thomas* was too great
 a Lover of Peace to make any Answer that might
 provoke her any more, but went with the Viſcount
 and Prior to take a Walk in the Garden; where talk-
 ing of *Dandinardiere's* Extravagances, he ſaid, he could
 not imagine who he meant, and where he had ſeen
 thoſe charming Princesses he ſpoke of, and that he
 verily believ'd his Head was turn'd, ' Then the Blame
 ' lies at your Door, *answer'd the Viſcount*; for ſince
 ' the Challenge the *Gaſconiard* carry'd from *Villeville*,
 ' he has not been ſenſible, and his being thus in Ar-
 ' mour is a convincing Proof of it.'

The next Day theſe three Gentlemen went to pay
 him a Viſit in his Chamber; when after ſome ſmall
 Talk, he ſeem'd deſirous to have a little private Diſ-
 courſe with the Baron; whereupon the other two re-

tired. When they were alone, he said, taking the Baron's Hand between his, 'May I depend on you as a true Friend?' 'That you may undoubtedly, *answer'd the Baron*, since I profess myself so.' 'You must know then, *said Dandinardiere*, that I design'd to meet *Villeville* in Arms, as you saw me; I never fight otherwise: And if he does not like that, he may let it alone; for I won't abate a Gantlet. I came to you, to desire you to tell him to provide the like Arms, thinking he might not have any by him, being unwilling to take any Advantage of him, having the Rules of Honour and Chivalry writ in my Face: But not to weary you with too long a Discourse, I will open my Mind to you in three Words, and tell you I am in Love.' 'How long have you been in Love?' *said the Baron*. 'Four-and-twenty Hours and some Minutes, *reply'd he*, if I reckon right: Nay, I have not always been insensible to the Charms of Beauty; I have been in Love before, and have perform'd some Galantries that surprized all *Paris*, and fill'd up a Paper call'd the *Mercury Galante*. In short, some Dutcheffes, that shall be nameless, having dealt unhandfomely by me, and been false to me, I must own to you, I laid it so much to Heart, and was so much enraged against my cruel Stars, I came to throw myself into the Sea; but finding the Situation pleasant, I thought it better to build me a House, and live here in lethargick Philosophy. Thus, Sir, I have lived free from Love, Law-Suits, and Ambition, and enjoy'd myself; when my first Misfortune began by *Villeville's* Violence, and *Alain's* impertinently bragging. That Rascal has brought an Affair of Honour upon my Hanks, which oppresses me like a huge Mountain; for I have no Desire to lose my Estate, and be banish'd *France*. However, I have resolv'd on this unhappy Duel, on Condition, as I have said, that I fight in Armour; of which I was coming to inform you; when

when, as I was riding along by the Shore, I heard
 two young Persons talking loud, who charm'd me
 with the Sweetness of their Voices; when looking
 about, I saw, in a little Box with Iron barr'd
 Windows, two Princesses, or Demi-Princesses, which
 made me overjoy'd; particularly the Fair-one has
 stole my Heart. Their Conversation was so polite
 and pretty, and they talk'd with so great an E-
 nergy, and ——— that I never should have done,
 if I should express the Agreeableness thereof; and
 when they call'd me my Lord, which shew'd that
 they were, or had been bred up in Courts, me-
 thought they rais'd up my Heart as a Kite does a
 Pigeon. In the midst of the Respect and Admira-
 tion they created in my Heart, I knew not what
 I did; and instead of giving myself an Air on
 Horse-back, I unfortunately fell, and bruised my
 Head against the Stones; so that I am at present
 in Love, sick, engaged in a Quarrel with *Villeville*,
 and the most unfortunate of all Men.' Here
Dandinardiere was silent some Time, to fetch two
 or three Sighs like a Man oppress'd with Sorrows;
 while the Baron, who heard him without any In-
 terruption, lifted up his Hands and Eyes, towards
 Heaven, to shew his Surprise at what he had relat-
 ed; and being not sparing of his Sighs, sigh'd in his
 Turn. 'Fear not, dear Friend, *said he*, we must
 hope all from Time.' 'Alas, Sir, *said Dandinar-*
diere, I am in the utmost Confusion: But what I
 am now most concern'd at, is for my Love and
 Health; therefore I desire you will send for a more
 able Surgeon than Mr. *Robert*, and write a Letter
 for me to those beautiful Persons I told you of.' 'If
 you will dictate, *said Monsieur de St. Thomas*, I
 shall be very ready to be your Secretary.' 'I would
 not give you that Trouble, *reply'd Dandinardiere*,
 if my Head was better, but it is so ill, that I
 don't know how to frame the many Things I have
 to say to them.' 'You have no Need of any

‘ Assistance, *said the Baron*, you are smitten, and want no Wit, therefore begin.’ While the Baron was folding his Paper, and preparing his Pen. *Dandinardiere* was musing and biting his Nails, and then dictated as follows :

Imprison’d Highbness,

‘ **Y**OU set all the World on Fire ; for methinks you are two Suns, which reflecting on the Crystal Optick of my Eyes, have reduced my Heart to Ashes. Yes, my Fair-ones, I am a very Furnace since that fatal and happy Moment I saw you at the Window ; and my Reason has evaporated so much, as to permit me to sacrifice my tender Heart. I was not able to govern myself, you were the guilty Winesses of my Fall. I have spilt my Blood at your Walls, and would pour out my Soul, if the Sacrifice was agreeable to you.’

*I am, Ladies your most submissive Slave,
George Dandinardiere, Grandson to
Gille de la Dandinardiere, Favourite
to Charles VII. and Constable, or
something like it.*

‘ Ah, *cry’d he*, (overjoy’d, after he had read his Letter several Times over) here is a Letter, which tho’ it has cost me some Pains, yet it is excellent, I see I have not lost the Stile so much admired at Court, which distinguish’d me so much there.’ ‘ I am so confounded, *said the Baron*, to see with what Ease you did it, that I am almost angry with myself. I could as soon eat Pen, Ink, and Paper, as do so much in a Month. How happy is a Man that has so much Wit !’ ‘ Ho, ho ! my dear Baron, *said the Gentleman-Cit*, you praise me too much, and

'and make me too vain: But I must confess, I am
 'infinitely well pleased with the Comparison of the
 'Optick Glass, it is what we call a new Thought.'
 'It is what we call sublime,' *answer'd the Baron.*
 'I know, *said Dandinardiere*, I have an excellent
 'Genius this Way, and need yield to none; but let
 'us wrap it up so nice and gallantly, that it may
 'answer to the Inside: It must be in green Silk, with
 'a Device. I have a Seal in my Pocket which will
 'be very proper, and that is a Woman leaning on
 'an anchor, with these Words, *Hope's the Food of*
 '*Love.*' 'I remember, *said Monsieur de St. Thomas*,
 'I had just such another.' 'Then it came from me,'
 '*reply'd Dandinardiere boldly*, for all the Court ad-
 'mir'd it; the King himself had one cut after mine,
 'for no Device was approved but what was done af-
 'ter my Manner.' 'I make no dispute of what
 'you say, *continued the Baron*, you have so much
 'Fire and Vivacity, that you must succeed in what-
 'ever you undertake: But I don't know whether my
 'Wife may have any plain green Silk.' 'It is no
 'Matter whether it is plain, or not, *said Dandinar-*
 '*diere*, if it be but green Silk.'

Monsieur *de St. Thomas* went out, and sent the
Gascoin, for he durst not let him come in, lest *Dan-*
dinardiere should know him, who, after he had
 sought over twenty Drawers, bethought himself of
 going to the young Ladies; and told them, the Gen-
 tleman that was wounded, desired the Favour of them
 to send a Piece of Green Silk and some Wax, to seal
 up a Letter. As they never could make any Excuse
 to go into his Chamber, they were overjoy'd at this
 that presented itself; thereupon telling the *Gascoin*
 that they had none, while he went and asked all the
 Family; they slipt up the Garden Walls; that their
 Mother might not see them; and with a little work'd
 Box, in which they kept gilt Paper, Ink, Sand, and
 Pieces of Silk of all Colours, came into *Dandinar-*
diere's Chamber and had got to his Bed-side before

their Father, whose Back was turn'd towards them, saw them : when the sick Man, knowing them at first sight, and getting up an End in Bed, cry'd out, ' Make ' Room for the Princesses.' Upon which the Baron thought him mad ; but turning about, saw his two Daughters. ' These are *Virginia* and *Martbonida*, said ' *be*, who are come to make you a Visit, knowing that ' I was here.' ' No, Sir, *reply'd the eldest*, one coming from you to tell us that this young Stranger ' wanted a piece of green Silk, we have brought it ' with us.' *Dandinardiere* was so confounded at so great a Favour, and agitated with so many different Thoughts, that he was not able to return any Answer ; for thinking it was a Princess he was in Love with, and finding that he had descended some Steps lower, he thought that the Letter, which he had writ in that Character, would not be agreeable to a Country Lady ; and had a mortal Regret to lose all those Commendations she was so deserving of : Having pleas'd himself with carrying on a gallant Intrigue, and having a Man of Quality for his Confidant, not suspecting he was the Father of his Mistress. But as he now discover'd the Mystery, he laid aside his Despair, being overjoy'd to find those charming Strangers again ; besides, their Readiness to come into his Chamber flatter'd his Vanity and Heart so much, that he was not able to open his Lips. When the Baron, who never mistrusted, when he writ this Letter, that it was to his Daughters, soon eas'd him of his Troubles, telling him, with an Air of Gravity, That he would not call *Virginia* and *Martbonida's* Merit in Question, since they were capable of making an Impression on him ; and desired they might not be debarr'd the Pleasure of reading the most gallant Billet-doux that had been writ for some Ages, assuring him, that they wanted not a Taste of the Beauties it contain'd. The Ladies, for their Parts, had no occasion for any preparation to engage them to fall into an Extasy ; they were delighted so much with

with the *Optic Glass*, that they cry'd out, How beautiful and delicate is this Thought ! how few are there that can write in this Manner ! *Dandinardiere* was all the Time adjusting his Night-Cap, ashamed to have his Head bound up ; and catching up his Casque, which was in a Chair that stood by the Bed-side, was for putting it on, as he said, to appear more decent before the Ladies. The Baron, at this new Piece of Extravagance, could not help laughing to himself, and let him try at an Impossibility ; for his Head was at that Time half as big again as his Casque ; when finding he could not get it on, he said, ' Ladies I hope you will accept of my respectful Intentions, but——— Oh ! Sir, interrupted Virginia, we take the Will for the Deed ; but lest we should incommodate you, I think we ought to retire. ' Ah glorious Suns ! cry'd out the Cit, would you darken my Chamber by your Eclipse ?——— Sir, said he, turning towards the Baron, oblige these charming Goddesses to stay, I beseech you.' ' No, answer'd the Baron, I am vex'd that you have talk'd so much as you have done ; take a little Repose, your Wounds are so great, they ought to be taken Care of. Farewel, we will leave you ; depend upon it, Mr. Robert shall come no more ; you shall have another.'

Thus the Father and two Daughters took their Leaves of *Dandinardiere*, who desired he might not be deny'd some Books, that he might divert the Melancholy their Absence might create, by reading. ' Oh, said Marthonida, I will send you a Story my Sister made an End of but last Night.' ' Oh, said Virginia, it is one of those which are now so much in Vogue ; and as I pretend to imitate Persons of Wit, tho' I live in the Country, yet I design to send it to Paris : But if it has the Happiness to please you, I shall be sure of the Approbation of the Learned.' ' I give my Voice already, adorable Virginia, reply'd *Dandinardiere*, and will send it Tomorrow to Court, if you think fit ; where five or

‘ six Princesses give me the Liberty to write to them, and entertain them with my Verses.’ ‘ Ha ! What’s that you say, Sir, cry’d Marthonida, are you a Poet ? If so, let us have the Pleasure of hearing some of your Performances.’ ‘ Oh, this is not a proper Time, said the Baron, pushing them out ; with your good Wills, you would talk my Friend here to Death.’

Being thus obliged to retire, as soon as they got back to their Apartment, they sent their Knight-Er-rant the Story by their Maid, who seem’d overjoy’d at these Marks of their Esteem ; but as he was not in a Condition to read any long Time, he sent to tell the Prior that he wanted earnestly to speak with him, which put the Family in no small Alarm, every one being curious to know the Cause. When the Prior came, he asked him what he would have. *Dandiniere* shew’d him the Story ; and desired him to assuage his Pain by reading it to him ; which he began as follows.



The Story of the WHITE CAT.

THERE was a King who had three Sons, all handsome, brave young Gentlemen ; but jealous that they should desire to reign before his Death, he caused several Reports to be spread abroad, that they endeavoured to procure themselves Creatures to deprive him of his Crown. The King found himself very old, but his Sense and Capacity of Government no ways decay’d ; so that he cared not to resign up a Place he filled so worthily, and thought that the best way for him to live at Quiet, was to amuse them by Promises. To this End he took them into his Closet, where, after he had talk’d to them with great Candour, he said, ‘ You will agree with me, my Children,

‘dren, that my great Age will not allow me to apply myself to the Affairs of the Public with as much Care as formerly; and I am afraid my Subjects will not be so well pleased with my Administration: Therefore I intend to resign my Crown to one of you. But as it is very just that you should strive to please me with such a Present, and as I design to retire into the Country, I should be very glad to have a pretty little Dog to keep me Company; Therefore, without having more Regard to my eldest than my youngest, I declare to you, that he of you who brings me the most beautiful Dog shall be my Heir.’

The three Princes were very much surprised at their Father’s Desire for a little Dog. For the two younger, they were extraordinarily well pleased at this Proposal; and for the elder, he was either too timorous or respectful to represent his Right. However, they took their Leaves of the King, who gave them Money and Jewels, telling them, That they must all return without fail in a Year’s Time, on a certain Day, with their Dogs. But before they set out on this Search, they all went to a Castle three Leagues off, where they made an Entertainment, and invited their most trusty Friends and Confidants, before whom the three Brothers swore an eternal Friendship to one another, promising never to be jealous of each other’s good Fortune; but that the most successful should let the other two partake with him, appointing that Castle for their Place of Rendezvous, and from thence to go all together to the King.

They every one took a different Road without any Attendants; and for the two eldest, they had a great many Adventures: But as the Particulars are not so well known to me, I shall pass them over in Silence, and speak only of the youngest, who was a Prince of a sweet Behaviour, exact Shape, fine Features, had delicate Teeth, perform’d all Exercises

cises fit for a Prince with a good Grace ; and to sum up all in one, was a Youth of bright Parts, and brave even to a Fault : Besides, he sang very agreeably, and play'd on the Lute and Theorbo to Admiration, and painted with great Judgment. Not a Day pass'd over his Head, but he bought Dogs of some Kind or other, as Hounds, Greyhounds, Spaniels, &c. that were pretty, keeping always the most beautiful, and letting the others go ; for it was impossible for him to keep all the Dogs he had purchased, since he had neither Gentleman, Page, nor any other Person along with him : However, he kept going on, without fixing on any certain Place ; when he was surprized one Night in a large Forest, where he could find no Shelter, by a Storm of Thunder, Lightning and Rain. Still he persued the Road, and went a long Way, when seeing a small Light, he perswaded himself some House was nigh, where he might get a Lodging that Night. Following the Lights, he arrived at the Gates of a stately Castle, which were all of massy Gold ; in which were Carbuncles, which gave that extraordinary Light which the Prince saw so far off. The Walls were of fine China, whereon the Histories of all the Fairies since the Creation of the World were represented ; but the Rain and ill Weather would not suffer our Prince to stay to examine them all, tho' he was charm'd to find the Adventures of Prince *Lutin*, who was his Uncle, among the rest.

He return'd to the Door, after having rambled some Paces off, and there found a Deer's Foot at the End of a Chain of Diamonds, which made him admire the Magnificence : He pull'd, and soon heard a Bell which by the Sound, he judg'd to be either Gold or Silver, and some Time after the Door open'd, and he saw no Person, but only twelve Hands, each holding a Flambeau ; at which Sight he was very much surprized, and was in Dilemma whether or no he should proceed any further, when,

when, to his great Amazement, he felt some others behind him, which push'd him forwards; whereupon he advanced with his Hand on his Sword, tho' very uneasy, and, as he thought, in some Danger: When going into a Wardrobe of Porphyry and Lapis Lazuli, he heard two sweet Voices sing these Words:

*With Unconcern behold these Hands,
And dread no false Alarms,
If you are sure you can withstand,
The Force of Beauty's Charms.*

He could not believe he was invited so kindly to suffer any Injury, which made him, finding himself forced forwards, to go to a Gate of Coral, which open'd as soon as he approach'd it, and he went into a Hall of Mother of Pearl, and thence into several Chambers adorn'd and enrich'd with Paintings and Jewels; a vast Number of Lights that were let down from the Cieling of the Hall, contributed to light some Part of the other Apartments, which besides were hung round with Glass Sconces. In short, the Magnificence was almost incredible. After having gone into sixty Chambers, the Hands that conducted him stopt him, and he saw a great easy Chair make up towards him; the Fire-light of itself, and the Hands, which were both white and finely proportion'd, undress'd him, he being wet, and in some Danger of catching Cold. A fine Shirt, and a Night gown of Gold Brocade, with Cyphers and small Emeralds, were given him, and a Table and Toilet brought by these Hands. Every Thing was very Grand: The Hands comb'd out his Hair with a Lightness that gave him Pleasure, and afterwards dress'd him in extraordinary fine Clothes, while he not only silently admired them, but at last began to be in some little Fright. When he was dress'd, that he seem'd as beautiful as *Adonis*, they conducted him into a stately Hall rich-
ly

ly furnish'd, where he saw in fine Painting, the Stories of the most famous Cats; as *Rodillardus* hung by the Heels in a Council of Rats, the Cat in Boots, the Marquis *de Carabas*, the Writing Cat, the Cat turn'd Woman, Witches in the Shapes of Cats, with their nightly Meetings, &c. all very odd and singular.

Two Cloths were laid, both garnish'd with Gold Plates, with Beaufets set out with vast Number of Glasses, and Cups made of valuable Stones; and while the Prince was thinking with himself what they were laid for, he saw some Cats come and place themselves upon a Bench set there for that Purpose, one holding a Musick-Book, another with a Roll of Paper, to beat Time with, and the rest with small Guittars: When all on a sudden they every one set up a Mewing in different Tones, and struck the strings with their Talons, which made the strangest Musick that ever was heard. The Prince would have thought himself in Hell, if the Palace had not been so wonderful fine, it put him so much in Mind of it; then stopping his Ears, he laugh'd heartily at the several Postures and Grimaeces of these strange Musicians. And while he was calling to Mind the several Things that had happen'd since his being in this Castle, he saw a little Figure about half a Yard high come forward in a Veil of black Crape, led by two Cats in mourning Clokes, with Swords by their Sides, and follow'd by a numerous Train of Cats; some carrying Rats, and some Mice in Traps and Cages.

The Prince was in the greatest Amazement, and knew not what to think; when the little Figure in black coming up to him, and lifting up its Veil, he saw the prettiest little white Cat he ever had set his Eyes on, which seem'd to be young, but withal very melancholy, and set up such an agreeable and charming Mewing, as went to the Prince's Heart.

• Prince, said she, you are welcome; it is a Pleasure
• to me to see you here.' • Madam Puss, reply'd she
• Prince,

‘ Prince, you are very generous to receive me so graciously ; but you appear to me to be a Cat of extraordinary Merit : For the Gift you enjoy of Speech, and this stately Castle you possess, are convincing Proofs of it.’ ‘ Prince, *answer’d the White Cat*, I desire you would forbear your Compliments, for I am both plain in my Discourse and Manners, but have a good Heart. Let us go, *said she*, to Supper, and bid the Musicians leave off, for the Prince does not understand what they say.’ ‘ What, *said he*, do they then say any Thing ?’ ‘ Yes, *answer’d the White Cat*, we have Poets, and great Wits, and if you will stay with us, you shall be convinc’d of it.’ ‘ I need but hear you speak to believe that, *answer’d he gallantly*, for I look on you as on something more than common.’

Supper was brought up, the Hands set on the Table two dishes of Soup, one made of young Pigeons, and the other of fat Mice. The Sight of the one hinder’d the Prince from eating of the other, fancying that the same Cook had dress’d both ; which the White-Cat guessing at, assured him that she had two Kitchens, that he might eat of whatever was set before him, and be confident there were no Rats or Mice in any Thing offer’d him. The Prince, who believed that this beautiful Cat would not deceive him, wanted not to be told twice. He observed a little Picture to hang upon her Foot, at which he was not a little surprized, and ask’d her to shew it him, thinking it might be some fine Puss, a Lover of the White Cat ; but was in Amaze to see a handsome young Man, who resembled him very much. The White-Cat sigh’d, and growing melancholy, kept a profound Silence. The Prince perceived that there was something extraordinary in it, but durst not inform himself for fear of displeasing or grieving his kind Entertainer. He diverted her with all the News he knew, and found her very well acquainted with the different Interests of Princes, and
other

other Things that pass'd in the World. When Supper was done, the White Cat carried her Guest into a Hall, where there was a Stage, on which twelve Cats, and as many Apes, danced a Mask in *Moorish* and *Chinese* Habits ; and when this was over the White Cat bid her Guest Good-night, and the Hands led him into an Apartment opposite to that which he had seen, but no less magnificent . It was hung with Tapestry, made of the Wings of Butterflies, the Variety of which Colours form'd most beautiful Flowers. The Bed was of fine Gauze, tied with Bunches of Ribbon, and the Glasses reach'd from the Cieling down to the Floor, and the Pannels between represented in carved Work, thousands of *Cupids*.

The Prince went to Bed, and slept a little ; but was awaken'd again by a confused Noise. The Hands took him out of Bed, and put him on an hunting Habit. He look'd out of the Window, and saw about five hundred Cats, some leading Greyhounds, and others blowing Horns ; it being that Day a great Feast, whereon the White Cat had a Mind to go a Hunting, and was willing that the Prince should partake of that Diversion. The Hands presented to him a wooden Horse, that had a good Speed and easy Paces, which he made some Scruple to mount, alledging, they took him for Don *Quixote* ; but his Refusal signifi'd nothing, they set him on the wooden Horse, which was finely caparison'd, with a Saddle and Housing of Gold, beset with Diamonds. The White Cat rid on a most beautiful Ape, having thrown off her Veil, and put on a Hat and Feather, which gave so bold an Air, as frighten'd all the Mice that saw her. Never was there better Sport ; the Cats outran the Mice and Rabbits, and whenever they took one, the White Cat always paunch'd its Prey, and gave them their Fees. For the Birds, they were not in much greater Security ; the Cats climbed up the Trees, and the Ape carried the White Cat up to the Eagles Nests. When the Chase was over, she took a Horn of about a Finger's

ger's Length, which, when sounded, was so loud, that it might be heard some Leagues; and as soon as she blow'd, she had presently all the Cats in the Country about her, some mounted in Chariots in the Air, and some in Boats, but all in different Habits, which made a fine shew. With this pompous Train she and the Prince return'd to her Castle, who thought it savour'd very much of Sorcery; but was more surprized at the Cat's speaking than all the rest.

As soon as she came home, she put on her Black Veil again, and supped with the Prince, whom the fresh Air had got a good Stomach; the Hands brought him fine Liquors, which he not only drank of with Pleasure, but made him forget the little Dog he was to procure for his Father: His Thoughts were bent on bearing the White Cat Company, and he spent his Time in Hunting and Fishing, and sometimes in Balls and Plays. The White Cat made such passionate Songs and Verses, that he began to think she had a tender Heart, since she could not express herself as she did, and be insensible of the Power of Love, but her Secretary who was an old Cat, writ so bad a Hand, that should any of her Works remain, it would be impossible to read them. The Prince had forgot his Country, the Hands still waited on him, and he regretted his not being a Cat, that he might pass his Life in such pleasant Company. 'Alas! *said he to the White Cat*, how sorry am I to leave you, since I love you dearly! Either become a Woman, or change me into a Cat' Which With the White Cat only answer'd in obscure Words, though she was mightily pleas'd with it.

Thus a Year slip'd away free from Care and Pain. The White Cat knew the Time he was to return, and as he did not think of it, put him in Mind thereof. 'Don't you know, *said she*, that you have, but three Days to find a little Dog in, and that your Brothers have got some very fine ones?'
This

This roused the Prince out of his Lethargy: 'By what secret Charm, *cry'd he*, have I forgot the only Thing in the World, that is of the greatest Importance to me? What will become of my Honour and Fortune? Where shall I find a little Dog beautiful enough to gain a Kingdom, and a Horse swift enough to make diligent search after one?' Then beginning to afflict himself, and grow uneasy, the White Cat said to him, 'Do not grieve, Prince, I am your Friend; you may stay here a Day longer yet; for tho' it is five hundred Leagues off, the wooden Horse will carry you there in less than twelve Hours.' 'I thank you, beautiful Cat, *said he*; but 'tis not enough for me to return to my Father; I must carry with me a little Dog.' Here take this Acorn, *said the White Cat*; it has a beautiful little Dog in it; put it to your Ear, and you will hear it bark.' The Prince obey'd, heard it bark, and was transported with Joy: He would have open'd it, so great was his Curiosity; but the White Cat told him it might catch Cold, and he had better stay till he gave it to his Father. He thank'd her a thousand Times, and bid her a tender Farewel, assuring her that he never pass'd his Days so pleasantly as with her, and that he was grieved to leave her behind him; adding, that tho' she was a Sovereign, and had great Court paid to her, yet he could not forbear asking her to go along with him: To which Proposition she only answer'd with a Sigh.

The Prince came first to the Castle; that was appointed for the Rendezvous with his Brothers, who arrived soon afterwards, but were very much surprized to see a wooden Horse in the Court; that leap'd better than any in the Academies. The Prince went to meet them; they embraced, and gave each other an Account of their Adventures; but our Prince took Care to conceal the Truth of his, and shew'd them only an ugly Turnspit, telling them that he thought him very pretty: At which, tho' they were

were very good Friends, the two eldest conceived a secret Joy. The next Day they all three went together in the same Coach to the King. Thy two eldest carry'd their Dogs in Baskets so white and delicate, that none durst hardly touch them; and the youngest had his poor despicable Turnspit in a String, When they came to the Palace, the Courtiers crowded about them, to welcome them home. The King, when they came into his Apartment, knew not in whose Favour to declare, for the two little Dogs that the eldest Brothers brought were almost of equal Beauty, when the youngest pulling the Acorn out of his Pocket, which the White Cat gave him, put an End to the Difference. As soon as he open'd it, they all saw a little Dog laid on Cotton, and so small, that he might go thro' a Ring and never touch it. The Prince set it on the Ground, and presently it began to dance a Saraband with Castanets, as nimble and as well as the best *Spaniard*. It was of a Mixture of several Colours, its Ears and long Hairs reach'd to the Ground. The King was very much surprized, and tho' it was impossible to meet with any Thing so beautiful as *Tentén*, by which Name it was call'd, yet he was not very ready to part with his Crown, the least Gem of which was dearer to him than all the Dogs in the World. He told his Children, that he was very well pleased with the Pains they had taken, but that they had succeeded so well in the first Thing he had desired, that he had a Mind to make further proof of their Abilities before he perform'd his Promise: And that was, he would give them a Year to find out a Web of Cloth fine enough to go through the Eye of a small Working Needle. They all stood surprized and concerned, that they were to go again upon another Search; however, the two eldest seem'd the more ready, and all the three parted without making so great a Profession of Friendship as they did the first Time, for the Story of the Turnspit had somewhat abated it.

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Our Prince mounted his wooden Horse again, and without looking after any other Assistance, than what he might expect from the Friendship of the White Cat, returned in all the Diligence to the Castle, where he had been so well received; where he not only found all the Doors open, but the Windows, Walls, and Walks illuminated, The Hands came and met him, held his Horse's Bridle, and led him into the Stable, while the Prince went to the White Cat's Chamber, who was laid in a little Basket, on a Quilt of white Satin. When she saw the Prince, she made a thousand Skips and Jumps, to express her Joy, and said, 'Whatever Reason I might have, Prince, to hope for your Return, I must own I durst not flatter myself with it; since I am generally unhappy in what I most desire, therefore this surprizes me.' The Prince, full of Acknowledgment, caress'd her often, and told her the Success he had in his Journey, which she was not unacquainted with, and that the King required a Web of Cloth so fine, that it might be drawn through the Eye of a Needle, which he believed was a Thing impossible; but that however he would not fail to try to procure such a one, relying on her Friendship and Assistance. The White Cat, putting on a grave Air, told him it was an Affair that required some Consideration, that by good Fortune she had in her Castle some Cats that spun very fine, that she would do what she could to forward that Work, so that he might stay there, and not trouble himself to search elsewhere, it being unlikely for him to meet with any so easily.

Soon after the Hands appeared, carrying Flambeaux, and the Prince follow'd the White Cat into a magnificent Gallery that look'd on to a River upon which there were some artificial Fire-works, made to burn four Cats, who had been accused and convicted of eating some Roastmeat, design'd for the White Cat's Supper, with some Cheese and Milk; and besides, for conspiring against her Person with

Martafax

Martafax and *Lermites*, two famous Rats in that Country: But as it was thought that there was a great deal of Injustice done them, and that most of the Witnesses were suborn'd, the Prince obtain'd their Pardon; notwithstanding, the Fireworks were let off, which gave the Prince very great Diversion. Afterwards a Repast was served up, which gave the Prince more Pleasure than the Fire, for his Riding had got him an extraordinary Stomach: For the rest of the Time, he spent it in agreeable Entertainments, with which the ingenious White Cat diverted her Guests, who was perhaps the first Mortal that was so well entertain'd by Cats without any other Company. Indeed the White Cat had a ready Wit, and could discourse on any Subject, which often put the Prince into a great Consternation, and made him say to her, 'Certainly, all this that I observe so wonderful in you, cannot be natural; therefore tell me by what Prodigy you think and speak so justly?' 'Forbear asking me any Questions, Prince, *said she*, for I am not allow'd to answer them, but you may conjecture what you please; let it suffice that I have used you with Respect, and that I interest myself tenderly in what regards you.'

The second Year roll'd away insensibly, as well as the first; the Prince wish'd for nothing, but the diligent Hands brought it to him, whether Books, Jewels, fine Pictures, or antique Medals, &c. when the White Cat, who was always watchful for the Prince's Interest, inform'd him that the Time of his Departure drew nigh; but that he might be easy concerning the Web of Cloth, for she had a wonderful fine One made; and added withal, that this Time she would give him an Equipage suitable to his Birth, and without waiting for an Answer, oblig'd him to look into the great Court of the Castle, in which there waited an open Chariot of emboss'd Work in Gold, in several gallant Devices, drawn by twelve milk-white Horses, four a-breast whose

Harnessea

Harnesses were cover'd with Velvet of Fire-colour, which was the same as the Lining of the Chariot, beset with Diamonds, and the Buckles of Gold. An hundred Coaches with eight Horses, full of the Lords of his Retinue, magnificently cloathed, follow'd this Chariot, which was guarded besides by a thousand Body-Guards, whose Cloathing was so full of Embroidery, that the Cloth was hardly discover'd; and what was very singular, the White Cat's Picture was seen every where, both in the Devices on the Chariot, and on the Guards. 'Go, Prince, *said she*, and appear at the King your Father's Court, in so stately a Manner, that your Magnificence may serve to impose on him, that he may refuse you no longer the Crown you deserve. Take this Walnut, be sure to crack it in his Presence, and you will find in it such a Web as you want.' Love-ly White Cat, *said he*, I own I am so penetrated with your Bounty, that if you will give your Consent, I will prefer passing my Days with you, before all the Grandeur I may promise myself elsewhere.' 'Prince, *reply'd she*, I am persuaded of the Kindness of your Heart, which is a rare Thing among Princes, who would be respected by all the World, and love none but themselves; but you shew me this Rule is not general. I make great Account of the Attachment you have for a little White-Cat, that in the Main is fit for nothing but to catch Mice.' At that the Prince kiss'd her Paw, and went away.

It is almost incredible to believe the Haste he made, were we unacquainted with the Swiftnes of the wooden Horse, who carry'd him before five hundred thousand Leagues in less than two Days; and the same Power that animated him, had so great an Effect upon the others, that he was not above four and twenty Hours upon the Road, and never stopt till he arrived at the King's Palace, where his two Brothers had got before him; who seeing he

he was not come, rejoiced at his Negligence, and said to one another, 'How unfortunate is this! he is either sick or dead, and will not come to rival us in this important Business.' Thereupon they pulled out their Webs; which were indeed very fine, and pass'd them thro' the Eye of a large Needle, but not a small one; which Pretext of Refusal the King embracing, went and fetch'd the Needle he propos'd, which the Magistrates, by his Order, had carry'd to the Treasury, and lock'd up carefully: This Refusal rais'd a great Murmuring: Those that were Friends to the Princes, and particularly the eldest, whose Web was the finest, said it was all a Trick and Evasion: And the King's Creatures maintain'd, that he was not obliged to keep any other Conditions than what were propos'd; when, to put an End to this Difference, there was heard a Sounding of Trumpets and Hautboys, which came before our Prince.

The King and his Sons were all surprized at this Magnificence. The Prince, after he had respectfully saluted his Father, and embraced his Brothers, took out of his Box, cover'd with Rubies, a Walnut, which he crack'd, thinking to find the Web so much boasted off; but only saw a small Hazel Nut, which he crack'd also, and, to his Surprize, found only a Kernel of Wax. The King and every Body laugh'd, to think that the Prince should be so credulous as to think to carry a Web of Cloth in a Nut; but had they recollected themselves, they might have remember'd the little Dog that lay in an Acorn. However, he peel'd the Kernel, and nothing appear'd but the Pulp itself, whereupon a great Noise was heard all over the Room, every one having it in his Mouth what a Fool the Prince was made of; who, for his Part, return'd no Answer to all the Pleasantries of the Courtiers, but broke the Kernel, and found in it a Corn of Wheat, and in that a Grain of Millet. At the Sight of this he began to distrust, and mutter'd

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to himself, *O White Cat ! White Cat ! thou hast deceived me !* And at that Instant he felt a Cat's Paw upon his Hand, which scratch'd him, and fetch'd Blood ; he knew not whether it was to encourage or dismay him. However, he open'd the Millet Seed, and to the Amazement of all present, drew out a Web of Cloth, four hundred Yards long ; and what was more wonderful, there were painted on it all sorts of Birds, Beasts and Fish, Fruits, Trees and Plants, Rocks, and all manner of rare Shells of the Sea ; the Sun, Moon, Stars and Planets ; and all the Pictures of all the Kings and Princes of the World, with those of their Wives, Mistresses, and Children, all dress'd after the Fashion of their own Country. When the King saw this Piece of Cloth, he turn'd as pale as the Prince was red in looking so long for it, and the Needle was brought, and it was put thro' five or six Times ; all which Time, the King and his two Sons were silent, tho' afterwards the Beauty and Rarity of the Cloth was so great, they said it was not to be match'd in the whole World. The King fetch'd a deep Sigh, and turning himself towards his Children, said to them ; ' Nothing gives me so much Comfort ' in my old Age, as to be sensible of the Deference ' you have for me, which make me desirous of putting you to a new Tryal. Go and travel another ' Year, and he that brings me the most beautiful ' Damself, shall marry her, and be crown'd King ; ' there being an absolute Necessity that my Successor ' should marry : And I swear and promise, I will no ' longer defer the Reward.'

Our Prince suffer'd all his Injustice : The little Dog and the Web of Cloth rather deserved ten Crowns than one ; but he was of so sweet a Disposition, that he would not thwart his Father's Will : So without any Delay he got into his Chariot again, and with his Train return'd to his dear White Cat, who knowing the Day and Moment he would come, had the Roads strew'd with Flowers. She was laid

on a *Persian* Tapestry, under a Canopy of Cloth of Gold, in a Gallery from whence she could see him return. He was receiv'd by the Hands that always served him, and all the Cats climbed upon the Gutter to congratulate his Return by a Concert of Mewing. 'Well, Prince, *said she to him*, I see you are come back without your Crown.' 'Madam, *reply'd he*, by your Bounty I was in a Condition of gaining it; but I am persuaded the King is more loth to part with it, than I am fond of having it.' 'No matter for that, *said she*, you must neglect nothing to deserve it, I will assist you on this Occasion; and since you must carry a beautiful Damsel to your Father's Court, I will look out for one, who shall gain you the Prize: But in the Interim, let us be merry, and divert ourselves. I have order'd a Seafight between my Cats and the most terrible Rats of the Country. My Cats perhaps may be hard set, for they are afraid of the Water: However, they will have Advantage enough: We cannot expect it in every Thing,' The Prince returned her Thanks, and said several handsome Things on her Conduct and Prudence. Afterwards they went upon a Terrass which look'd on to the Sea. The Cats Vessels consisted of great Pieces of Cork, on which they floated very commodiously; and those of the Rats of Egg-Shells join'd together. The fight was very obstinate; the Rats threw themselves into the Water; and swam better than the Cats, insomuch that they as often conquered, as they were conquer'd; when *Minagrobis*, the Admiral of the Cats, reduced the Rattish Race to the utmost Despair, by eating up the Admiral of their Fleet, who was an old experienc'd Rat, that had made three Voyages round the World in very good ships, in which he was neither Captain nor Sailor, but only a kind of Interloper. But the White Cat was so politic, that she would not absolutely destroy these poor unfortunate Rats, thinking that if there were no Rats nor Mice,

her Subjects would live in an Idleness that might become prejudicial to her.

The Prince pass'd this Year, as he had done the two first, in Hunting, Fishing, and such Diversions, and often at a Game of Chess, which the White Cat play'd extraordinary well at; but he could not forbear often questioning her, to know by what Miracle she spoke. He asked her, if she was a Fairy: or if by any Metamorphosis she was turn'd into a Cat. But as the White Cat was always capable of saying what she had a mind to, she return'd him an Answer so insignificant, that he perceiv'd she was not willing to communicate this Secret to him. As nothing passes away so quick as happy Days, if the White Cat had not been so careful as to remember the Time the Prince was to return, 'tis certain he would quite forget it. She told him of it the Night before, and withal, that the Hour of destroying the fatal Work of the Fairies was come; and therefore he must resolve to cut off her Head and Tail, and throw them presently into the Fire. 'What, cry'd *he*, shall I, my lovely White Cat, be so barbarous as to kill you? You have undoubtedly a Mind to make proof of my Heart, but be assur'd it is incapable of wanting that Friendship and Acknowledgment due to you.' 'No, Prince, *continues she*, I don't suspect you of Ingratitude; I know your Merit; but neither you nor I can prescribe to Fate: Do what I desire you, we shall hereby be happy; and you shall know, upon the Word of a Cat of Worth and Honour, that I am really your Friend.' Tears started two or three Times in the young Prince's Eyes, to think he must cut off the Head of his pretty Cat, that had been so kind to him; he said all that he could think most tender to engage her to dispense with him: To which she answer'd obstinately, she would die by his Hand, and that was the only Way to hinder his Brother from having the Crown. In short, she press'd him
so

so earnestly, that he trembling with an unsteady Hand, cut off her Head and Tail, and threw them presently into the Fire ; and at the same Time saw the most charming Metamorphoses imaginable. The Body of the White Cat grew presently large, and changed all on a sudden to a fine Lady, so accomplish'd, as exceeds Description. Her Eyes committed Theft upon all Hearts, and her Sweetness kept them ; her Shape was majestic, her Air noble and modest, her Wit flowing, her Manners engaging ; in a Word, she was beyond every Thing that was lovely.

The Prince, at the sight of her, was in so agreeable a Surprise, that he thought himself enchanted. He could not speak nor look at her, and his Tongue was so tied, that he could not explain his Amazement ; which was much greater, when he saw an extraordinary Number of Gentlemen and Ladies, * holding their Cat-Skins over their Shoulders, come and prostrate themselves at the Queen's Feet, to testify their Joy to see her again in her natural State. She received them with all the marks of Bounty, which sufficiently discovered the Sweetness of her Temper. After having spent some Time in hearing their Compliments, she order'd them to retire, and leave her alone with the Prince ; to whom she spoke as follows :

Think not, Sir, that I have always been a Cat, and that my Birth is obscure. My Father was King of six Kingdoms, loved my Mother tenderly, and gave her Liberty to do what she pleased. Her most prevailing Inclination was to travel, insomuch that when she was with Child of me, she undertook to go see a Mountain, of which she had heard a most surprizing Account. As she was on the Road she was told there was nigh the Place she was then at, an antient Castle of Fairies, which was the finest in the World, or at least said to be so ; for as no Person was ever admitted into it, there could not be any positive Judgment pass'd thereon ; But for the

Gardens, they were known to contain the best Fruits that ever were eat. The Queen my Mother, who long'd to taste of them, went thither. But when she came to the Gate of this stately Edifice, which shined again with Blue enamell'd with Gold, nobody came, tho' she knock'd a long Time; and her Desire increasing the more, by reason of the Difficulty, she sent for Ladders to scale the Walls: But they growing visibly to a great Height of themselves, they were forced to fasten the Ladders to another, to lengthen them, and whenever any one went up them, they broke under their Weight; so that they were either kill'd or lam'd. The Queen was in the utmost Despair to see Trees loaded with such delicious Fruits, and not to taste of them, which she was resolv'd to do, or die: Insomuch that she order'd some rich Tents to be pitch'd before the Castle, and stay'd there six Weeks, with all her Court. She neither slept nor eat, but sigh'd continually, and was always talking of the Fruit. In short, she fell dangerously ill, and no Remedy could be found out; for the inexorable Fairies never appear'd from the Time she came there. All her Court were very much grieved; there was nought to be heard but Sighs and Lamentations, while the dying Queen was continually asking those that were in waiting upon her, for Fruit; but would eat of none but what came out of this Garden.

One Night, after having got a little Sleep, when she awaken'd she saw a little ugly decrepid old Woman sit in an Elbow-Chair by her Bolster, and was surprized that her Woman should suffer a Stranger so near her; when she said to her, ' We think your Majesty very importunate to be so stobborn in your Desires, of eating our Fruit; but since your Life is in Danger, my Sisters and I have consented to give you as much as you can carry away, and to let you eat of them as long as you stay here, provided you will make us one present.'

' Ah!

‘ Ah ! my good Mother, *cry’d the Queen*, name it,
‘ I will give you my Kingdoms, Heart and Soul,
‘ to have some of the Fruit : I cannot buy it too
‘ dear.’ ‘ We would have your Majesty, *said she*,
‘ give us the Daughter you now bear in your
‘ Womb. As soon as she is born, we will come
‘ and fetch her ; she shall be brought up by us,
‘ and we will endow her with all Virtues, Beauties,
‘ and Sciences : In short, she shall be our Child,
‘ and we will make her happy : But your Majesty
‘ must observe, that you must never see her any
‘ more till she is married. If you will agree to
‘ this Proposition, I will cure you immediately, and
‘ carry you into our Orchards, where, notwithstanding
‘ ’tis Night, you shall see well enough to
‘ chuse what you would have ; but if what I say
‘ displeases your Majesty, Good-night.’ ‘ Tho’
‘ what you impose on me, *reply’d the Queen*, is very
‘ hard, yet I accept it rather than die ; for certainly
‘ if I cannot live, my Child must be lost ; therefore,
‘ skilful Fairy, *continu’d she*, cure me, and let
‘ me not be a Moment debarr’d of the Privileges I
‘ am intitled to thereby.’

The Fairy touched her with a little golden Wand, saying, ‘ Your Majesty is free from all Illness.’ And thereupon she seem’d as if she had thrown off a heavy Garment that had been very troublesome and incommodious to her. She order’d all the Ladies of her Court to be call’d, and with a gay Air told them she was extraordinary well, and would rise, since that the Gates of the Fairies Palace, which were so strongly barricaded, were set open for her to eat of the Fruit, and to carry what she pleased away. The Ladies thought the Queen delirious, and that she was then dreaming of the Fruit she long’d so much for ; insomuch, that instead of returning any Answer, they fell a-crying, and call’d in the Physicians ; which Delays put the Queen into the utmost Despair : She ask’d for her Clothes, and they refusing her them, put her into a violent

Passion, which they look'd upon as her Fever. In the Interim, the Physicians came, who, after having felt her Pulse, and made their Enquiries, could not deny but that she was in her perfect Health. The Ladies seeing the Fault they had committed thro' their great Zeal, endeavoured to repair it by dressing her quickly. They every one begg'd her Pardon, which she granted, and hasten'd to follow the old Fairy, who waited for her. She went into the Palace, where nothing was wanting to make it the finest in the World; which you will the more easily believe, Sir. *added the (new metamorphosed) Queen,* when I shall tell you 'twas this we are now in. Two other Fairies, not quite so old as she that conducted my Mother, received her favourably at the Gate; she desired them to carry her presently into the Garden, and to those Trees that bore the best Fruits. They told her they were all equally good, and that unless she would have the Pleasure of gathering them herself they would call them to her. 'I beg, *said the Queen,* that I may have the Satisfaction of seeing so extraordinary an Event.' Whereupon the Elder of the three put her Fingers in her Mouth, and blow'd three Times, and then cry'd, Apricocks, Peaches, Nectarines, Plums, Cherries, Pears, Melons, Grapes, Apples, Oranges, Lemons, Gooseberries, Currants, Strawberries, Raspberries come all at my Call. 'But, *said the Queen,* these Fruits are not all ripe in the same Season.' 'Oh, *said they,* in our Gardens we have all Sorts of Fruit always ripe and good, and they never diminish.'

At the same Time they came rolling to them without any Bruises; and the Queen, who was impatient to satisfy her Longing, fell upon them, and took the first that offer'd, which she rather devour'd than eat. When her Appetite was somewhat satisfied, she desired the Fairies to let her go to the Trees, and have the Pleasure to gather them herself:

herself: To which they gave their Consents; but said to her, at the same Time, You must remember the Promise you have made us; for you will not be allow'd to run back from it. 'I am persuaded' *reply'd she*, that it is so pleasant living with you, 'and this Palace is so charming, that if I did not love the King my Husband dearly, I would offer myself; therefore you need not fear my retracting from my Word.' The Fairies, who were very well satisfied, open'd the Doors of their Gardens, and all their Inclosures, and the Queen stay'd in them three Days and Nights, without ever stirring out, so delicious she found them. She gather'd Fruit for her Provision, and as they never wasted, loaded four hundred Mules she brought along with her. The Fairies added to their Fruit, Baskets of Gold of curious Work, to carry them in, and many very other valuable Rarities. They promised to educate and make me a compleat Princess, and to chuse me out a Husband, and to inform my Mother of the Wedding.

The King was overjoy'd at the Queen's Return, and all the Court express'd their Pleasure to see her again; there were nothing but Balls, Masquerades, and Courses, where the Fruits the Queen brought, served for delicious Regales. The King preferr'd them before all other Things, but knew not the Bargain she had made with the Fairies; but often ask'd her what Country she had been in, to bring home such good Things: to which she reply'd, she found them on a Mountain that was almost inaccessible; sometimes that she met with them in a Valley, and sometimes in the Middle of a Garden or a great Forest; all which Contradictions very much surprized the King. He enquired of those that went with her, but they were all forbid to tell any Thing of the Matter. At length the Queen, when her Time was at hand, began to be troubled at what she had promised the Fairies, and grew very melancholy; she sigh'd every Minute, and changed her

her Countenance. The King was very much concern'd, and press'd the Queen to declare what was the Cause; who with some Difficulty told him what had pass'd between her and the Fairies, and that she had promised them the Daughter she was then big with. 'What! cry'd the King, we have no Children, and could you, who know how much I desire them, for the eating of two or three Apples, promise your Daughter? Certainly you must have no Regard for me.' And thereupon he loaded her with a thousand Reproaches, which made my poor Mother almost ready to die for Grief: But not content with this, he put her into a Tower, under a strong Guard, where she could have no Conversation but with the Officers that were appointed to attend her. The ill Correspondence between the King and Queen, put the Court into the utmost Consternation: They laid aside their rich Clothes, and put on such as were agreeable to the general Sorrow. The King appear'd for his Part inexorable, and would not see the Queen; but as soon as I was born, made me be brought into his Palace to be nursed there, while my Mother at the same time remain'd a Prisoner, and in an ill State of Health. The Fairies, who were not ignorant all this while of what was pass'd, and who look'd upon me as their own Property, were so provoked, that they resolv'd to have me; but before they had Recourse to their Art, they sent Ambassadors to the King, to desire him to set the Queen at Liberty, and to restore her to his Favour again; and likewise to demand me, that I might be nursed and brought up by them. The Ambassadors were so little and deformed, for they were Dwarfs, that the King, instead of granting what they ask'd, refus'd them rudely, and if they had not got away quickly, might have serv'd them worse.

When the Fairies were inform'd of my Father's Proceeding, they were so enraged, that after they had sent all the Plagues capable of rendering his six King-

doms.

doms desolate, they let loose a terrible Dragon that poison'd all the Places wherever he came; devour'd Men, Women and Children, and kill'd all Trees and Plants with the Breath of his Nostrils. The King finding himself reduced to this Extremity, consulted all the Sages of this Kingdom to know what he should do to preserve his Subjects against these Misfortunes, wherewith they were so much oppress'd: they advised him to send for the best Physicians to prescribe the most excellent Remedies, as one Means; and to pardon all Criminals that were condemn'd to die, if they would fight with the Dragon, as the other. The King, who was well enough pleas'd with this Advice, put it in Execution, but received no Benefit by it; for the Mortality continued, and none fought with the Dragon but were devoured. Infomuch, that at last he had Recourse to a Fairy who had protect'd him from his Youth, and who was so old that she hardly ever rose from off her Seat. He went to her, and reproach'd her for permitting his Fate to prosecute him in such a Manner without giving him some Assistance. 'What would you have me do? *reply'd the Fairy*, you have provok'd my Sisters, who have equal Power with me, and we seldom act one against another; therefore think of appeasing them by giving your Daughter, since they have a Right to her; set the Queen at Liberty, who is too good and amiable to be us'd so ill, and resolve to fulfil what she has promised, and then I'll assure you, you shall be happy.' The King my Father loved me dearly; but seeing no other Way to preserve his Kingdoms, and to be deliver'd from the fatal Dragon, told his Friend that he would believe her, and would give the Fairies his Daughter, since she had assur'd him I should be taken Care of, and treated as became a Princess of my Birth, and release the Queen; and withal, desired her to tell him how he might send me to the Fairy-Castle. 'You must carry her, *said the Fairy*, in a Cradle to
the

‘ the Mountain of Flowers, and must stay thereabouts to see what happens.’ The King told her, she might acquaint her Sisters that he and the Queen would go with me thither in eight Days Time, and that they might do with me what they thought proper.

As soon as he came back to the Palace, he sent for the Queen, with as much Love and Tenderneſs as he had made her a Priſoner with Anger and Paſſion ; but ſhe was ſo fallen away and alter’d, that he could hardly know her, if he had not been very certain ſhe was the Perſon he once ſo much doated on. He begg’d of her, with Tears in his Eyes, to forget the ill Treatment ſhe had received from him, which he promiſed her ſhould be the laſt. She answer’d, that ſhe brought it upon herſelf by her Impudence, in promiſing her Child to the Fairies ; and that if any Thing would plead her Excuse, it was the Condition ſhe was then in. In ſhort, he declared his Deſign to her of putting me into their Hands ; which ſhe oppoſed ; and it ſeem’d as if it was my Fate to be always the Cauſe of my Father and Mother’s diſagreeing : But after ſhe had cry’d and taken on ſome Time, without obtaining what ſhe deſired, (for my Father too well foreſaw the fatal Conſequences, and his Subjects ſtill dying as if they had been guilty of our Faults.) ſhe conſented, and Preparations were made againſt the Ceremony. I was put into a Cradle of Mother of Pearl, adorn’d as much as poſſible by Art, with Garlands of Flowers and Feſtoons hung round about it, and the Flowers ſo intermix’d with Jewels of ſeveral Colours, that when the Sun reflected upon them, they gave ſuch a Luſtre as dazzled the Eyes. The Magnificence of my Dreſs exceeded, if that was poſſible, my Cradle. All the Bands and Rolls of my Swaddling Clothes were buckled with large Pearls ; ſout and twenty Princeſſes of the Blood carried me on a kind of a light Litter, all dreſſ’d in White, to reſemble my Innocence, and were follow’d by the whole

whole Court, according to their Ranks. While they were going up the Mountain, they heard a melodious Symphony; and afterwards the Fairies appear'd to the Number of six-and-thirty; for the three had invited all their Friends, each in a Shell of Pearl, as large as that wherein *Venus* arose out of the Sea, and drawn by Sea-horses, in as great Pomp as if they had been the first Queens in the World. They were exceedingly old and ugly: They carried in their Hands Olive Branches, to signify to the King, that by his Submission he had gain'd their Favour. When they took me, it was with such extraordinary Caresses, that it seem'd as if they liv'd only to make me happy.

The Dragon, which was the Instrument of their Revenge against my Father, follow'd them, bound in Chains of Diamonds. They took me in their Arms, caress'd me a thousand Times, endow'd me with several Gifts, and then fell to dancing; and 'tis almost incredible to believe how these old Women jump'd and skip'd. Afterwards the devouring Dragon came forwards, the three Fairies, to whom my Mother promised me, placed themselves upon him, and set my Cradle between them; then striking the Dragon with a Wand, he presently display'd his large Wings, which were as thin and as fine as Gauze, and intermix'd with various Colours, and carry'd them to their Castle. My Mother seeing me in the Air upon this furious Dragon, could not forbear shrieking out, while the King comforted her by the Assurance his Friend had given him, that no ill Accident should befall me, and that I should have as great Care taken of me, as if I was in their own Palace: Which Assurance appeas'd her, tho' she was very much grieved to lose me for so long a Time; especially when she reflected that she herself was the Cause of it. You must know, Prince, *contin'd she*, that my Guardians built a Tower on purpose for me, wherein there were a thousand beautiful Apartments for all the Seasons of the Year.

Year, furnish'd with magnificent Goods, and agreeable Books ; but there were no Doors, and no other coming in but at the Windows, which were prodigious high. It was surrounded by beautiful Gardens full of Flowers, and embellish'd, with Fountains and Arbours of Greens, where it was cool and pleasant in the hottest Seasons. Here the Fairies brought me up, and took more Care of me than ever they promised the Queen to do. My Clothes were so fashionable and fine, that if any one had seen me, they would have thought it had been my Wedding-Day. They taught me all that was proper for one of my Age and Birth to learn ; and they had not much Trouble with me, for there was nothing but what I comprehended with great Ease. They were well pleas'd at my ready Disposition ; and if I had never seen any body besides them, I should have been contented to have lived there all my Life. They came very often to see me, mounted upon the same dreadful Dragon I have already spoke of ; they never mention'd the King or Queen to me, but call'd me their Daughter, and I thought myself really so. No Creature lived with me in this Tower, but a Parrot and a little Dog, which were endow'd both with Reason and Speech, and were given to divert me.

One Side of the Tower was built upon a hollow Road, set full of Elms and other Trees, which shaded it so much, that I never saw any one pass by while I was there ; when one Day, as I was at the Window talking to my Parrot and Dog, I heard a Noise, and looking about, perceived a young Gentleman, who stopped to hear our Conversation. I had never seen one before but in Paintings, and was not sorry that this Accident had given me the Opportunity ; insomuch, that not mistrusting the Danger we run in the Satisfaction we receive by the Sight of so lovely an Object, I look'd at him again, and the more I look'd, the more pleas'd I was. He made me a low Bow, fix'd his Eyes on me, and
seem'd

seem'd concern'd to know how to talk to me ; for my Windows being a great Height, he was afraid of being heard, knowing that it was a Castle which belong'd to Fairies. Night came upon us all on a sudden, or, to speak more properly, before we perceived it ; he sounded his Horn twice or thrice, which he thought to please me with, and then went away without my discovering which Way he took, it was so dark. I remain'd thoughtful ; the Pleasure I used to take in talking to my Parrot and Dog, was no ways agreeable. They said all the pretty Things that could be to me, for these were very witty : But my Thoughts were otherwise engaged, and I had not Art enough to dissemble. My Parrot observed all my Actions ; but made no Mention of what he thought. The next Morning I arose with the Sun, and ran to my Window, where I was most agreeably surpris'd to see my Spark, who was dress'd magnificently ; in which I flatter'd myself I had some Share, and was not mistaken. He spoke to me through a Speaking-Trumpet, told me he had been till that Instant insensible to all the Beauties he had beheld ; but found himself so sensibly touch'd with me, that he could not live without seeing me. I was mightily pleas'd with his Compliment, but vex'd that I durst not make some Reply ; for I must have bawled out with all my Might, and run the Risque of being heard sooner by the Fairies than him. I threw him some Flowers I had in my Hand, which he took for so signal a Favour, that he kiss'd them several Times, and thank'd me. He ask'd me afterwards, if I approv'd of his coming every Day at the same Hour under my Window, and if I did, to throw something ; whereupon I presently pull'd off a Turquoise Ring, that I had on my Finger, and cast it at him, making a Sign for him to be gone presently, because I heard the Fairy *Violenta* coming on the Dragon to bring me my Breakfast.

The first Words she spoke, when she enter'd my Chamber, were, ' I smell the Voice of a Man ; a Search,

* Search, Dragon.' Alas ! what a Condition was I
 in ! I was ready to die with Fear, lest he should find
 out, and follow my Lover. ' Indeed, *said I*, my good
 * Mamma, (for the Fairy would be call'd so) you
 * banter, when you say you smell the Voice of a
 * Man ; can any one smell a Voice ? And should it
 * be so, what wretch would be so bold as to venture
 * coming up into this Tower ?' ' What you say is
 * very true, Child, *said she*, I am overjoy'd to hear
 * you are so well : I fancy 'tis the Hatred I have
 * against Men, that makes me think them nigh when
 * they are not : However, I have brought you your
 * Breakfast and a Distaff ; be sure spin ; Yesterday you
 * did nothing, and my Sisters are very angry.' Upon
 my Word, I was so taken up with this Stranger, that
 I was not able to work. As soon as her Back was
 turn'd, I threw away my Distaff, and went upon the
 Terrass, to look as far as my Eye would carry, in
 an excellent Spying-Glass I had ; by which, after
 having look'd about for some Time, I discover'd my
 Lover hid under a rich Pavillion of Cloth of Gold
 on the Top of a high Mountain, surrounded by a
 numerous Court, I doubted not but that he was
 some neighbouring King's Son, and was afraid, lest
 when he came to the Tower again, he should be
 found out by the terrible Dragon. I went and fetch'd
 my Parrot, and bid him fly to the Mountain, to de-
 sire him, from me, not to come again, because I
 was afraid my Guardian should discover it, and he
 should come into Danger. My Parrot acquitted
 himself of his Commission, and surprized all the
 Courtiers, to see him come upon full Wing, and
 perch upon the Prince's Shoulder, and whisper him
 softly in the Ear. The Prince was both overjoy'd and
 troubled at this Message ; my Care flatter'd his Pas-
 sion ; but the Difficulty there was in speaking to
 me, gave him as much Chagrin. He ask'd the Par-
 rot a thousand Questions, and the Parrot him as
 many ; for he was naturally inquisitive. The Prince,
 in Return for my Turquoise, sent me a Ring of ano-
 ther.

ther, but much finer than Mine, cut in the Shape of a Heart, and set round with Diamonds ; and told him (that he might treat him more like an Ambassador) he would present him with his Picture, which he might shew to his charming Mistress. The Picture, was tied under his Wings, and the Ring he brought in his Bill.

I waited for the Return of my green Courier, with an Impatience unknown to me till then. He told me the Person I sent him to was a great King, who had received him with all the Joy possible, that I might assure myself he lived only for me ; and that tho' it was very dangerous for him to come so low as my Tower, yet he was resolv'd to hazard all to see me. This News had such an Effect upon me, that I fell a-crying. My Parrot and Dog comforted me the best they could, for they lov'd me tenderly ; and then my Parrot delivered the Prince's Ring to me, and shew'd me his Picture. I must own I was overjoy'd that I could view so high a Person I had never seen but at a Distance. He appear'd much more lovely than he seem'd, and the different Thoughts this Sight inspir'd me with, for some were agreeable to me, and others not, made me very uneasy, which the Fairies, when they came to see me, discover'd. They said one to another, that I was certainly troubled at something, and that they must think of providing a Husband for me of the Fairy Race. They nam'd several, but at last pitch'd on the little King *Migornet*, whose Kingdom lay about five hundred Leagues off from their Palace, but that was of no great Importance. My Parrot heard all their Discourse, and came to give me an Account. ' Alas ! my dear Mistress, said my Bird, ' how much I pity you, if you should be King *Migornet's* Queen ! he is enough to fright you, which I am sorry to tell you ; but one Thing I am sure of, ' The King who loves you, scorns to have such a one ' for his Foot-boy : And I think, *continued he*, if I ' am not much mistaken, I have perch'd upon the ' same Bough with him.' ' How do you mean, reply'd I, on the same Bough ? ' Why, said he, ' he

' he has Feet like an Eagle.' I was very much afflicted at this Account. I looked on the charming Picture of the young King, and fancy'd he only gave it my Parrot, that I might have an Opportunity of seeing it ; but when I compared it with *Mignonnet*, I lost all Hopes of Life, and resolv'd to die sooner than marry him. I slept not all the Night, but talk'd with my Parrot and Dog, and towards Morning began to close my Eyes. My Dog, who had a good Nose, smelt the King at the Foot of the Tower ; he awakened the Parrot and said to him, ' I'll engage the King is below.' To which the Parrot made Answer, ' Hold thy Tongue, thou prating Fool ; because thy Eyes and Ears are always open, you are vex'd that any body else should have any rest ' ' Well, said the Dog, I am sure he is : ' ' And, reply'd the Parrot, I am sure he is not, for I have, from my Mistress, forbid him from coming.' ' You talk finely of your forbidding him, cry'd the Dog ; a Man in Love consults nothing but his Passion.' Thereupon, pulling the Parrot by the Tail, he made such a Noise that I awoke. They told me of their Dispute ; I ran, or rather flew to the Window, whence I saw the King holding out his arms, who by his Trumpet, told me he could not live without me ; that he possess'd a flourishing Kingdom, and conjured me, to find out some Way to escape from my Tower, or let him come to me ; calling Heaven and all the Elements to witness, that he would marry me, and make me his Queen. I bid my Parrot go and tell him, that what he desired seem'd to be almost impossible ; that, however, upon the Word he had given, and Oaths he had sworn to me, I would endeavour to accomplish his Desires : But withal, to conjure him not to come every Day, lest he should be discover'd, which might prove fatal to us both.

He went away, overjoy'd with the flattering Hopes I gave him. I found myself in the utmost Confusion, when I reflected on what I had promised. I knew not how one so young, timorous, and unexperienced,

should

should get out of a Tower, to which there were no Doors, with the assistance only of a Dog and a Parrot, therefore I resolved not to attempt a Thing in which I could never succeed, and so sent my Parrot to acquaint the King with it; who was for killing himself that Minute; but at last charged the Parrot to persuade me to it, and to come and see him die, or to bring him some Comfort. To which my winged Ambassador answer'd, that he was very well persuaded his Mistress only wanted the Power. When he gave me an account of what had happen'd, I was more grieved than ever. The Fairy *Violenta* came, and found my Eyes swell'd and red, she told me I had been crying, and if I did not tell her the Reason, she would burn me. I answer'd trembling, I was weary with spinning, and that I had a great Desire to make some Nets to catch some Birds, that destroyed the Fruit in the Garden. 'What you desire, Child,' *said she*, shall cost you no more Tears, I will bring you Materials enough To-night; but I would rather you thought less of working, and more of setting off your Beauty, because King *Mignonnet* will be here in a few Days.' I sigh'd at this News, but made no Reply; but as soon as her Back was turn'd, began two or three Rows of my Nets, and afterwards apply'd myself to the making a Ladder of Ropes, But as the Fairy had not furnish'd me with as much as I wanted, this obliged me to ask for more, she told me my Work was like *Penelope's* Web, it went not forwards, and yet I teased her for more Stuff. 'O good Mamma! *said I*, you may say, what you please; but you must know that as I am not very ready at this Work, I burn it when it does not please me.' With which Excuse she seem'd satisfied, and left me.

I sent my Parrot that Night to bid the King come under my Window, where he should find a Ladder, and to tell him he should know more when he came; in short, I had tied it very fast, and was determin'd to escape with him by this Means; but he, as soon

as he saw it, without waiting for my coming down-mounted up in Haste, and threw himself into my Chamber, as I was making every Thing ready for my Flight. I was so overjoy'd to see him, that I forgot the Danger we were in. He renew'd all his Oaths, and intreated me to defer his Happiness no longer; we made my Parrot and Dog the Witnesses to our Marriage, which was the most private in the World for Persons of our Rank, and none certainly were ever better satisfy'd. The King left me before Day: I told him of the Fairies Design to marry me to *Mignonnet*, and gave him a Description of his mean and sorry Figure, for which his Horror was as great as mine. As soon as the King was gone, the Hours seem'd like Years; I ran to the Window, and follow'd him with my Eyes, notwithstanding the Darkness, but how great was my Surprise to see a fiery Chariot drawn in the Air by six winged Salamanders, who flew so swift, that the Eye was not able to follow them. This Chariot was attended by a great many Guards, all mounted on Ostriches. I did not give myself Time to think that it was *Mignonnet* that was thus traversing the Air, but I believ'd it was a Fairy, or Enchanter. Soon after, the Fairy *Violenta* came into my Chamber, and told me she brought me good News, that my Lover would be with me presently, and bid me prepare myself to receive him; and with that gave me fine Clothes and Jewels. 'But pray,' said I, who has inform'd you that I want to be married? I am sure 'tis the farthest from my Thoughts; therefore send King *Mignonnet* back again; for I won't put in one Pin more, whether he thinks me handsome or not; I am not for him.' 'Oh! Oh! said the Fairy again, little Rebel, little Empty-Pate, I shall not mind your Raillery, but I shall——' 'What will you do?' reply'd I, enraged at the Names she had call'd me: Can any one be worse served than I am, to live all my Days immured with a Parrot and a Dog, and to be visited constantly by that frightful Dragon?' 'Ha! Ingrate! said

'said the Fairy, is this all we deserve for our Care and Pain; I have told my Sisters but too often, we should have but a sorry Recompence.' At that she went away, and told them of our Difference, which put them into no little Amazement.

My Parrot and Dog remonstrated to me, that if I should continue any longer thus sturdy, they foresaw that I should undergo some Misfortune. But I was so proud of possessing the Heart of a King, that I despised both the Fairies, and the Advice of those my little Companions. I would not dress myself, but strove all I could to tumble my Head-dress, that I might appear less agreeable to *Mignonnet*. We had an Interview upon the Terrace, he came in his fiery Chariot; but of all Dwarfs, he was the least I ever saw in my Life. His Feet were like an Eagle's, and close to his Knees, for Legs he had none. His Royal Garment was not above half a Yard long, and trail'd one-third Part upon the Ground. His Head was as big as a Peck, and his Nose long enough for twelve Birds to perch on it, and be regaled at the same Time with a delightful bush, for his Beard was large enough for Canary Birds to build their Nests in: And for his Ears, they reach'd a Foot above his Head, but were a great part hid by a high Crown that he wore to appear the more grand. The Flame of his Chariot cod'dled the Fruit, withered the Flowers, and dried up the Fountains of my Gardens. He came with open Arms to embrace me, and I stood upright, which obliged his first Esquire to hold him up. As soon as he came near to me, I ran to my Chamber, and fasten'd my Window: So that *Mignonnet*-enraged, was forced to retire to the Fairies, who asked a thousand Pardons for the Affront; and to appease him, because he was powerful, they resolv'd to bring him at Night into my Chamber, and while I was asleep, to tie my Hands and Feet, and put me into his Chariot. Things being thus agreed on, they only chided me for what I had done, and charg'd me to think of making him Amends for the future. Which Mildness of theirs surprized

surprized my Parrot and Dog, who told me their Hearts misgave them, for they knew the Fairies to be strange ill-temper'd sort of old Ladies, and especially *Violenta*. I laugh'd at their Fears, and waited with the utmost Impatience for my dear Husband, whose Desires to see me again were no less violent : I threw out the Ladder of Ropes, resolving to escape with him, he came softly up it, and said a thousand kind Things, which I dare not recall to my Remembrance.

While we were talking together, with the same Tranquility, as if he had been in his own Palace, we saw all on a sudden the Windows broke open, and the Fairies enter upon the frightful Dragon, follow'd by *Mignonnet* in his Fiery Chariot, and all his Guards on Oltriches. The King, without any Disinay, clapped his Hand on his Sword, and thought of securing and protecting me ; when these barbarous Creatures set their Dragon upon him, which devoured him before my Face Vex'd, and in Despair, I threw myself into the Mouth of this dreadful Monster, that he might swallow me as he had done the Prince, who was dearer to me than all the World besides. And I had certainly undergone the same Fate ; but the Fairies, who were more cruel than the Monster, would not permit it, but said I must be reserved for greater Punishments ; a quick Death was too mild a one for so base a Creature : whereupon touching me, I found myself changed into a White Cat. They conducted me to this stately Palace, which belong'd to my Father, and turned all the Lords and Ladies into Cats ; and for the rest of his Subjects, left of them only the Hands, which we see, and reduced me to that miserable Condition you found me : Letting me know at the same Time my Birth, the Death of my Father and Mother, and that I never should be released from this Metamorphosis, but by a Prince that perfectly resembled my Husband, whom they deprived me of. ' You, Sir, have that Resemblance, the same Features, Air, and Voice : I was struck as soon as I saw you, and was informed of all that should happen, and am
still

‘ still of all that shall come to pass : My Pains will be at an End. ‘ And shall mine, fair Queen, *said the Prince*, be of long Duration ? ‘ I love you, Sir, ‘ already more than my Life, *said the Queen* ; we ‘ must go to your Father and know his Sentiments ‘ of me, and whether he will consent to what you ‘ desire.’ After this she went out, the Prince handed her into a Chariot, which was much more magnificent than that he had, and then went into it himself. All the rest of the Equipage answer’d it so well, that the Buckles of the Horses Harnesses were Diamonds and Emeralds. I shall say nothing of their Conversation, which must be very polit, since she was not only a great Beauty, but also a great Wit ; and for the Prince, he was no ways inferior to her therein : so that all their Thoughts were bright and lively.

When they came nigh the Castle where the Brothers were to meet, the Queen went into a Cage of Crystal set in Gold which had Curtains drawn about it, that she might not be seen, and was carried by handsome young Men richly clothed. The Prince staid in the Chariot, and saw his Brothers walking with two Princesses of extraordinary Beauty. As soon as they knew him, they came to receive him, and ask’d him if he had brought a Mistress along with him, and to which he answer’d, that he had been so unfortunate in all his Journey, not to meet with one, but what were very ugly ; but that he had brought a very pretty White Cat. ‘ A Cat, *said they, laughing* ; what were ‘ you afraid that Mice should devour our Palace ? ‘ The Prince reply’d, that he was not very wise in making such a Present to his Father, but it was the greatest Rarity he could meet with. Afterwards they all bent their Course towards the capital Town. The two elder Princes and the Princesses went in Calashes of blue emboss’d with Gold, with Plumies of white Feathers upon the Horses Heads ; nothing was finer than this Cavalcade. The younger Prince follow’d after, and then the Cage of Crystal, which every body admired.

